THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 197, Number 10

SEPT. 6, 1924

5c. the Copy

George Barr McCutcheon—W. L. George—Albert W. Atwood—Hal G. Evarts
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EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

A Story of Graustark—By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

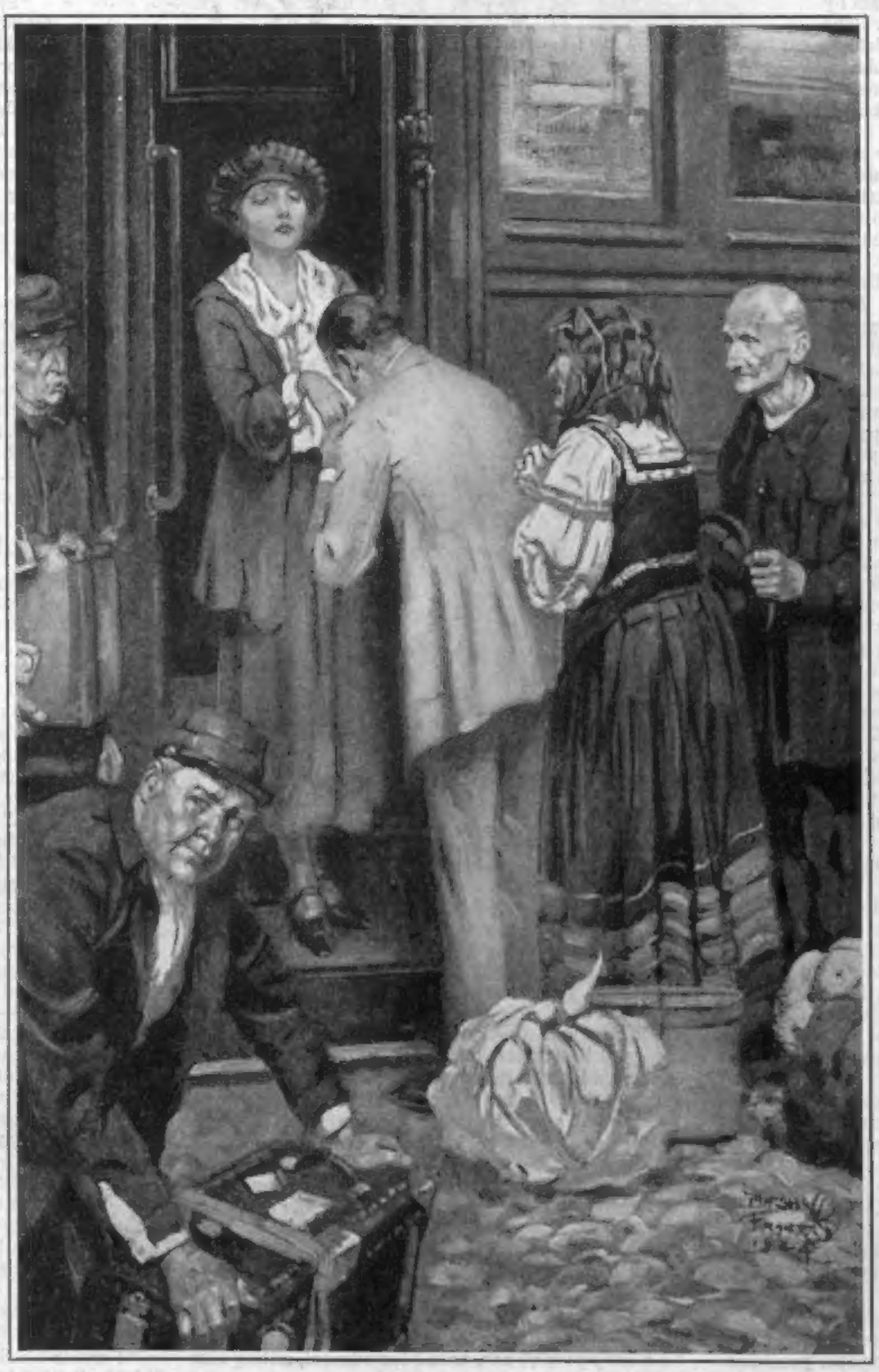
THERE were several outsiders in the club on this particular night. Not outsiders in the strictest sense of the term; merely members who did not belong to the little coterie of old-timers who went there night after night and assumed, by virtue of regular and faithful attendance, the right to occupy the most prominent and at the same time the most comfortable couches and chairs in the lounge; that is to say, the cushioned hollow square fronting the massive fireplace; and on this particular night it may be said a seat close to the roaring fire was more to be coveted than usual, for it was not only bitterly cold outside but inside as well. Indeed, there was something distinctly and unpleasantly suggestive of an ice house about the interior of the club—except, of course, in and about that hallowed region afore designated as a hollow square.

There were fireplaces in other parts of the club, it is true; but none of them seemed so warm or so jolly or so clubby as the big one in the lounge. As the ex-Justice of the Supreme Court said on this very evening, one might just as well be at home as to be sitting in front of any one of the others—a remark which somehow brought the group a little closer together, and, by a quite sudden shifting of chairs, perceptibly nearer to the rosy heap of logs.

As for the so-called outsiders, they were really quite excellent gentlemen, members in good standing and of long standing, and, as a matter of fact, rather distinguished and far from objectionable. Their only offense was that they had succeeded in getting through dinner a bit earlier than the autocrats of the hollow square and had daringly usurped the choicest corners of the two big davenports flanking the fender. Or it may have been a sudden revolt on their part against the despotism of custom—an uprising, so to speak, of the casual against the established. In any event, three of these reckless outsiders were comfortably ensconced before the great fireplace when the first of the half dozen or more regulars shuffled eagerly in from the chilly dining room to take his customary corner.

This was the general. The publisher of a big New York daily was occupying his corner. Not only was he occupying it but he had his feet on the fender and actually was having coffee off the huge upholstered arm of the couch. Opposite him, on the other couch, were disposed the persons of an editor of a well-known magazine and a doctor of considerable repute, likewise having coffee.

The general was staggered, but not dismayed. He squared his shoulders, advanced with the firm and authoritative tread befitting his station, effected a smart right-about and halted directly in front of the fireplace, his sturdy back to the blaze, his heels well spread, his open palms exposed to the heat. Here he tilted himself three or four times on his well-polished shoe tips before remarking in a brusque, somewhat challenging manner—to no one in particular, "It's a most unpleasant evening."



"'I Renounce You as My Husband, Pendennis Yorke. I am No Longer Your Wife'"

"This club is like a barn," said the publisher, casting a full inch of cigar ash upon the hearth behind the doughty general.

"The coldest snap we've had this winter," said the editor. "Lord, listen to that wind!"

The shriek of the wind through the crosstown cañon rose above the blithe crackle of the fire; there was a persistent rattle of sleet against the lofty windows of the lounge.

"Most unpleasant," repeated the general, his eyes on the waiter who was bringing his after-dinner pot of coffee. "Put it here," he commanded, indicating a spot not far removed from the publisher's left knee. In grave silence he waited until the man moved up a taboret containing ash tray and matches. The silence continued while the waiter redeemed his tray from the top of a hissing radiator and placed its contents upon the little table. Four pairs of eyes regarded with studied silence the simple process of pouring coffee into the cup, the subsequent addition of sugar loafs, and then the quite orderly withdrawal of the servant into the chill regions whence he had so recently emerged. "It's an outrage," said the general at last.

"Well, we've got to expect zero weather in February," began the doctor.

"I mean the way the house committee manages to bungle everything around this club," interrupted the general fiercely. "Why the devil didn't they have the boilers repaired last summer?"

"Better drink your coffee, general," admonished the publisher cheerily. "It's likely to freeze if you let it stand too long."

"By gad, sir, you're right. Iced coffee on a night like this! It makes me shiver to think of it. And it makes me shiver all the more to think that it may freeze after I get it inside of me."

He sat down sulkily beside the publisher and proceeded to strain the hot liquid through his bristling white mustache.

"The coffee in this club is atrocious," he growled, staring at each of the outsiders in turn. "What we need here is a general housecleaning."

"Will you try one of these, general?" asked the doctor, proffering a well-filled cigar case.

The general hesitated, but not for long. The doctor's cigars were well known. He was a very fashionable

doctor and his cigars also were very fashionable, in fact they were almost exclusive. Though the general would not have trusted him with the care of the most unfashionable street dog in New York, he was in no doubt at all as to the quality of his cigars, and said so whenever he had the opportunity. This was one of these rare opportunities.

"You can't get cigars like these in this club," he announced.

At this juncture two more of the hollow-square autocrats entered the lounge. They were the admiral and the ex-Justice of the Supreme Court. The general, perceiving that they had stopped short just inside the door, paused in the act of striking a match.

"Pull up some chairs," he called out. "Make yourselves at home."

"It's a strange thing to me that they can't heat this club," said the admiral, without moving, "so that members could use all parts of it."

Despite the intensely passive onslaught of the regulars, the outsiders held their ground. Retreat or surrender, therefore, was the only way out of it for the former. They chose the latter.

Presently they were seated well within the boundaries of the hollow square, attendants having dragged up several huge and unwieldy chairs. The banker, the bibliophile and the landscape architect joined the group. They, like the others, were secretly oppressed by the conviction that things had come to a pretty pass; but they, too, made the best of it. After all, the publisher and the editor were decent fellows and no doubt were entitled to seats by the fireplace, custom notwithstanding. The radiant heat from the huge logs, the defiant crackle of the flames, the fumes of good tobacco and a genial pity for all mortals who were out in that sleet storm had a mellowing effect upon the momentarily disgruntled company.

The departure of the doctor shortly after eight o'clock caused an immediate and general disturbance. Four gentlemen struggled to their feet and politely begged one another to take the desirable seat just vacated. The admiral, being the nearest, succeeded in taking it.

The European situation came up for discussion; a trifle later than usual, however. As a rule, it came up about 7:40 and was pretty well settled by nine o'clock, at which hour it was the custom of everybody to agree that it couldn't be settled at all. On this occasion the debate was late in starting—fully eighteen minutes late—because the doctor, having supplied the cigars, was entitled to the courtesy of the floor, and he chose to talk about golf—he was leaving the next day for Southern California. And so, at nine o'clock, the general was but halfway through his oft-repeated and inevitable tirade against the League of Nations.

This, however, did not alter the usual trend of events. Nine o'clock was the time when everybody yawned and began to show symptoms of going home. The big clock in the hall outside had started to strike the hour. This was the signal for a great stretching of arms and jaws, accompanied by gusty whole-hearted sighs, the majority of which bore a singularly close relation to what is best described as a howl. The general did not cease speaking; nevertheless, he yawned throughout an entire sentence, translating his words into a prolonged succession of ows and ahs. He was just starting to say Czecho-Slovakia when the epidemic reached him.

The judge had been gazing pensively at the fire for the better part of ten minutes.

"My daughter was asking me about it only a day or two ago," said he irrelevantly.

"Asking you about what?" demanded the general abruptly, brought up against the fact that he hadn't been holding his audience any better than usual.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, general. I fear my thoughts were wandering," apologized the judge, blinking rather rapidly. "In fact my wife also was asking me about it. Seems to have completely dropped out of existence. We heard a good deal about it twelve or fifteen years ago, but not a word since the war."

He seemed on the point of sinking back into the fit of abstraction from which the general's yawn roused him, when the admiral, looking at his watch, exclaimed, "That infernal clock is five minutes slow. What the devil's the matter with it? Last night it was six minutes fast. It's the way things are run in this club lately. If the —— Oh, I beg your pardon, judge. You were saying?"

"And now," began the judge, frowning thoughtfully, "I'm blessed if I can think of the name of it. Stupid of me. I know it as well as I know my own."

"Describe it," said the architect dryly.

The judge pondered deeply. He seemed to be in the agony of concentration. He fixed the newspaper publisher with an accusing, almost threatening eye.

"You ought to know," he said sternly. "It's your business to know all about such things."

"You flatter me, judge; but I'm not a mind reader."

"Hurry up," said the general impolitely. "I ordered my taxi for 9:15."

"Why, you know what I mean," said the judge irritably. "What's the name of that confounded little principality over there in the Balkans—the one with the queer name?"

"Good Lord, sir," cried the editor, "the Balkans are full of little principalities with queer names!"

"That's the Chap—Pendennis Yorke. Why, He Poked His Nose Farther in Tut's Tomb Than the Excavators Themselves, and He Saw More"

"Well, dammit," barked the judge, "mention some."

"Why, my dear judge, the Balkans—the rowdy old Balkans—were so mangled by the dogs of war that there isn't anything left of 'em to speak of," said the publisher. "Jugo-Slavia swallowed a lot of those little states and Czecho-Slovakia gobbled up a lot more. I doubt very much if there are any of them left. I say"—he broke off abruptly, sitting up straight, a flash of interest in his eyes, the eager flash of the newspaper man who scents a story—"you don't mean Graustark, do you?"

"That's it!" cried the judge. "Graustark! That's the very country I mean. What has become of Graustark? What did she do in the Great War and what happened to her afterwards? My daughter was asking me about ——"

"Graustark wasn't big enough to cut much of a figure in the war," remarked the general. "Had a fine little army, it's true, but it wouldn't have lasted ten minutes on either front. I met the commander in chief when he was over here some years ago. Can't recall his name. He came over with the prince. Nice youngster, that prince. Part American, you know."

"No navy at all," announced the admiral, sitting comfortably back in his chair.

"Gad, I have no recollection of Graustark being mentioned at all in connection with the war," said the publisher thoughtfully. "I dare say she was in it—everybody was—but whether she was with the Allies on the eastern front, or with Austria and the Bulgars, I swear I haven't the remotest idea."

"Well, it's about time you found out, isn't it?" suggested the judge pointedly. "If I ran a big newspaper, such as yours is, I'd —— But every man to his trade, I suppose. I dare say you know what the public wants better than I do."

The publisher stiffened.

"My dear judge, you must not condemn my newspaper because of the manifest incompetence of its publisher. I fancy if we were to go back over the files we'd find all we want to know about Graustark. She's probably been lost in the shuffle since the war, but certainly she took part in it; and that being the case—well, I don't quite see how she could have kept out of print, do you?"

He spoke in a kindly, tolerant manner, as one addressing a child in need of encouragement. The judge grunted, thus indicating that he was no child.

"More than likely the Bolsheviks have grabbed her," said the banker. "Graustark was a prosperous, happy little country, just the sort of thing they'd grab and devour at one meal. The chances are the infernal beasts have ravaged the country, massacred the rulers and all the nobility, debased the women and—and all that sort of thing; pauperized her, prostituted her, everlastingly ruined her."

"Spoken like a true capitalist," said the bibliophile.

"That reminds me," mused the magazine editor. "Speaking of capital, didn't old man Blithers try to buy the Prince of Graustark for his daughter a few years ago? Great deal of talk about a romantic international marriage, more talk about the Blithers millions saving Graustark from bankruptcy, and then the whole thing going up in smoke because the Blithers girl up and married an American boy without a dollar to his name, or something of the sort."

"Will I ever forget it?" groaned the newspaper publisher. "We sent a man clear across Europe to run down that story; kept him in Graustark for a month or two dogging old man Blithers. By the way, I haven't seen Blithers in the club for months. Doesn't he ever come around any more?"

"He didn't get over the jar," said the banker, "until he became a grandfather. He stays at home nowadays, amusing the kids, I understand. He's got four grandchildren and ——"

The judge broke in, "What surprises me is that you editors haven't realized the value of a news story concerning Graustark and the fate of her people. Thousands of people would be interested in —— Why, by George, just think of the people who would like to know whether that jolly young prince and his princess and all the royal family were slaughtered by the Bolsheviks, or wiped out by the war, or exiled, or turned into paupers begging for food in the streets through which they used to ride in pomp and splendor! Damme, I believe I could make a good story out of it myself!"

The publisher got up and started toward the door.

"Wait till I call up the office," he said crisply. There was an eager, aggressive note in his voice. "You've started something, judge. You're right about there being a good news story in it." He stopped at the door. "As I said before, there must have been some mention in the press about Graustark's position and activities during the war; but if there was I've forgotten it, and so have all the rest of you. I'll get Ratchett on the telephone. He's been over Europe from one end to the other, working on postwar conditions. He'll know if anybody does. I'll bet my head he knows more about the map of Europe today than the Europeans themselves. You know what a shark he is, Jim, in these international ——"

"Don't stand there in that door!" boomed the general. "You'll freeze to death, man, and then the news will be delayed in transmission, as you newspaper fellows say."

The publisher was gone ten minutes. On his return he found the cronies in a state of drowsy reflection. Indeed, some of them appeared to be dreaming, albeit their eyes were wide open and fixed on the replenished fire. It was easy to see that their thoughts were of that far off, tidy little land in the turbulent East and of the good old days when the very name of Graustark stirred the imagination and played upon the fancy of young and old alike—Graustark, gray and strong and serene among its everlasting hills.

"Well?" demanded the judge. "Was she blown off the map altogether?"

"I couldn't believe my ears at first," said the great publisher, planting himself before the fire and sweeping the

lounging group with a somewhat defensive gaze. "Ratchett hasn't the slightest idea what has happened to Graustark; admits he'd clean forgotten her existence."

"And you discharged him on the spot," said the judge, more as an assertion than as a question.

There could be no doubt as to what he would have done in the circumstances.

"Certainly not," replied the publisher, smiling. "I merely instructed him to get busy and find out. It's just as I suspected. Graustark was like a speck of dust in a sandstorm. She has been completely lost sight of in the great upheaval. Ratchett is of the opinion that she has been absorbed by one of the new republics over there and has lost her identity. He is getting Washington on the phone at once. Someone at the Czecho-Slovakian or the Jugo-Slavian embassy will no doubt give him the desired information."

"Have we got to stay here till this man Ratchett of yours gets in touch with Czecho-Slovakia?" growled the judge. "Doesn't he know what time it is? Does he suppose the people in that embassy have no office hours? Confound it, man, he may have to rout 'em out of bed—and we may be here till midnight, waiting to hear from him."

"I didn't ask him to call me back, judge. I ——"

"You didn't?" demanded the judge stonily.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" cried the general, scowling ferociously. "Why did you call him up in the first place if you didn't intend to have him let us know the result of his inquiry? Seems to me you might have ——"

The publisher broke in upon him hastily.

"Sorry; I'll get him again. Stupid of me. I'll have him call me here as soon as he gets an answer from Washington. But it may take him an hour or two, gentlemen. Do you feel like waiting on the chance that ——"

"Ring that bell beside you, please," interrupted the banker briskly, addressing the bibliophile. "I want to order some cigars."

"Good!" exclaimed the architect. "I've been dreading the thought of going out in all this beastly storm."

The admiral, weatherwise, spoke up:

"Poke up the fire, boy, and put on a couple of logs. The worst of the storm will be over in an hour or so. I'm for staying in harbor till the gale subsides. Call your man Ratchett and tell him to get busy."

"He may need an interpreter," boomed the general after the vanishing publisher.

"Now bring me some cigars, boy," ordered the banker.

"Long ones," drawled the architect.

They were all lighting long black cigars when the publisher rejoined them.

"He's got a call in for Washington. I've asked him to get in touch with me as soon as he hears anything," said he, rubbing his hands. "I say, judge, you've started something, as they say in the city room. There's a darned good story to be had out of this Graustark mystery. Ratchett's as keen as the deuce about it. He says all America will be interested, and I believe he's right. If he finds there is a big story in it I shall probably shoot him over there immediately."

"See here," broke in the magazine editor, a farseeing, shrewd man of experience, "if I were you I wouldn't let Ratchett handle it. He's a cold-blooded intellectual, a methodical, analytical, old-fashioned journalist, accurate, but as dry as dust. He'll make a hash of it. You'll get the dull, prosaic facts and your readers will be bored stiff. Ratchett has no vision, no imagination. Oh, I confess he's a shark on international affairs, military strategy and all that; but he's not the man for this job. As well send over your literary editor, who can tell you what a book looks like, but who half the time doesn't know what's inside of it. You want someone on this job who can get inside of it and from that position look out at the rest of the world."

"I don't want any of your confounded novelists tackling it," grumbled the publisher. "I wouldn't trust one of 'em around the corner. What I'm after is fact, not fiction."

"Lord bless you, I wouldn't dream of letting an author tackle it. I agree with you there, old man. You're right. You couldn't trust a novelist with this sort of thing. He'd muddle it. They always do when you pin 'em down to facts. But what you do want is a trained, wide-awake feature writer—neither a novelist nor a journalist—just a live, keen, observing young fellow who can see without spectacles. It may even call for a daring, resourceful chap, perhaps a foolhardy one. Ratchett isn't that sort. He'd sit around the Department of State, the War Office or the Museum of Natural History all day long, compiling statistics. A novelist, God bless 'em, would cook up a harebrained love story and paint word pictures of moonlight scenes in the castle grounds and all that kind of rubbish. A clever young special writer would go slapbang at the heart of things and he'd turn out something that would be a darned sight more interesting than fiction and twice as authentic as fact. I know the very man for you—if you can get him. He's done three or four things for me and they've been corking."

"You don't mean Yorke," said the publisher, pursing his lips and squinting doubtfully.

"That's the chap—Pendennis Yorke. Why, he poked his nose farther in Tut's tomb than the excavators themselves, and he saw more. Every bit of it verified, too, you'll remember. He did that story about the Czar of Russia and his family a year or two ago. Got as near to the bottom of that awful business as anybody ever can or will get. Then there was all that inside stuff he turned out concerning the Bela Kun régime in Hungary. Cleverest, most engaging chap I know. He isn't what you'd call a literary man, but he can write. He knows what to write about and how to write it. Take my advice and don't send old Ratchett over there on this job. Try for Denny Yorke. He's in London now. I asked him to go to Ireland and get the inside facts about conditions there. He wrote me he'd done a lot of fool things in his time, but he'd be hanged if he would ever be fool enough to put his head in the lion's mouth, because—and this is rather quaint—he figured that if the angry lion were to close his jaws and begin to chew he would be utterly defenseless against the shillalahs with which the Irish would proceed to belabor him. This letter came only a day or two ago. He said he was planning to take a long rest. But I dare say if you were to make it worth his while he'd tackle this job for you. After all he's been through, he might even regard it as a vacation."

"Where can I reach him?" demanded the publisher crisply.

"I will give you his address. Cable your London office to get in touch with him at once. For that matter, I think the story properly belongs in a magazine. It's certainly magazine material now, not stuff for the newspapers. I ought to go after it myself."

"The field is open, old man," said the publisher affably. He had his hands in his trousers pockets at the time. Whether it was intentional or merely an unconscious habit of his, he jingled some loose coins in one of these pockets.

"I can't buck against your bank account," lamented the editor with a grimace. "Go ahead, I'm out of it. I only wish I'd thought of it first. Besides, it would be a sin and an outrage to bring the story out in a monthly magazine. The judge here, for one, is entitled to some consideration.

(Continued on Page 40)

"I Offered to Take Her Home in a Taxi. She Politely But Firmly Declined. Then Off She Went, Trailed by the Old Couple"

Who Will Do Our Dirty Work Now?

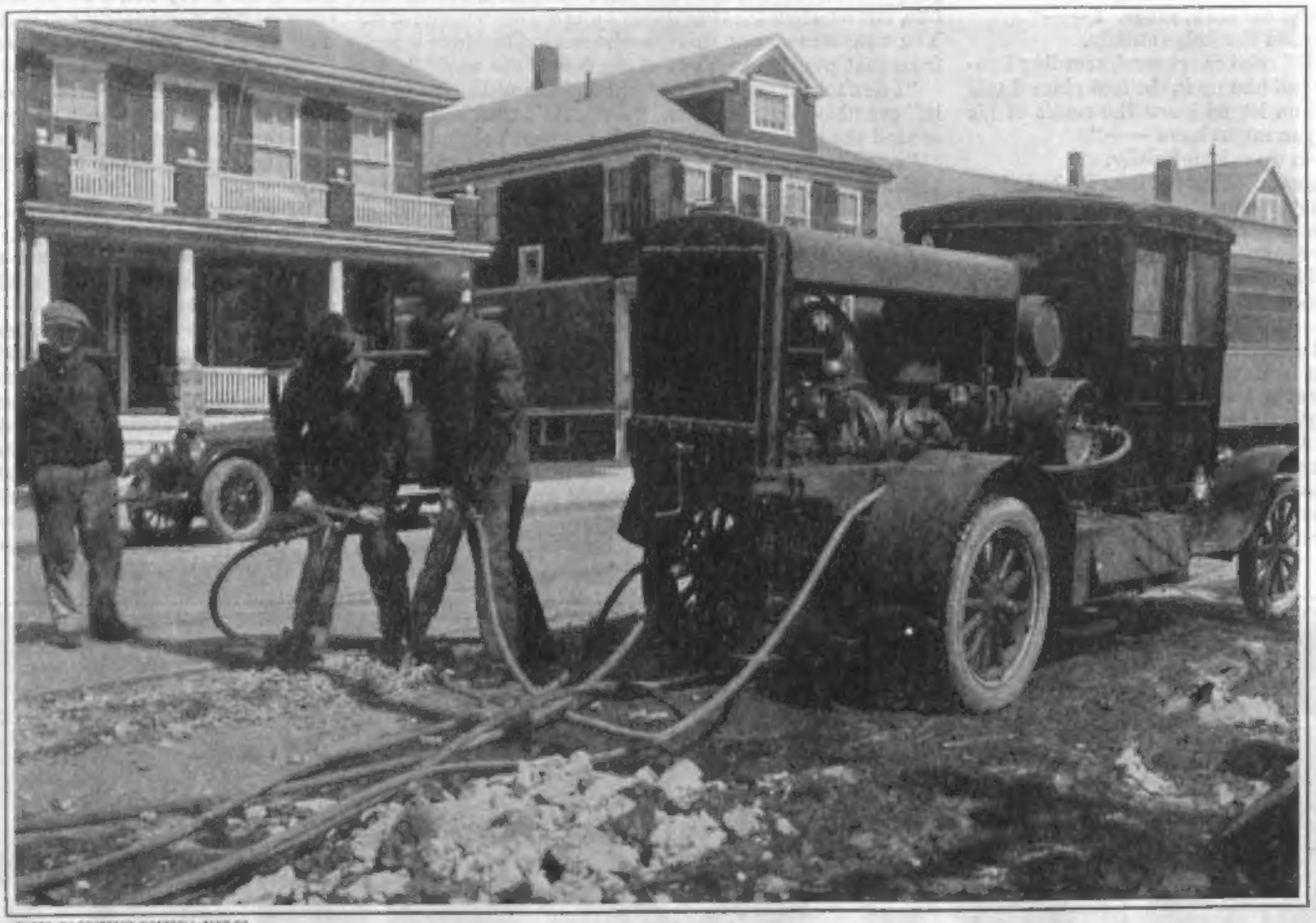
By JAMES H. COLLINS

WHAT a change in Ellis Island! My last visit had been in the booming days before the war, when 5000 immigrants might pass through the gates in one day, and be on their way to jobs. But today the great buildings are almost deserted—thin lines of Latin-Americans, West Indians and a steerage load from a German liner.

"Ah! in those days we handled them quickly," said an immigration official, "because they were chiefly men, coming to the United States to work. An Italian boatload would come in, all men, carrying their few possessions, and we dispatched them in a very short time."

On my last visit the incoming immigrant was a fellow to delight the soul of the employer who likes to find several hundred applicants waiting for jobs at his factory gate tomorrow morning, willing to take any kind of work at any kind of wages. He was common labor, the strong young peasant from Italy, Poland, Hungary and the Balkan states, green in our ways, unskilled in our industrial work. He was the lifeblood of our steel, coal, construction, metal-mining and other industries that soaked him up like sponges.

But today any employer looking for common labor in the Ellis Island throng would go home persuaded that the country is going to the dogs. There wasn't one common laborer in 500 of them the day I revisited the island to find out, if possible, what the new immigration law is going to do to our industries that use common labor. The Latin-American is not a laborer; if he isn't a clerk he's probably a cigarmaker. The West Indian negro is not a common laborer; within a month these boys will be emptying waste-baskets or running elevators. The shipload of Germans disclosed no common laborers; women and children mostly. Stunted, worried, the wrack of war; nothing like the big ruddy sausage-eating, *gemütlich*, market-gardening, road-house-keeping, turner-society South German of the 70's. The occasional man looked like a student. When I tell you that one tall chap with characteristic European whisker effects looked like the late Mr. Lenine, you can judge for yourself what the chances are for finding pick-and-shovel men at Ellis Island nowadays. If the immigrant isn't somebody's wife or child he or she is—provided they come from one of the countries that used to furnish huskies to do our dirty work—a member of the aristocracy, the professional or the commercial classes, in reduced circumstances. Either the husky cannot afford to emigrate in these times of reduced European currencies and high steerage rates or the intelligentzia are crowding him out of the quotas.



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The Mechanical Pick and Chisel Outfit, Known as the Paving Breaker, Operating on a Street in Boston. It Accomplishes as Much Work as Fifteen Hand Workers

Altered Conditions

"DO YOU notice how they all dress like Americans?" asked a guide. "No more picturesque peasant effects! Whatever part of the world they come from nowadays they all look like us!"

This inventory of the common-labor situation, to forecast what is going to happen under the new immigration law, begins naturally at Ellis Island, because that has been the national factory gate for fifty years.

Consider the new law: It went into effect July first, and under the official quotas proclaimed by the President, Germany will lead with more than 50,000 immigrants yearly. Then come Great Britain and Northern Ireland with 34,000, the Irish Free State 28,000, and, after that, North European countries like Poland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. From 1901 up to the war we had a steady yearly ration of about 200,000 Italians. Under the new law only 3845 can be admitted. And the quotas of the Balkan countries, from which many laborers came, are cut down in about the same proportion. Practically all countries sending immigrants in any number now have fairly high standards.

"It is too early to say what the new law will do," said the Ellis Island official. "It went into effect only yesterday, and won't really be operative until six weeks from now, when our consuls have instructions, and the new immigrants begin to arrive. Since the war we have had mostly the dependents of foreign-born citizens who have been in the United States ten years or more. This was the logical consequence of war, the reuniting of families. It is not only going on still but was considered so important by Congress in drafting the new law that allowance has been made for non-quota immigrants, the wives of American citizens and their children under eighteen years of age, who are to be admitted without regard to the quota for the country of their birth. It is estimated that 200,000 non-quota immigrants will come in, and that, even with the reduced-quota immigration, something like 500,000 people will gain admission to the country yearly, not counting those who will be smuggled in."

Ten years ago 500,000 immigrants would have meant, roughly, nearly 400,000 men, and nearly 350,000 of them between the ages of fourteen and forty-five. There would have been about 100,000 Italians, 75,000 Polish peasants, and generous proportions of the Balkan nationalities that contributed the welcome bohunk of industry, along with 50,000 to 75,000 Russian and Polish Jews, who were then the common labor of the garment trade.

There it was at the factory gate, ready to pay the price as cheap labor to gain a place in boundlessly rich America—and collect afterward.

Should you go out to your own factory gate next spring, Mister Employer, and find no applicants for common-labor jobs, you will know that the immigrant of ten years ago is now collecting.

Ten years ago husky Giovanni and Jan were in their twenties, and had no dependents, being unmarried. Their actual wages were small by our own standards then. Giovanni and Jan certainly looked like bargains—if not actually something for nothing. But they worked, learned and waited. Sometimes they married and stayed in the United States; when there were children and responsibilities to pay for they organized and got better wages. Again, they went back to the old country and married, Giovanni keeping his family in Italy as work in the United States rose or fell, and he went back and forth cheaply in the steerage, while Jan perhaps bought a piece of land in his own Balkan country, and likewise settled down to raise a family. After the upset of war there was only one country in the world where either of them wanted to live—the United States, of which they had become citizens. So now they are back, and not as hunkies, either, but with good jobs at six to ten dollars a day. And Ellis Island is busy receiving their wives and children.

"It wasn't cheap labor at all," said an industrial engineer, "and if it had been really cheap we could never have imported enough of it to keep pace with demand. For we were importing power in the smallest and most expensive unit—the human engine."

Power

"BACK in the 70's, when wages were a dollar a day, you could afford to use an Irish greenhorn to wield a pick and shovel. You hired him, generally, for some job like paving or pipe laying, in which the only other power used was that of horses. In fact, the only place where steam power was used, apart from the railroads, was in the factories, where as late as 1880 only a little more than one horse power per wage earner was used. Today it is in the neighborhood of four horse power per wage earner in the factories, while new forms of power have been applied to construction and public work which was formerly done with regiments of man engines, aided only by horses.

"You can go into any little shop today and find a small power-driven machine that does the muscle work of four or five men; there are innumerable machines of that kind, with new ones constantly being invented. The farmer has similar machines, and so has the housewife. Since heavy immigration stopped in 1914, our power facilities in factories alone have increased fully 15,000,000 horse power. Count one mechanical horse power as equal to the muscle work of two able-bodied men, and include all the power used outside the factories, and you will see that if we had to keep the country going with man engines, the cheap common labor of immigration, somewhere between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 immigrants would have to be brought in every year, and they would all have to be able-bodied men. In a word, you will see that the thing can't be done; this is not a pick-and-shovel country, but one that grows on mechanical power."

The cheap immigrant laborer wasn't cheap. We couldn't have imported enough of him to do our work, even if he had been cheap. Yet there are thousands of employers in the United States who insist that green immigrants are necessary to the continuance of their businesses.

What is the answer to that series of paradoxes? An official of the National Industrial Conference Board had several interesting suggestions to make, based upon the research work of this organization which, since 1916, has been studying American industry with the purpose of securing the facts necessary for its management, in contrast

(Continued on Page 122)

CONSERVING THE REMNANTS

By HAL G. EVARTS

THIS country was endowed with natural resources in an abundance and variety that have fallen to the lot of no other people since the dawn of man. As early as forty years ago a few farsighted individuals realized that these resources were being destroyed instead of harnessed. They called upon all lovers of the American out-of-doors to rally for the purpose of saving what little was left of it. They did rally, but their numbers were few, and consequently, if their cause was to be heard, they must speak in loud tones.

It quite naturally followed that they were accused of being radical reformers, exhorters, fanatical idealists; and, worst of all, they were branded as impracticals. Impracticality is the very worst brand that a man can wear before an American audience. As a matter of cold fact, these first champions of conservation were men gifted with greater vision than their fellows; they felt a sense of personal outrage at the reckless abandon with which the heritage of the American public was being frittered away, and to them goes the credit for being first to glimpse the future and to open the eyes of others to the criminal folly of it all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

A Family Quarrel With the Mother Bear Protecting the Young Cub by Her Side. In the Circle—A Beaver, and a Typical Beaver Dam

The Practicals and the Impracticals

WITH these old campaigners it was largely a matter of sentiment, but not of sentimentality, for they were fully alive to the fact that an economic tragedy was being enacted. The main bulk of the population, however, failed to grasp the practical phase of it and believed that the only platform upon which conservation could be urged was that of sentiment. There were good reasons for this widespread misapprehension, for the interests that preyed upon the natural resources of the country were organized. They exhorted the people to be practical, to stand by their guns as hard-headed American citizens, and urged them to pay no heed to the sobs of sentimental crusaders who would block the progress of development. And the people, either through misunderstanding or apathy, failed to grasp the fact that it was exploitation, not development, that was being foisted upon them; that much of the work going on about them was destructive, not constructive; that they were being practically looted, not practically led; that a few were feathering their nests at the expense of the many and slaughtering the birds that supplied the down.

Now for a few bird's-eye glimpses of various phases of the picture to determine just how visionary and impractical were the views of those early conservationists and just how practical and constructive was the program of the interests that opposed them.

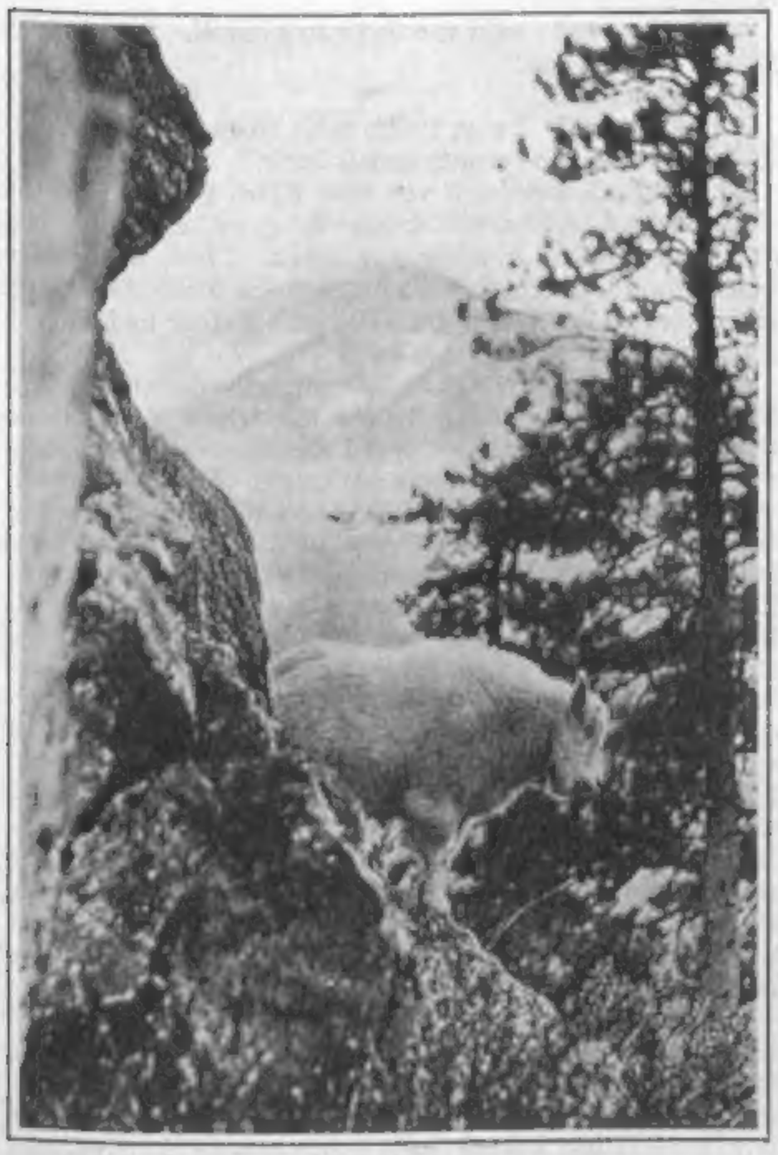
Fur trading was the first American industry to attain world-wide importance. Since the days when a fishhook brought a beaver skin in even trade and a flintlock musket was bartered for rare skins, flattened and piled to a height equal to the length of the gun from butt to muzzle, the fur trade has been somewhat of an outlaw industry—outlaw in the sense that it preyed upon a natural resource without making adequate provision for the perpetuation of that resource.

The Big Three

LONG before the days of the old historic trails, the Santa Fé, the Oregon, the Chisholm, the Omaha-Denver Trail and all the rest, there were three big fur companies, the American, the Rocky Mountain and the Hudson's Bay, that contended for supremacy in the fur trade of the West. There was tribal warfare between retainers of the rival outfits. Trading posts were raided and sacked. Indians were stirred up by one company and urged to make war upon another. Roving bands of half-wild trappers and traders prowled the wilderness.

The main idea then was to get every pelt obtainable. Beaver swarmed in untold millions in every lake and stream throughout the nation, and at that period in the history of the fur business the beaver pelt was the one chief item of trade. These animals were sought so relentlessly that by 1840 the fur trade had passed its high peak and was on the wane from lack of pelts to feed its rapacious maw. The beaver had been swept from the streams; and from a catch of more than 1,000,000 skins annually, the take dwindled

(Continued on Page 141)



A Mountain Goat in Chelan National Forest, Washington

A Bull Elk in Absaroka National Forest, Montana

Deer are Plentiful in the National Forests of the West

TREES

By W. L. GEORGE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"That Boy Would Do Anything for Money to Spend on Girls"

THERE was silence in the room which Mr. Smallwood, the agent, had made into an office. Everything in it—the Cromwellian table loaded with letters, old tobacco tins, specimens of seeds, the plan of the Claydonay estate upon the wall, the untidy pile in a corner, made up of a couple of fishing rods, a shotgun, and a riding crop—all this combined with the sunshine without that insinuated itself through the drooping blossoms of the wistaria, to suggest the countryside.

Not a sound could be heard, not even the distant lowing of a cow. Yet within this pleasant room there was no peace.

It was occupied by the figures of two men, one middle-aged, the other old. The middle-aged man was Smallwood, agent to the Duke of Claydonay. The duke often reflected that he disliked Smallwood, because—"Well, you know, I mean to say, he's not one of our sort, you know." In other words, Mr. Smallwood was not a gentleman, a word which the duke never pronounced, because it was understood that one met only gentlemen, and so the question could not arise. But he had to appreciate Smallwood, who knew the price of bricks, the date when a lease should be renewed. For four years Smallwood had been right in everything he proposed. He had worked ten hours a day. He never rode to hounds, never took a day off for golf; he was the life of Claydonay.

"But, look here, Smallwood," said the employer, "it really can't be as bad as you make out."

The agent hesitated. He was not impressed by dukes, though he admired old Claydonay. He felt inclined to call him an old fool, but he could not help seeing that at seventy-two the figure that stood before him was splendid. The duke had been six foot two, and age had bowed his head only some three inches. He was thin, almost fleshless. The clipped white hair, quiet gray eyes and heavy white cavalry mustache were almost a livery of class, which he carried as well as his own footman.

"I'm sorry, your grace, but you know it's been going on for a long time. The rents don't get paid. At least they get paid better than they used to, because I see to it; but I can't squeeze money out of a man who hasn't got it. Of course, I could turn Port out, and Malin ought to go, only ——"

"No, Smallwood, I won't have that. I don't like Port any better than you do, but I remember Malin's grandfather when I was a boy ——"

"Very well, your grace," the agent interrupted, looking exactly like a wire-haired terrier. "If you're satisfied that Malin should take everything out of the land and put nothing back; if you're content to have him come and see me every week, saying that we ought to pay for fertilizer, asking for new railings, a new wall, a new house, a new estate; if your grace will give Malin the earth and pay him for accepting it as a favor, I'm satisfied."

No anger rose in the old man's breast. He knew that Smallwood was right. "Don't lose your temper," he said. "No use in a case like this. We've got to face this sensibly. I'll be running across Malin one of these days, and I'll talk to him. But what we were talking about was about this—what was it?—yes, this four thousand pounds."

"Yes, your grace. Can't go on any longer. What's the matter with the estate is we've no working capital."

"Oh, the estate's worth a good deal," said the duke.

"Quite so; but I can't pay the plumber with a clod of earth. On quarter day we've got coming in £7246.12.8. We've got to set aside for land tax and for income tax £4800 approx. Now, in mortgage interest we've got to pay ——"

"Smallwood, I know that as well as you do," said the duke, at last irritated.

"Very well, your grace," said the agent, anger casting a grayish hue over his cheeks. "What does your grace suggest?"

"Oh, well, I suppose we can manage," said the duke.

"I beg your pardon, your grace, but things are too serious. We've got four farms we can't let because we've no money to put them in order. We need money for roads, we need money for drainage, money to repair the farmsteads. If we get £4000 I guarantee—well, we might pull through."

"Anyhow," said the duke suddenly, "I won't sell the trees."

There was silence, for the argument had lasted nearly an hour, and now they returned to the point where they had begun, to the proposed sale of Claydonay Woods. The agent was enraged by the motiveless obstinacy he encountered. The silly, sentimental old fool would not allow a stick to be cut. Why, he would like to know! Letting all that money lie idle, while the estate bled to death. Still, he was diplomatic.

"I know, your grace, it's an awful wrench, having to part with the timber."

"My trees," said the duke in a whisper.

The agent had an idea.

"Supposing we sold the timber, we could start a plantation, and by degrees ——"

"No," said the duke, standing up, "you can't get at me that way, Smallwood. Don't imagine you're going to cut down my trees and give me a plantation to play with, trees to grow when I'm dead."

"Then what am I to do?"

"You must manage," said the duke, handing to the lower order an unworthy preoccupation. "I'll think about it," he added.

The agent did not reply, for the promise hardly reassured him.

II

CLAYDONAY, after leaving the agent's office, went slowly back to his house, and stood for a while upon the Italian terrace, looking over the low balustrade toward the formal garden where the beds were arranged round an ornamental pond framed in flagstones. It was still and lovely in these days of early summer. Roses were budding on the pergola, and already the sun, which was high, flung deep but narrow shadows under each stone step. He felt the beauty, the repose, but he was not at rest. He knew that he had been foolish, that he had been testy, that Smallwood was right. He knew that his affairs were in a terrible state, that slowly, year by year, decade by decade, his family had become poorer. A little money might save it. If only something could be done!

In a flannel suit and a tennis shirt, Peter, the elder of his grandsons, came out upon the terrace, stretched himself by his side, a splendid young man, a little taller than himself.

"Well," he said negligently, "what's the dream? Thinking of taking to jazz?"

The old man turned upon the boy a gaze where love combined with sadness, but this was unperceived.

"Oh," he said, "I'm too old for jazz, Peter. I was just thinking how jolly it would be if we were rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

"We aren't," said Peter; "but we paddle along somehow."

"Who knows?" said the duke to himself. "We might yet be millionaires."

Peter laughed.

"Millionaires? I say, that's a bit steep. We'll be millionaires when the coronet comes back."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were right, Peter," said the old man, and padded rather heavily down the steps. His grandson watched him for a moment. Then, being only nineteen and destructive, he extracted a loose stone from the coping. And he forgot. His grandfather had walked away toward the stables.

The duke crossed the garden through the door that led to the tennis lawn, and out to the left where began these Claydonay Woods that hugged the house. The young man's words passed through his mind. Funny business, that coronet! Claydonay Court was only fifty years old in those days, for it had just been built by an ancestor who brought from his French embassy the Renaissance style. The Claydonays were Jacobites, and so the house was attacked by a body of Cromwell's soldiery. Just before the attack succeeded, a faithful butler, his name not remembered, had saved the coronet by disappearing, while Claydonay Court was taken and looted. Nothing was left of value; gold plate, priceless jewelry collected in the East, all had gone. The bodies of the faithful butler and of a boy who had assisted him were found where now lay the tennis lawn, murdered by the Roundheads. Thus, since nothing was ever recovered, the phrase entered the language of the Claydonays. When they wished to suggest that an event was unlikely, they said that it would happen when the coronet came back.

He entered the woods, forgetting the old story and even his disturbance, for now he found himself in a realm where he could divorce the daily agony of life. This was his secret. No one knew that for sixty years, ever since he was a boy bird-nesting, he had found secret delight in Claydonay Woods. His family was attracted by trees as other men

are by horses. For two hundred years they had planted, and only from time to time had thinned. It was as if they collected trees, for the variety of Claydonay Woods was great. There were oak trees with thick spreading foliage, equally spreading chestnut trees. Clearings were made here and there about rows of poplars; in the hollow, half a mile from the house, where the ground was soggy, grew the silver birches, slim and shining like young and awkward girls. Upon a hillock a clump of cypresses spread out flat hands, which seemed to give a blessing. The elms did badly, and larches too; but there was a copse of copper beeches, already darkening to blackness of leaf

It was so still in there, as he walked over the thick moist carpet, where the leaves had rotted for centuries. It smelled damp. He was conscious of scents—the delicate, sleepy scent of mushrooms, the resinous scent of bark, and, above all, the profound animal smell of the old, old leaf mold. He knew where he was going in his disarray and in his sadness, as he painfully mounted a rise. He stopped, rather breathless, by the King Charles Tree. This was the ruler of them all, the vast oak planted by Charles II for a joke in 1670, an old, old strong tree, with furrowed sides, outgrowing roots, gnarled above the soil. Some said that it was dying; but the duke's grandfather thought that it was dying, and yet it never died. It would never die. The duke drew his hand over the rough bark, looking up toward the lower branches, thick as the trunk of younger trees, into the eternal darkness of the leaves, though the year was new and they were not yet thick He loved him. Not it, but him this tree which was old when he was young, and now was no older, the tree which he called the Tree before he knew its name; where he played as a child; where one moonlit night he led a girl who later was false to him; then again the woman he married, whom he had lost some years before. There he had taken by the hand his two sons, whom the war had slain. The tree had sounded the beat of his life.

He sat down upon a projecting root and abandoned himself to the sweetness of the minute. Half guiltily, he caressed the root. He was not accustomed to expressing himself fully, so told himself that it was nice and cool, though what he meant was that the darkness, the silence, remade his spirit, assured him that evil could not come to him, since the King Charles Tree had held it away so long. He grasped the root like the hand of a friend and a gentle wind rustled the leaves as if the tree spoke to him. He listened for a long time to the soughing song, to the delicate tree music. He did not want to go away, and so stayed for an hour, thinking of old times and dead people, taking strength from the eternal tree. But at last, in the distance, he heard the sound of a bell. Lunch: he must go. He stood up, no longer depressed, but he must go. Life would not ignore him. So, looking about him, as if ashamed, the old duke flung his arms about the vast trunk, laid his cheeks against the bark, his heart beating, as a man might lay his cheek against that of a woman whom he loves, or the polished flank of his charger

III

THAT evening there was a little dance, one of those scratched-up little dances to the gramophone, which the young generation prefers to the stately measures of the past. Three girls and a man were practically kidnaped from a country house some miles away. The old duke sat in the hall, converted into a ballroom, smiling as the couples went by, performing antics he thought strange, the girls so queer with their shingled hair and short frocks, the men more like what they used to be. And the queer music, too—a jangle that achieved rhythm somehow. He liked the movement, the touches of color in a scene that seemed barbaric to a man brought up to the tune of quadrilles. But as the gramophone rasped and yelped, he hummed to himself an old song, "When the birds fly north again"

He was not a matchmaker, but he could not help seeing that Joan constantly danced with Captain Walsden. Good chap, Walsden, one of the Shropshire Walsdens. Nice upstanding lad, make her a good husband. He was proud of Peter for his height, just as he was proud of Michael, who was smaller but infinitely better looking; dark, with slumbrous eyes. He saw both Peter and Michael as they would be in mess uniforms. He saw them in future khaki. But his mind did not carry him to seeing them as their father had appeared in the same khaki, lying out in No Man's Land, their eyes fixedly gazing into the French sky.

Much later, as he lay awake, it came to him that this youth depended upon him. They did not know. They could not realize that the house of Claydonay was going to pieces under their feet. Joan marry Walsden? He had a little besides his pay, but not much. Joan could not live in lodgings at Colchester. Must have money. Money, money! He did not want to see the boys in a line regiment, or going to India to get yellow about the eyes. How was he to keep them in the Guards? He turned and turned about in the hot bed, seeing before his eyes the relentless picture of Smallwood. He slept at intervals, and still Smallwood would not let him alone, saying, "The trees! The trees! We must sell the trees!" Sometimes he said "timber," and that hurt the old duke, for they were not timber, they were trees -the dear, friendly, silent trees that understood.

He rose, shaky, since these emotions were too much for an old man of seventy-two. But he knew that he would not sell the trees. Indeed, there formed in his mind a plan, which after about ten days became precise. He had played with it before, with this idea of going to see Louisa, his younger sister. He had always shrunk from it, because, like other people, he was afraid of Lulu. She was so young for her age, so drastic. Still, now things were too serious and the trees alone could not help him. It would have to be Lulu. She would know. She would think of something. So, after another three days of hesitation, the old duke was driven to the station, put into a railway carriage and sent to town by an amused granddaughter, who said she did not believe he was going to see Aunt Louisa, and begged him to remember that she would not like it at all if he got into a divorce case.

IV

LADY LOUISA BLOCKLEY was fifty-four, the youngest surviving child of what had been a numerous brood. She was spoiled, because she had been the baby. She lived in one of those large stone houses in Curzon Street which look like a tomb, smell like a tomb, feel like a tomb; where the bathrooms are too few; and where generations of black beetles maintain their pedigree in the wainscoting. Her husband, Alfred Blockley, company promoter, would have preferred a modern house with electrical appliances and suchlike nonsense. But Louisa remarked "Fudge!" and he was so delighted when marrying a duke's daughter that he consented. He did not realize that he would have equally consented if Louisa had been a tinker's daughter. He thought that he was marrying a high-spirited woman. In fact he was marrying a hurricane

The old duke did not like these visits to Curzon Street, because he disliked Blockley. In the first place, the man was a bounder; in the second, he had married Louisa, who was twelve years his senior and had been left for dead on the matrimonial battlefield. Also, Alfred was born in a slum, and twenty years of good feeding had done little for him. Still, he was rich; disgustingly, noisily rich. One could see that he was rich, just as one can identify a fine motor car.

"Well, Dick," said Lady Louisa, as she received him in a drawing-room where woodworms were busy in the furniture, and where presumably some other kind of vermin was working on the Rembrandt which Alfred had bought for thirty-three thousand pounds, "what's the matter now?"

"Oh, nothing. I just thought I'd run up and see you."

"You touch my heart, Dick; but I've been your sister too long. Come on, man, out with it."

The duke reflected: "I hate Louisa. She's always pretending to be a pair of compasses. Looks like a kitchen range now," for his sister always made him think of ironmongery. Aloud he said, "Well, if you insist, I wanted your advice about the estate."

"You shall have it," said Louisa. "Sell it. Peter'll agree to break the entail if you give him something for himself. That boy would do anything for money to spend on girls."

"My dear Lulu," said the duke, adopting a dominating manner which dominated nothing. "I can't sell Claydonay. Besides, I needn't. Four or five thousand pounds would put us right. At least, that's what Smallwood says."

"Ha!" said Lady Louisa. "Now we're coming down to brass tacks, as Freddie says in his vulgar way. Want to borrow it?"

The white mustache seemed to droop below its ordinary angle.

"I was only thinking," he remarked.

Lady Louisa was merciless. He had to tell her what was coming in and what was going out next quarter day; she dragged the truth out about Malin, the pirate farmer; she even found out about the trees. That made her jump up. Looking like an animated roll of parchment, she cried, "Do you mean to say that you've got four or five thousand pounds' worth of timber on the estate, and that you won't sell it?"

"It's my trees," said the duke dully.

"Fudge!" said Lady Louisa. "Never heard such highfalutin, sentimental nonsense in all my life. You don't seem to realize that you're a pauper. You think the situation will improve somehow. Just about as likely as for the coronet to

(Continued on Page 89)

He Gazed Into the Hole That Was Like a Grave. "Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust," He Reflected

THEODOSIA BURR, PRODIGY

An Informal Biography—By Meade Minnigerode

ON NOVEMBER 25, 1783, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the British troops at New York left their posts in the Bowery Lane and retired to their ships, stopping on the way, however, to grease the flagpole from which they had removed the halyards, so as to give General Washington and his entering Americans as much trouble as possible in hoisting their precious Stars and Stripes. It was Evacuation Day, and in the crowds on Broadway there may have been a baby, an infant of six months—a little girl called Theodosia Burr.

At any rate, her father and mother are almost certain to have been in the welcoming throng. The Burrs had only just moved to New York, into a house on Maiden Lane for which they were paying two hundred pounds a year; from Albany, where the little girl had been born, on June twenty-third, and where Colonel Burr had been married in July of the previous year.

Colonel Burr's wife was the widow of a British officer, Colonel Prevost—and there were those who looked askance at Colonel Burr for such an unpatriotic choice—and she had been Miss Theodosia Bartow, of Shrewsbury, New Jersey. At the time of her marriage to Colonel Burr she had two nearly grown sons, she was a good ten years his senior, she was not beautiful—she was, in fact, slightly disfigured—and she brought him no material fortune.

But in the estimation of her almost fanatically studious, polished and critical husband, she brought him something infinitely more worth while. For, in that age of general feminine mental vacuity, she shared with Mrs. John Adams, and not many others, a reputation for unusual brilliancy of mind and elegance of manners. She was widely read in philosophy and literature, she was a careful student of Chesterfield, Rousseau and Voltaire, she loved pictures and books. And Colonel Burr loved her, as he explained, because she had the truest heart, the ripest intellect, and the most winning and graceful manners of any woman he had ever met—and the colonel had met quite a few.

They moved, in 1785, to an elegant house on the corner of Nassau and Cedar streets, famous for its beautiful garden and grapery, where they lived in considerable ease with a retinue of servants—one of whom, a certain Hannah, seems to have been unusually partial to the liquid products of the grapery.

Colonel Burr, with Mr. Hamilton, was one of the leaders of the New York bar, and already a member of the legislature; the two Prevost step-sons, in whose welfare he always took the liveliest interest, worked in his office; the entire household was devoted to its fascinating master, that diminutive man with the large head and the splendidly flashing black eyes. Life passed very prosperously and pleasantly for the little family—except for the fact that the colonel's activities at Albany and elsewhere kept him so much away from home.

They all regretted these long absences, Mrs. Burr, her two sons, little Theodosia; and that other little girl, the mysterious, sickly Sally who appears for a while in the pages of the Burrs' correspondence, and then vanishes so completely. "Our little Sally"—the letters of 1785, '86 and '87 contain many references to her, and to "our children" and "the girls." And though it has always been said that—except for two boys who died at birth—Theodosia was the only child of that marriage, still, in 1787, Mrs. Burr was writing to her husband that "our two pledges have . . . been awake all evening. I have the youngest in my arms. Our sweet prattle exclaims at every noise 'There's dear papa'; and runs to meet him."

Aaron Burr. From the Portrait by Vanderlyn

The sweet prattler was undoubtedly Theodosia, aged four, who already gave evidence of an attachment to her father which was "not of a common nature," so that she could not hear him mentioned when absent "without apparent melancholy." The youngest in Mrs. Burr's arms must have been Sally—a younger sister of Theodosia, one imagines, who lived for a few years and then passed out of the correspondence. One is all the more inclined to this belief by the fact that of the two engravings by Mr. St. Mémin—both of them copies of earlier portraits, and both of them always identified with Theodosia—that of 1797 does not particularly resemble that of 1796, and was labeled by the artist Miss S. Burr, and not Miss Theodosia Burr, as was the earlier work.

II

AT THE age of three Theo, as they called her—or Miss Prissy—was already the pet of the family; by the time she was ten she had turned into a small, plump little girl, very beautiful, and not very strong. She adored her father and her big half-brother Frederick; she hated cats, but had a fatal fondness for green apples; she was lazy, and full of pranks and fibs. She ran away as often as possible from her practicing at the pianoforte, she spelled in a manner not sanctioned by Mr. Cheever's Accidence or Mr. Webster's blue-backed American Institute; she was not particularly thrilled, probably, by the piece about The Child Trained Up for the Gallows, in Mr. Bingham's American Preceptor, or by the uninspiring statement that "The Bee is a Noble Pattern of Industry and Prudence." She was, fortunately for her, a perfectly normal, impulsive little girl.

Fortunately, because she was the child of Aaron Burr, a man descended from severe dominies and schoolmasters, himself a mental prodigy in early youth, and now possessed of an insatiable mania for the inculcation of learning. A relentless taskmaster with a passion for instruction, who seized upon his daughter and made of her a living experiment in advanced pedagogy. A stoic, too, abstemious and unemotional, who practiced fortitude and austerity, and subjected his daughter to a vigorous discipline of self-control and routine—causing her, at a tender age, to sleep alone and walk in the dark through empty portions of the house in order to dispel her childish fears; and restraining her to the simplest breakfast of bread and milk, instead of the customary hung beef and creamy cheese and hot bread soaked in butter.

And when it came to Theo's education, Colonel Burr was greatly influenced by his reading of Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman, and determined that his daughter should be treated intellectually as though she had been a boy. At all costs she must not grow up a mere fashionable woman of society; he would rather that she died forthwith, and he hoped "by her to convince the world what neither sex appears to believe, that women have souls."

And so, in order to demonstrate this interesting theory, there came to Theo a host of tutors and preceptors—Mr. Chevalier; Mr. de St. Alvre, who could not find a fiddler because even his furniture had been seized by the sheriff; Mr. Martell, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Leshlie—to teach her to dance, and to skate, and to play the harpsichord and the pianoforte—on an elegant instrument purchased at Philadelphia for thirty-three guineas—and to instruct her in French, in German, in Latin, in Greek, in philosophy and all the kindred arts, as well as in the humbler fundamentals of reading and writing and the troublesome "ciphering." In vain even Mrs. Burr protested when Theo was eight that she could make no progress while she had so many "avocations." Colonel Burr replied that two or three hours a day at French and arithmetic would not injure her; and during the following summer, at Pelham, the child was ciphering "from five in the morning until eight, and also the same hours in the evening," while her father found it difficult, because she read so much and so rapidly, to provide French books that were proper and amusing for her—"an intelligent, well-informed girl nine years old."

Theodosia Burr Alston. From the Portrait by Vanderlyn, 1802

In the midst of his own arduous duties one can only admire Colonel Burr's ceaseless concern in Theo's progress, in every detail of her upbringing, in every moment of her daily life; his meticulous guidance and criticism of her reading, her studies, her deportment, her journal, her spelling, her handwriting—every breath that she drew. But when all is said and done, there is something rather horrifying, surely, in the spectacle of that little girl who, at the close of her tenth year, was reading Horace, Terence and Lucian, studying Gibbon and the Greek grammar, speaking German and French, playing the pianoforte and the harp, and learning to ride, to skate and to dance.

When did she find time to make mud pies, to play with her dolls, to hop about on one foot, to shout and dirty her face and tear her clothes? Was she ever allowed to do any of these pleasant and necessary things?

III

IN THE spring of 1794, after a long, weary illness, Mrs. Burr died of cancer. Father and daughter were drawn even more closely together—in spite of his enforced, continued absences, mitigated by an almost constant

Richmond Hill House, Richmond, Virginia

correspondence in which the solicitous, and often critical and even fretful attitude of the parent was never for a moment relaxed. Colonel Burr was never satisfied; the child's letters were never long enough; they never came often enough, they were frequently not attentive enough to his interminable catechisms. One may read into his own epistles a father's desperate anxiety and care for an only, motherless daughter; or one may suddenly receive the disturbing impression of a cold, almost inhuman personality forever anticipating the success of an experiment which had become an obsession, and probing impatiently into its pathetic little shortcomings and failures. Had she done this, had she read that, could the next Latin lesson not be increased, did she realize that her last letter had not been fit to show to anyone? In one case, to be sure, her letter had been splendid, and he had exhibited it with enormous satisfaction, after changing a misspelled word—an extremely significant confession, perhaps. Far more than his mere flesh and blood, she was the creation of his spirit, the product of his mind in which he took so great a pride, the apotheosis of his intellect. Fortunately, again, for her, she adored him.

Theo was in her twelfth year, and now, in addition to her accumulating studies, she was become mistress of her father's home. The new city house on Partition Street, in 1795, and, later, the estate and mansion of Richmond Hill. To assist her, besides a corps of servitors, she had the ancient and faithful Peggy, and the impeccable Alexis; and she had Madame de Senet, who also taught the harp, and the latter's protégée, Natalie de Delage de Volade—a little French girl whose family had been scattered by the revolutionary disaster to the household of the Princesse de Lamballe, and who was taken into the Burr establishment as a playmate for Theo.

Colonel Burr's hospitality was renowned; his library, filled with the works of Mr. Godwin, Mr. Jeremy Bentham and Miss Burnett, was a noted one; the tall candelabra on rollers shone on the pictures of Mr. West and Mr. Copley, on Wedgwood china, and on much fine silver and cut glass. Fond as he was, especially, of French society, he gathered around him all that polished, distinguished circle of French émigrés, fugitives in America from the upheavals in France. At one time or another, such men as Talleyrand, Louis Philippe, Volney, Jerome Bonaparte, passed through his drawing-rooms, along with Hamilton and Jefferson and many of the most notable American figures of the day. And always at the head of the table, doing the honors for those great ones with a dignity and charm which enthralled them, sat the little girl with the long curly hair cut in a bang across the forehead, just above the flashing black eyes.

Sometimes, indeed, she entertained in her father's absence, and even more important visitors. In 1797, for instance, when a letter of introduction from Colonel Burr presented to her the celebrated Joseph Brant, with the request that she receive him with respect and hospitality, since he was not "one of those Indians who drink rum," but quite a gentleman.

Fourteen-year-old Theo was quite perplexed, and in particular regarding the nature of the repast which must be prepared, as she had always supposed that "savages" were cannibals; but she ended by inviting fourteen gentlemen of renown, including Doctor Hosack and the Bishop of New York, to dine in state with Thayendanegea, captain of the Six Nations and chief of the Mohawks—who came, all six feet of him, one hopes, in full feather, and behaved like "a most Christian and civilized guest."

View of Richmond, Virginia. Drawn by C. Fraser

It was in 1797, too, that Theo began to spend her summers at Richmond Hill, the mansion in which Colonel Burr had once served under General Washington, and which he had purchased a few years before. A large, rambling, wooden house facing the Hudson, situated on a prominent crest some two miles from the city between Lispenard's Meadows and the Minetta Brook at Greenwich, surrounded by extensive grounds and lawns reaching all the way to the river. A stately mansion, with its lofty chambers and beautiful mahogany staircases, raising its graceful portico of Ionic columns against a background of splendid oaks and cedars. A mansion built in 1760 by Major Abraham Mortier, a great friend of Lord Geoffrey Amherst, with a long tradition of elegant hospitality within its walls; in his time, and in that of Mrs. John Adams, who occupied it in 1789, and found it set in the midst of venerable trees and fields variegated with grass and grain, at an agreeable distance from "the noble Hudson bearing upon its bosom the fruitful productions of the adjacent country," and enlivened by the serenading of countless birds.

Colonel Burr had always loved the place; he spent money on it extravagantly now, putting up gateways, enlarging the building, planting trees and shrubs, and widening the brook into a lake which the villagers called Burr's Pond. And Theo loved it, too, managing her maids and grooms and footmen, whom she paid as much as ten dollars a month to polish the hoofs of the carriage horses, and scrub their teeth, and treat their coats with paste of whiting; rejoicing in her gardens filled with hollyhocks, snowballs, tulips and Jerusalem cherries; and delighting in the lovely, peaceful countryside through which she went galloping, terrifying the rustics with her daring leaps and break-neck habits.

IV

THEO was fourteen, plump, petite, rosy cheeked; with all her father's grace and repose and curious delicacy of countenance, very self-assured and positive. She was a finished Latin, Greek and German scholar; she was reading two hundred lines a day of Homer, and translating French comedies and English political treatises; she was familiar with all the economic and philosophical writers of the time. She was known throughout the island, and at Albany and Philadelphia, for her dignity and charm and for her astounding precocity, and envied by many older belles for her fortune and popularity. And yet one has a picture of a rather lonely little girl, striving breathlessly to keep pace with her father's fantastic standards, perplexed and unhappy sometimes, so that he was obliged to write to her in one of his more tolerant moods that "you must not 'puzzle all day,' my dear little girl, at one hard lesson. After puzzling faithfully for one hour, apply to your arithmetic, and do enough to convince the Doctor that you have not been idle."

And the father's admonitions never ceased. If she should dine at Mrs. Penn's, "I will apprise you," he told her, "of one circumstance by a trifling attention to which you may elevate yourself in her esteem. She is a very great advocate for a very plain, rather abstemious diet in children. . . . Be careful, therefore, to eat of but one dish, that a plain roast or boiled, little or no gravy or butter, and very sparingly of dessert or fruit; not more than half a glass of wine. . . . If they ask a reason, Papa thinks it is not good for me is the best."

Theo was become his most cherished companion and counselor. In the political campaign of 1800—when Mr. Hamilton rode in vain on his white horse from precinct to precinct trying to stem the tide which was sweeping Mr. Jefferson and Colonel Burr into the presidential nomination—Theo was in the thick of the conferences between her father and his corps of young Tammany henchmen from the "Pig Pen" Tavern, the "myrmidons" of Federalist scorn, whom she proudly called the Tenth Legion. "The happiness of my life," he assured her, "depends upon your exertions, for what else, for whom else, do I live?" And he continued to mold his daughter to his will—her habits, her occupations, even her features.

"There is nothing more certain than that you may form what countenance you please. An open, serene, intelligent countenance, a little brightened by cheerfulness, not wrought into smiles or simpers, will presently become familiar and grown into habit.

(Continued on Page 174)

Bienneherassett's Island. From a Sketch by Lizzie Forbes. In Circle—Theodosia Burr. Drawn by St. Memin in 1796, from an Earlier Portrait

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS

"Oh, Eddie!" She Says. "Come Help Me Look! It's Great!" So I Took Holt of the Rail Was There, to Kinda Brace Me, and We Looked

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

JUST now, when I come in the flat, Jumbo runs out at me with her hands all over flour, and it gets on my good coat, and I don't give a whoop if it does. So long as it's Jumbo, the languages of flour is all right with me, no matter if it's my good coat

So after a wile, when she's got all through with her hug, I say, "Well, Jumbo, did the plumber come round to solder up them leaks in Monte Carlo today, like he promised he would?"

She says, "Eddie, I got a big surprise for you. Yes, he did."

So I say, "Zam! Another world's record busted! But you look kinda tired, Jumbo. Am I right?"

"Oh," she says, "not so very very. I only been cleanin' Rome and Paris, that's all. And scrubbed the battle front. But lemme go, Eddie! They's biscuits in the oven."

So she scampers back to Normandy, to tend to her biscuits, and I go along through the Alps to Florence and Naples, and brush the flour off me with a wiskbroom, and then I go in Venice and wash up. And then we eat.

Take it by and large, and life is a kinda funny thing. I mean, take me when I was maybe about ten years old or ten and a half, back at school in old P. S. 396. It was up in Harlem, and I guess I must of been about as popular with the teachers as a Federal agent at a wake. We took grammar, word drill, memory gems, number work, history, nature study, folks lores and penmanship, and every time they set us a exam I passed in everythin' but penmanship, folks lores, nature study, history, number work, memory gems, word drill and grammar.

The teacher she'd use to say to me, "Eddie," she'd say, "what chance do you think you ever got to grow up and be the President of these United States if you don't do your lessons better?"

I says, "Well, I got more show than you ever did, at that."

So she sends me with a note to the principal, and he puts me back a class. I got sent to the principal so regular and he put me back so regular it was a holy wonder I wasn't a bottle baby all over again when I was eleven or maybe eleven and a half. But then they commence to learn us geography.

Now geography is a kinda funny thing. I mean it was so different than the other slush we hat to take. The book said where it was a study o' the surface o' the earth, its countries and their inhabidants. Well, I didn't have no ambish' to be no dirt farmer, so I didn't give a continental cuss for the surface, but I certainly was nuts about all them different colored countries and their inhabidants. And I never got over it.

So the teacher she begun to say to me, "Eddie," she'd say, "if your other marks was only up to your geography mark, you'd win a merit card this month."

Be that as it may, I never win no merit card, but I kep' right on bein' amused by that there geography. I mean it kinda got me, in a way, specially the illusterations.

Well, it went along like that till I was about thirteen or thirteen and a half, and then one day I cop a prize for geography, and it gets mom sore. Mom was the cashieress in the swellest butcher store in Harlem; she was a widow lady, pop having died.

Mom says, "Eddie," she says, "I'm sick and tired o' this." She says, "Your report looks like the pound price o' hamburger steak, all but your geography." She says, "What do you want to read about wops and frogs and hunkies and Chinks all the time for? Why," she says, "the worst trouble with America right now is the way we've let those kind of dagoes jam in here. They'd ought to be a law," she says, "to make 'em stay right to home in their own nationalities where they belong! America is for we Americans."

That was a kinda funny thing about mom. If I said China she couldn't only think about hand laundries. If I said Italy she couldn't only think about Eyetalians muckin' gravel, with fruit stands both sides. She was the patriotickest woman I ever see; her folks come over from Ireland clear back in 1877, and she was born in Harlem, and rabid about it.

Well, it went along like that till I was maybe fifteen or fifteen and a half. I'd use to work part time in the butcher store, for a delivery boy, and when things was slack I'd use to read some libary book or other that'd tell more about the different countries, and its inhabidants, only mom was sore, and so was the boss, and they said where I could just as soon of been learnin' the cuts of meat. But I said I wasn't gonna be no cow surgeon anyways, so where was the use? And I'd bought me some big maps I'd tack up on my wall, to home, and I'd take my compasses from mechanical droring and dope out how far it was on the map from one place to another, and how I'd get to it, if I was goin'. And mom was mad at that too.

"Eddie," she'd say, "if your pop was only alive today he'd break your neck for me. Here the way I slaved to put you through school, and then you go fail on me again in everythin' but physical culture and that darn geography. What do you expect you're gonna do for your livin', anyhow?"

"Mom," I'd say, "I wished I knew. But I know this much: Some day I'm gonna travel and see the world, and when I see it I want to reco'nize it."

"Eddie," she'd say, "I wished to God I had a husband to-protec' me against a thankless young viper like you are!"

"Well, you ain't got one, mom, now have you?" I'd say. I mean, she nagged at me so much. And besides, all the rest of the slush we took was just slush.

But when I was somewheres in along about sixteen or sixteen and a half, I'll be hanged if she didn't get her a new one, and he was the butcher boss. So we moved over in a big swell elevator flat, and my new step-pop says to me, "Eddie," he says, "from now on you gotta watch your step, and no more o' this fool monkey business, or elset I'll knock your block off."

"Yeah?" I says. "You and who else?"

It was this way: I was a kinda husky kid, so I didn't guess he could do it, but after we scrapped awhile, he come cost enough so I figured if mom choose to live with a thug like him they was good and welcome to theirselves. So I packed up my maps and a couple books and my other shirt and I beat it down to the West Side and got me a job o' work in a big garadge, for a helper. And a room at the Y. I said where I was twenty, and I'd been in a auto smush, and I guess I must of looked both of it. So they leave me have a room.

Well, it was a swell Y. They had a gymmernasium, and a tank, and poolyards and bill, and a library, and lectures. I'd always use to duck the lectures when it was on the insides of your stummick and preanthracite man and which was the best poets, and all that slush, but when it was about different countries like in geography, why, I was ringside. And when it wasn't, why, I'd use to paw round in the library.

I got along good in the garadge, too. R'ght out of a clean sky it seems like I was kind of electrical, in a way, so pretty soon I was repairin' mags, and sort of a trouble man for ignitions. I guess I was about seventeen or seventeen and a half. But the bunch use to kid me a lot, the way I most gen'ally rode a nook round in my overhauls hind-kick, about some of them different places or other.

Well, along about this time the posters was pasted up everywheres with pictures about Join the Army and See the World, and I got kind of itchy, so I guessed I'd enlist for a soldier in the Army and go see the world. With free doctors, dentists, and so on.

But the foreman he says to me, "Eddie," he says, "you got the wrong steer. What you do is this: the U. S. A. is libel to wade into this war most any time. You stick on the job, and you learn everythin' you could cram in your old noodle, and then if you're a expert, maybe you could korn it among the signal corpse or the engineers, and get you promoted to a commission. When if you was in the infantry or calvary, you wouldn't have so much as a prayer."

That listened kinda brainy, so I took a tip from old George G. Glue, and I stuck. And that next spring President Wilson he declared war on the Botches, and I joined up in the S.g. C., and then the crazy lobsters went and put me over in Washington, and I had to drive a flivver between the Equipment Division and the Civil Service Commission, and that was the closest to a commission I ever got, and that was the way I walloped the Botches for about a year.

But down by our barracks they was a swell library, so when I wasn't pitreying them officers around in my old tin Treat-'em-Rough, I kinda read up some more on the different countries and their inhabidants. The boys use to kid me quite a little bit. I mean they was a kinda funny gang, anyways. Then I got made a corporeal, and repairman, and I fought like that, up to the Armistice.

Well, when I got all through shedding gas and oil and winning the Botch war, I went and got my job back in New York, in the garadge, and I repaired mags and all this and that, and different repairwork. They was a new foreman in my department was a kind of a josher, and he'd use to say to me, "Eddie," he'd say, "if you're so cracked on seein' the world, why the blazes don't you go see it?" He'd say, "Here's a ad in the papers where the steamship Asbrania is gonna sail on a three months' cruise-yes for Egypt, Athens, Constantinople and all points on the Erie Road. And it don't only cost $2960, plus a small additional fee for postage and wrappin'."

I'd say, "Oh, shut up, will you?"

He'd say, "Or what's the out about this one here, Eddie: Thirty-seven memorial days in the marvellous Fjords of Norway, only $1427 includin' hat check."

I'd say, "No, you ain't funny. You only suspect you are."

He'd say, "Eddie, I just dug up a bargain for you. Trip around the world on the shortstop—no, steamship—Scorbutic. Hark to the leather-lunged natives singin' at Hawaii. See beautiful Kyoto, sacred Nikko, and Jocko the Monko. Sweat in India and cool off in the Nile. Only $3866 for five months, and free burial if you die seasick. Why, Eddie, didn't you drag down ninety cents' overtime only just the day before yesterday?"

I'd say, "Oh, shut your trap, will you?"

Well, I was about nineteen and a half or twenty when this truck foreman began to ad, and he kep' it up till he ailed so bad they had to cart him off to the horsepital.

So the big boss says to me, "Eddie," he says, "you ain't only a cub yet, but you caught on fine, and I'm gonna give you a chancet. You're assistant foreman."

Well, I'd socked away somewheres around three hundred fish in the bank, and I seen where I could save quite a chunk out of my new wages, so I says to myself, "Eddie," I says, "when you see the world you're gonna see it right. You ain't gonna travel on no cattle boat, and you ain't gonna live on crackers and bologny. All you got to do is fatten your roll a wile, and then you can go see places and see 'em right. So tightwad it, Eddie, tightwad it'" So I did.

Things went along like that for about a year or a year and a half, and I'd Rockefellered up about a little under eleven hunderd smackers, and I'd kinda doped me out a trip. I mean, I'd doped out where I could see six or seven separate countries, and its inhabidants, surface throwed in, before I'd go bust. But then a buddy from the main floor gets me off to one and he says, "Eddie," he says, "I'm gonna get through, here, and open up on my own. I got the refusal of a nice little shop and filling station up on Netherlands Avenue, on time payments, only I ain't got

(Continued on Page 161)

"I Didn't Know They Was a Lady Rival in the Case. So Now I'm Gonna Tell This Lady the How of It, Between You and Mr. Hannigan"

What Becomes of the Rich Man's Income?—By Albert W. Atwood

The Poor Little Rich Boy

THE idea for this article was suggested in the course of a letter written some months ago to the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by a reader.

"I would like very much to know," he said, "what becomes of the rich men's incomes. I believe a million or so of your other readers would, also.

"What I mean is, after one of the men with an income of say five or ten million dollars a year, or even just a million or so, has paid his income taxes and surtaxes, his state taxes, his county taxes, his city taxes; has contributed to the church and civic organizations, to the Red Cross, to the various other charities, including the relief of the Armenians, the Chinese, the Japs and the Germans, how much goes into investment, constructive or otherwise, and how much is left for personal expenses, his normal cost of living and luxuries?

"I am inclined to think that if you would put one of your special writers onto this problem he would not find it difficult to get the necessary statistical information, and that he could produce an article that would be highly instructive as well as interesting, and of great value in the study of many current problems."

Sorting Out the Big Incomes

THERE is obviously enough, more than a touch of exaggeration in this letter. Perhaps 1,000,000 readers would like to know what becomes of the rich men's incomes; whether any such number will read what I or any other writer may have to say on the subject is a horse of a different color.

But there is a more serious overstatement, or rather implication, in the reference to incomes of $5,000,000 and $10,000,000 a year. For the question may well be raised whether there are enough such incomes in this or any other country to make their disposition of general concern. As a practical matter, if the rich man's income is up for study, would it not be better to go much lower in the scale, where there are enough cases in point to mean something?

Authentic information as to the number of these enormous incomes is lacking. We do know from the published statistics of the Bureau of Internal Revenue that in the year 1920 four persons, two in Michigan and two in New York, reported net incomes of $5,000,000 or more. The aggregate of the four also was given, and dividing this sum by four we find that the average was $7,479,994.

But we do not know how much any one of the four reported. If three of the four reported barely in excess of $5,000,000, the fourth must have returned nearly $15,000,000. But at and beyond this point we deal in guesswork only.

Obviously these figures tend somewhat to minimize the real incomes received, because net income does not include what is derived from tax-exempt securities, nor does it take into account the numerous means of legal tax avoidance or minimization, such as the splitting up of properties, incorporation and the like.

We do know, from government reports, how many persons have returned net incomes in excess of $1,000,000 each year since 1913. The largest number was 206, in the munition year of 1916, and the smallest was 21, in the year of marked deflation, 1921. The average has been 90.

But it is highly improbable that many of these actually received $5,000,000, or over. Frankly, we are dealing only in guesswork when once the published figures are left behind. Shrewd guesses might be made and scraps of information put together. That is all, however.

It is, of course, a matter of record that two men, Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have or have had incomes far in excess of the maximum figure mentioned thus far, although apparently Mr. Ford's truly colossal profits seem in most years to be more on paper than in realization, because they are put back into the property. But when we leave Ford and Rockefeller, conjecture alone becomes possible.

Bankers seem agreed that the next richest man is the elderly New York bank chairman, George F. Baker, whose income is sometimes said to be as large as Mr. Rockefeller's. But this is surmise mainly. The practical question remains to be answered: At what point should we begin to study the disposal of the rich man's income? Shall we drop to $100,000 or even $50,000? Certainly there are enough of these, many thousands of them, to make the disposition of their incomes of very broad general interest. But conversely, the larger the fortune the more it partakes of the nature of a public trust.

"Of course, as the size of a private fortune increases," said Justice Holmes in a letter written some years ago, "the interest of the public in its administration increases." If a man should own one-half the entire wheat crop of the country, Justice Holmes went on to say, and announced his intention of burning it, such "an abuse of ownership would not be permitted. The crowd would kill him sooner than stand it."

An Englishman's Tax Troubles

FROM the practical standpoint it seems to the writer that no inquiry into the disposal of the rich man's income can have much value unless it includes, so far as possible, several degrees of riches. In the economic scheme of things there is no lack of questioning of even the relatively few $1,000,000 incomes, or of the much more numerous ones in the $100,000 or even the $50,000 class.

In still another respect the letter which heads this article is given perhaps to overemphasis. In implication if not in actual assertion, it is distinctly friendly and sympathetic to the man of wealth. In the note it strikes, it tends to prejudge the case before the evidence is introduced. There is about it a little more of the same sort of feeling that pervades the following after-the-war letter, said to be a copy of an explanation made to his bank by an English business man for failure to pay his loan:

"*Dear Sir:* For the following reasons I regret being unable to reduce my overdraft: I have been held up, held

(Continued on Page 153)

BIG BOY

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE world is full of such men—such men as this Dan Daniels Big Dan, we called him, and there was reason enough for the adjective. He was one of those lumbering men who seem always half asleep; so tall that you did not notice his bulk and so broad that you did not notice his height. A red Welshman by full inheritance, he had the sandy red hair and the copper red skin and the small blue eye of his breed. His eyebrows, I remember, were full and bristly and the color of corn husks, and beneath them the pale blue of his eyes showed surprisingly His head was perhaps a little small for his height and weight; but it was formed so squarely and so stoutly that you vaguely thought of it as framed and ribbed like a wooden ship. Big Dan's habitual silence, and the fact that he was indubitably slow-witted, rather contributed to this likeness than otherwise. He was in fact a fair figure of a blockhead; the name had been applied to him. But it was this newcomer in town, the young man who worked in the pool room, this Shooter Sharp, who first derisively christened him Big Boy.

Dan had some local fame before Sharp came to town. He was, to begin with, quite definitely the biggest man in town from any physical point of view. He was not so fat as some, nor was he so tall as others; but there was no one who combined great height with his breadth of shoulder and depth of chest. He had also a comfortable girth. A man at this time about thirty-eight years old, he had the waistline that went with his years. Now and then, to settle a dispute, he would step upon one of the drop-a-penny scales in the hotel lobby or the post office. His weight on such occasions registered either just above or just below the two-hundred-and-sixty-pound mark A colossal figure, he moved upon his business about the town, shoulders a little forward, gait easy, small eyes half closed, broad mouth ready to open in a diffidently friendly smile.

The distinction which was his, of being the biggest man in town, was enhanced upon the occasion of the annual street fair. The town marshal, Joe Prior, enlisted Dan as an assistant and gave him a walnut club and a star. Dan left the club at home, but he pinned the star upon the front of his blue serge coat and did his duty as he saw it. On the last night of the fair this duty involved hitting a man with his fist, and the blow was so stout a buffet that the skin on the back of Dan's right hand split open from a point between the first and second knuckles diagonally for about an inch and a half toward the wrist bone. This seemed to most of us an extraordinary thing: that one man should be able to hit another man so hard as to burst his own hand. The fact that the other man's jawbone was broken did not seem one-half so extraordinary. I remember the word was all over town within an hour or so; and for days thereafter people sought Dan out to ask for details of the incident and to inspect his bandaged hand. When the bandages were removed, the scar attracted even more attention.

Big Dan

The affair leading up to the striking of this great blow by Dan centered about Tony Leveroni's fruit stand on Main Street, near the corner of High. Annie Leveroni saw the blow struck, and afterward bound up Dan's hand with a piece of clean linen; and to some small degree she shared in the glamour which surrounded the event, since she was apparently the only disinterested spectator, the only one who had any very definite idea of just what had happened She was, not unnaturally, full of admiration for the strength behind the blow; and thereafter Dan occasionally stopped at the fruit stand to exchange a slow word or two with her. She was as beautiful as the young girls of her race are apt to be, and she must have had upon Dan an effect almost dazzling. He was not one whose emotions stirred much the surface calm he wore, but a blind man must have perceived the spell she put upon him.

This incident of the great blow and the broken hand made Dan a more or less conspicuous figure; he found himself for the first time the recipient of applause. Better men than he have had their heads turned by applause; but it had no such effect on Dan. He found perhaps a certain mild pleasure in the wonder he inspired; but he was nevertheless of a humble turn of mind and remained so. The only comment he was ever persuaded to make was: "I oughtn't to've hit him so hard." He seemed vaguely to feel himself to blame, but there can be no doubt that he was also a little proud. The legend that he was a mighty warrior, that he could, if he chose, whip any half dozen men, began to be established. Dan never did anything to encourage this fable; he was not combative, not aggressive, not one to intrude his prowess upon others. But his very good nature and the peaceful light in his eye enhanced his reputation rather than detracted from it. Charlie Luce, who ran the Smoke Shop, once declared his opinion that if Dan had the proper training he could give Dempsey an argument. Most people thought Charlie went too far, but there were none to deny that Dan was a mighty good man with his hands.

It was into this situation that chance projected Shooter Sharp. He was a sophisticated young man, a figure who would have been completely inconspicuous on Broadway His cheek bones were wide and bulged the skin, his nose had been flattened on the bridge and his chin was set squarely upon a heavy neck. There was a suggestion of a slant about his right eye. He had the appearance of one who has been a fighting man, and this was in fact his history. He had had some experience in rough-and-tumble fisticuffs, had worked into professional preliminaries, and had fought for two or three years with the spasmodic success of a fourth-rater in the profession of his

(Continued on Page 108)

This Incident of the Great Blow and the Broken Hand Made Dan a More or Less Conspicuous Figure; He Found Himself for the First Time the Recipient of Applause

The Old Oaken Bucket Shop

Yea, we have no bonanzas today.—Eph. Tutt.

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Believe I Should Have Killed Myself," She Said, "If Doctor Cumnock Hadn't Brought Me Here. But I Feel So Much Better Now for Having Told You"

"WARREN, on the phone! Miss Warren on the telephone!" the red-headed orderly was chanting as Doctor Cumnock came out of the operating room with his attendant squad of assistants and nurses. Upon the youngest of these the distinguished surgeon turned ferociously.

"This is entirely against the rules, Miss Warren ——" he began, but his voice failed to overtake the footsteps of the little nurse as she ran down the corridor. Then for an instant he became human again, and winking at her associate demanded, "What the devil's the matter? Is Warren in love?"

Miss Maybridge, the head nurse, drew in her lips and shook her head.

"I'm worried about her, Doctor," she replied gravely. "That brokerage firm down in Wall Street keeps calling her up."

Doctor Cumnock's face hardened into deep, almost sinister lines—his Gorgon face.

"I won't have any speculating in this hospital! Tell Warren that if she's called to the telephone again she'll lose her job!" He stood with his hand upon the glass handle of his laboratory door. "Of course," he added, frowning at Miss Maybridge over the top of his spectacles, "you all do it! I never understood why trained nurses always fall so easily for any kind of get-rich-quick game. But they do, and you know it!"

"Yes, I do know it, Doctor Cumnock," assented Miss Maybridge with reluctance. She paused, and continued timidly, "Doctor Cumnock, do you mind if I take a slight liberty?"

The grizzled old surgeon gave his best nurse a terrific scowl. Then he pushed back the door.

"Come in and go as far as you like, my dear," he growled.

Mona Warren threw herself into the telephone booth and pressed the receiver to the small shell of her ear.

"Hello! Yes, this is Miss Warren. Oh, is that you, Mr. Crabb?"

"Miss Warren"—the voice was coldly casual—"I called you up to say that we had to close out your account. We had to sell your Cuban Crucible today at 76."

The ominous words boomed in her temples like tolling bells; the stifling booth seemed like a coffin in which she was being buried alive.

At the other end of the corridor, in Doctor Cumnock's office, Ellen Maybridge stood nervously before the beloved tyrant who, divested of his operating uniform, now sprawled in an armchair, smoking an incredibly cheap cigarette.

"You see, Doctor Cumnock, Mona and I come from the same town upstate. I've known her all my life and I'm very, very fond of her. She's so attractive and so innocent—she really is—I hate to have her victimized. Frankly, I think she's lost a lot of money. Her mother is a broken-down invalid. Her brother is too young to be of any help. What I'm afraid of is that somehow this brokerage firm has persuaded her to put everything she has into its hands and that she has lost it. I hear her sobbing all night long sometimes."

The old surgeon snorted.

"I bet she's landed in a first-class bucket shop. How much do you think she has lost?"

Miss Maybridge hesitated.

"I really don't know that I ought to speak about her affairs, but —— Oh, well, I figure that she's lost nearly thirty thousand dollars."

"Thirty thousand dollars!" Gorgon Cumnock sat bolt upright. "Thir-ty thou-sand dol-lars!" he shouted. "Give me the name of that firm of cutthroats, and chase up that blithering little idiot and tell her to be ready to go downtown with me in exactly seven minutes."

II

DO YOU recall T. Otis Crabb—that extremely useless person who married the widow of old Admiral Buck—née Lucretia Peterman, that was—and chose to go to jail rather than pay the fifty-thousand-dollar judgment Mr. Tutt secured against him for running down young Barrington and crippling him for life? You may also remember the slick scheme worked out by Counselor A. T. Lefkovitsky whereby T. Otis, having secured the liberty of the jail of the County of New York, could come and go as he pleased all over Manhattan Island, with side trips to Atlantic City from Thursdays to Mondays—or thought he could—and how Tutt swangdangled him. Exactly! That is the fellow.

Well, this same T. Otis Crabb and his side kick, Algernon Fosdick—known on the Curb as Fozzy—after Madam Crabb had forfeited the fifty thousand dollars she had deposited as his bail, and, feeling excessively sore thereat, had left her beloved Otis in the matrimonial parcel room for good—as I was saying, he and Fozzy started a brokerage office down on Wall Street—very low down—Crabb, Fosdick & Co.

A bucket shop? Oh, no, no! Investment bankers and brokers! All their literature spoke of investment opportunities—opportunities which might never occur again and which therefore should be promptly seized. Of course, the opportunity referred to was always to buy a certain stock before it went up out of sight. Crabb, Fosdick & Co. never admitted the possibility of its not going up, nor suggested that it might ever go down again. They were Bulls with a big B, and their slogan was "We're Bulls on the old U. S., as Morgan said, you know!" Their mines always were bonanzas, their gushers always gushed, and the point was—the hook on which they inevitably landed their victims—that since it was going up, it really did seem foolish not to buy all the stock that one possibly could lay one's hands on.

Take Great Geyser Texas Petroleum and Llano Estacado, for instance. It had been selling at three cents a share until oil was discovered on the property, and then almost in no time it had jumped to five. Even so, one could still buy twenty shares for a dollar. For a thousand dollars you could own twenty thousand shares! Think of it! Twenty thousand shares! It made you feel rich just to repeat the words! And ten thousand dollars would buy two hundred thousand shares! Nearly a quarter of a million shares! And the advantage of holding a cheap, if intrinsically valuable, stock like Llano Estacado was that if you owned twenty thousand shares, say, every time it went up only a cent a share you made two hundred dollars! And another thing, every time you bought a few thousand shares it helped put up the market for the stock. So you got it both ways; you got it coming and you made it come; lifted yourself by your own financial boot straps!

They had a great stage set bought from another pair of fly-by-nights, and their customers' room looked like a board meeting except that the cigars weren't all Havana—only the wrapper. Still, they were real cigars; and there were gold-tipped cigarettes also, with the initials C. F. & Co. It was almost like an old-fashioned free lunch. You bought a few hundred MOP or KATY and you took in a collection of premiums, and maybe if your account was big enough you were invited over to Delmonico's.

But you never got the stock. No; T. Otis and Fozzy got that. And every time they trimmed a sucker they salted some of it away in a safe place, so if anything happened they would have life preservers, or what common crooks call fall money. It is so hard for financiers to keep out of jail without the advice of counsel—and sometimes even with it. Lefkovitsky had been confidential adviser to Smith, Murphy & Wasservogel, and was onto the whole bag of tricks how to separate a sucker from his money legally, semi or quasi legally, civilly, uncivilly, criminally and indiscriminately, and knew when you were a debtor and when you were just a thief.

"The great thing, boys," said he, generously throwing in a little fatherly advice in return for his one thousand dollar retainer, "is to maintain the right relationship between yourselves and your customers. So long as you can technically keep a fellow owing you money, you can remove his entire digestive apparatus without legal pain. A debtor can't steal from a creditor; he just owes him the money. See? Get 'em to open accounts and leave their money here, and you can do with it as you please. The law makes it impossible for you to steal it; you can only borrow it—ha-ha!"

"That's not so worse, is it, Fozzy?" exclaimed T. Otis. "If I wasn't a financier, I'd want to be a highbrow lawyer like Aaron here."

"Well," said Aaron modestly, "it does take some gray matter to know all the ins and outs of it. A plain banker hasn't time to bone up on it all. So call on your Uncle Aaron when you are in doubt or before you start anything. For instance, when you were over in Wasservogel's, nobody, under the law, had to send his customer a sales or purchase slip and, as you know, the whole thing was a cinch. All you had to do was to telephone him you had had to sell his stock at the lowest figure shown on the tape for that day and that he was closed out. That was the life—yes!"

Aaron helped himself to another C. F. & Co.

"But now—oh, mamma!" he groaned, taking a New York Penal Code from his hip pocket. "Look what you got to do! Listen! Section 957 requires a broker to deliver to each customer on whose behalf a purchase or sale is made 'a description of the securities, the name of the person or firm to whom they were sold or from whom they were bought, and the day and the hours between which the transaction took place.'"

"Is that so?" demanded T. Otis. "Do you mean we actually got to buy the stock on the floor of the exchange before we can take the sucker's money?"

"Unfortunately, yes," said Lefkovitsky. "There's no more of this think-of-a-number-no-you've-guessed-wrong stuff. All that is a thing of the past. You can't just take an order to buy a hundred Standard Oil of New Jersey and say you've done it—you've got to do it. 'Cause if you don't send Mister Customer a purchase slip he can have you arrested, and there's no way of getting the slip without really putting through the order—forgery's twenty years!"

"That's a long time at my age," sighed Fozzy.

"I guess you'd think so, even if you was editing The Star of Hope," agreed Aaron.

"How can anybody do business if he really has to buy the stock? Where's his money comin' from?" T. Otis was dishonestly perturbed.

"Oh, I've got a way to fix that!" declared Aaron shrewdly.

"No! Have you?" cried the financiers in chorus.

"Sure; but it will cost you another thou," answered the lawyer. "Cash money!"

"Well, we got to know how it's done in order to do it," allowed Fozzy. "Go ahead and spill it to us."

"You're a wiz, Aaron!" exclaimed T. Otis in an awe-struck voice after Aaron had spilled it.

"I'll say so!" agreed Fozzy. "I can see where without our little legal light here Yes, we might have no bonanzas today!"

It must not be assumed that because we thus freely lay bare the shocking crudeness of Messrs. Crabb and Fosdick, their true qualities were thus visible to the naked eye of the ordinary citizen. To the world at large they appeared to be brisk, blithesome young business blighters on the crest of the dollar sign. There was an air of dashing affluence about the office which gave people a feeling that Crabb, Fosdick & Co. were really awfully decent to bother about such trifling accounts as theirs, and that the only reason they did so was simply because they were big-hearted and kindly and enjoyed doing their customers a good turn. Entering the big front room on Wall Street, one found a milling crowd of prosperous natives fingering the tape around half a dozen tickers, with Fozzy slipping ubiquitously among them, giving mysterious tips or taking whispered orders.

A soft, fragrant haze softens the harsher features of the financial landscape—the White Walrus Spring Water barrel, the gilded iron cage conspicuous in the rear, marked Securities. In the cage, like a half-starved bear, sits the bedraggled securities clerk—only there are no securities. They are all across the street deposited as collateral for the firm's big loan at the Mustardseed National—that is to say, such securities as have passed through their hands—for in spite of the law requiring all customers' orders to be actually executed and reported in writing, Mr. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky's neat little device of circumventing it makes Crabb, Fosdick & Co. as much of an old oaken bucket shop as ever was Smith, Murphy & Wasservogel in the dear dead days now gone beyond recall.

III

EPHRAIM TUTT, smoking his eleventh after-breakfast stogy, as he sat in his customary attitude, with his long legs crossed upon his desk and his arms behind his head, saw Doctor Cumnock enter the office escorting a highly terrified but exceedingly attractive young lady.

"This young idiot's been gambling," announced the great surgeon without other preliminary. "She was one of my best nurses. Now she's the world's worst. Miss Warren, tell our friend here how you happened to get into the clutches of these highwaymen and—all about everything."

The girl kept her eyes fixed upon the floor and remained silent. Mr. Tutt knew the terror that Doctor Cumnock, in spite of his warm heart, inevitably inspired in those under his control, and he appreciated the embarrassment that his new client probably felt at thus being ordered to make full confession to a stranger.

"Well, well," said he, uncrossing his legs, "we're all idiots one way or another. Even old Doctor Come-Knocker has —— But I mustn't betray professional confidences. Don't be ashamed to tell me the whole story. Why," he added with a chuckle, "I've been trimmed myself over and over again!"

"I'll bet you have!" growled Doctor Cumnock. "I could tell a thing or two about lawyers!"

"Could you now?" commented Mr. Tutt airily. "Well, my dear, I don't think we need to keep the doctor here any longer. We'll let him go—if he promises to raise your salary ten dollars a week from now on."

"Eh? How's that?" cried the doctor in apparent agony. "Is this blackmail or just bluff?"

"Blackmail is my long suit," retorted Mr. Tutt. "And bluffing—as you know all-fired well—is one of the best things that I do. Well, doc, is it a raise or just a call?"

"It's a raise," admitted Doctor Cumnock, picking up his hat with a grimace. "I shan't call again."

But with the closing of the office door, all Mr. Tutt's jocularity vanished. Placing his hand on Mona's shoulder, he looked down at her with his most disarming smile and said, "I know exactly how you feel, my dear, and I suspect that my old friend does not understand how serious your trouble is. Of course he has no right to order you to tell me anything at all. Some things are too sacred or too personal to be shared with anybody. If you choose to make a confidant of me, I will do my best to help you. If not, I shall merely say good-by and God bless you."

She lifted her eyes in response to the tenderness in his voice and all her fear melted away. Surely if she could trust anybody she could trust this kindly, wise old man. And then before she really knew what she was doing she had thrown herself wildly weeping into his arms.

"I'm a thief!" she sobbed.

Half an hour later Mr. Tutt was in possession of the tragic coil in which this twenty-year-old girl found herself. "I believe I should have killed myself," she said, "if Doctor Cumnock hadn't brought me here. But I feel so much better now for having told you. You see, I came from Binghamton three years ago to take the regular nurses' course at St. Timothy's. Harry Colford, to whom I have been engaged ever since I was fifteen, came with me and got a job as assistant to the securities clerk at the Mustardseed National. His people are all dead and he was able to put by several hundred dollars toward our getting married. We'd be married now if my mother hadn't had a stroke of paralysis about eighteen months ago.

"That was the beginning of all our troubles. We had to have doctors and nurses and it left us badly in debt. Mother will never be able to leave her bed, and my brother Willie is still at school; so I had to get someone to keep house, and the result is that even now we can only just meet expenses. Her illness cost us all we had saved and a thousand dollars besides. To pay it, I had to put a mortgage on the house. There was no other way to raise the money."

Mr. Tutt nodded. So far there was nothing novel about the story.

"Now comes the awful part. When the mortgage fell due the man wanted his money. I couldn't find anyone else who would continue the loan. He threatened to foreclose. Of course it would have killed mother. The best he would do was to give us a month in which to find the money or vacate."

Mona's fingers were tightly twisted together and stone white.

"A thousand dollars may not seem much to you, but to us it might as well have been a million. The most we could scrape together was two hundred and twenty-five—and the time kept getting nearer and nearer. My work all went to pieces. I was nervous, at times almost hysterical, and I used to cry all the time. Helen Maybridge knows. She heard me, night after night. And poor Harry went nearly out of his mind. Then one day he called me up and said everything was all right—that he had been able to borrow enough to pay off the mortgage. At first I didn't suspect anything. Then I saw that he was on the verge of a breakdown and forced the truth out of him. He had taken a stock certificate left as collateral for a loan and used it to

(Continued on Page 104)

"Is This What We Paid You That Extra Thou For?" Shouted T. Otis, Shaking His Fist at Him. Aaron's Jaw Was Jogging Worse Than the Tape

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN '24

WEDDED BUT NOT ONE

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

OLGA SIEBOLD, like a great many women, was not impressed with her husband the first time she saw him. "My Lord," she thought. "How he hates himself." She had lifted her head from her microscope to see who was making the tremendous noise down at the laboratory door. Something about the young man standing there with Doctor Canfield, her boss, annoyed her intensely. Olga had been born in Denmark, and raised beneath the shadow of a great Midwestern state university, where her father had been head of the chemistry department. She had been only a year in New York, as assistant in the zoölogy department at Columbia, and she was just beginning to find out that the Eastern world held for her unfamiliar ways and graces. Young and cocksure, she tended to greet the unexplored with scorn.

This young man was tall, carefree and good looking. Worse, he was insolently Eastern, unmistakably Harvard, unbearably sure of himself, one who might grow up to be a great scientist, but who would never cease to be a gentleman. His tweeds branded him; his soft Eastern inflection was so different from the flat-voiced monotone of the pale scholars she had known in the West.

He was not the kind of young man, in Olga's opinion, to do abstract science any good. Olga was twenty-five, and never had been tempted to smash the sheathing of icy reserve within which she hid a mixed assortment of fiery impulses. Most men looked at her twice because of her hair, which was thick and golden—not pale amber, but a mutinous solid mass, all gleams and shadows, the color of new fire, of rare old coins. It was violent, eye-filling, like a modern painting, but the rest of her, at first glance, did not match the hair. It seemed too rich a frame for the pastel-like young woman whose head it crowned. Not that she was shallow or cold; rather, unstirred about anything in the world but her work and her own part in it.

Doctor Canfield believed in her work, but not having been a zoologist for forty years for nothing, he was a fundamentalist about women. He never told Olga, but he wished she cared less for her microscope and more for men. If she had been a Dresdenlike girl—all willowy figure and china-blue eyes and pale transparent wrists—he would never have bothered. But she had gray eyes, which often, before his own, had become luminous and warm over purely zoological thrills. He imagined those eyes set on fire by a man. Doctor Canfield was a sentimentalist, but only his wife knew about it.

"Olga," He Said, "Don't You See That We are Made for Each Other?"

At this moment Olga was still looking over the microscope, leaving a fascinating mélange of protozoans to contemplate the young man who was giving Doctor Canfield such a riotous time. They were chuckling, whispering, guffawing.

"Ugh—these men!" thought Olga.

The young man stood with one arm stretched out to grab the door, his body suspended from that arm as one hangs from a strap in the Subway. He lunged, twisted and turned, and all the time beamed almost condescendingly at old Doctor Canfield, who was more than twice his age.

"My Lord," sniffed Olga again. "What an orang-utan." He belonged properly in the anthropology department, at home with his fellow apes. The insolence of his conduct with Doctor Canfield, whom she revered as she revered Huxley and Darwin and Mendel! Doctor Canfield, who was a perfect dear and a great research scientist! Had not his nine years' study of the head of a horse made him famous? At least to those who cared about the head of a horse; and Olga did, awfully.

The young man made a sweep around Canfield's head, bent down over that man's rotund little body, and went out, roaring.

"He left her there flat—on the beach," he shouted in departure.

So it was about women. Doctor Canfield, turning, saw her dark brows—she was not all Nordic—straightened into a disapproving frown. Grinning still, he walked toward her across the big laboratory, emptied of students, in which Olga was the only proof, the doctor thought, that life could be lovely and not all a squirmy, wormy matter-of-fact mess.

"Miss Siebold," he said, "you mustn't make such faces."

She had on a white surgical apron, there was ink on her nose, and her strong deft hands were stained with acids. She looked, with her yellow head, like an untidy seraph.

"Who is that noisy young man?" she asked bluntly.

Doctor Canfield, instead of answering, leaned over her microscope. "Ah," he said, in his neat little voice, "they continue to reproduce as usual. How monotonous it gets. Now wouldn't you think all this observation of repetitious surrender to blind instinct would keep us all from marriage, and love; in fact from all romantic feeling?"

Olga looked at him solemnly. "There must be some sloppiness somewhere. Without surrender there would be no facts."

"True. But we scientists." He beamed at her. "You, my dear."

Olga blushed. Sometimes, she thought, Doctor Canfield was a little bit crazy.

"Oh, me," she said. "I'd be so bored married, and so cross. Think, Doctor Canfield, of how you have to listen to them, and always say something and be a spur to them, and pretend to admire them. Can you picture me?"

He could, but he didn't say so.

"Who's the young man?" she asked again.

"Oh, that man?" he answered surprisedly. "Why, don't you know him? Why, he's one of our coming anthropologists. Just back from Easter Island. Young Severance. He's got the Goldowsky fellowship. I used to teach his father years ago, at Harvard. That's how old I am. He's full of stories about native hussies and primitive love and Neocene engagement rings."

Olga smiled scornfully. "Awfully heavy stuff, isn't it?"

Doctor Canfield shrugged his shoulders. "Heavy? He's had trouble to escape with his life. He's a great swimmer, and all that. Most amusing chap. Don't you think he's handsome?"

Olga raised her captious brows. "I never noticed. I think he's a show-off."

"All men are, my dear." Mentally he resolved upon a date for a dinner party. "He's set upon finding the missing link." He paused a minute, smiling. "I don't suppose he'll find it. But he's intense. Not many young men in America have intensity. It's a great gift. You have it, but you're a melancholy Dane. I'm interested in Severance. His father had too much money, died of drink. The son's amusing."

Olga frowned at him a little. Being amusing wasn't everything. Doctor Canfield had a weakness for youth; perhaps—awful thought—that was why he liked her, pretended to like her work. Certainly no one could accuse her ——

She looked at him sharply, but dismissed the thought as silly. If anything, she was too severe, too impersonal. She knew the students called her Miss Minerva. She bent again over her microscope.

"Well, I'm off," said Doctor Canfield, and he walked off. "You better go home, Miss Siebold. It's past six."

Humming, he went along the emptied corridors, and down the main stairs to the quadrangle. There Severance was standing, waiting for him, an old brown hat crammed on his handsome head, a cigarette in his hand.

"There you are," he called. "Come here."

Canfield obediently sidled over to him.

"Look here," said Severance, his blue eyes fixed fiercely on the older man. "Who's the Rhine maiden in your laboratory?"

"Who?" said Canfield stupidly.

"The Rhine maiden? The golden-haired Swede who sat staring at me as if I didn't have any sense?"

"Oh, that girl? You mean Miss Siebold? The girl who looks like a viking's bride?"

"Yes, that one. Who is she? Don't tell me she's some stupid doll-faced ——"

"Hush! Come along where she can't hear."

They walked on together, and Doctor Canfield lectured on what he thought Severance ought to know.

Within two months Severance had almost bullied Miss Siebold into a promise of marriage, and he was sketching a honeymoon schedule for the Christmas holidays.

"Think of it," he said to her insistently, one cold November dusk, when she still was wavering. "Think of what our marriage will mean. Love and a warm climate and a holiday all in one. We escape families, Christmas presents, cold weather. Have you ever spent a Christmas in Boston? Have you ever been home for a New England family party?"

Olga shook her head, smiling. "No, but I shan't marry you to escape it."

He was a funny young man. When he was excited he would walk up and down her living room as if it were a cage. He came down almost every night, after work, to her flat, which she shared with Glenna Mackay, who designed fabrics for a silk house. He liked to do his fighting in a nice home, he said. They were away from university eyes there; he was glad Olga had gone to live downtown.

"This is more like life," she explained to him.

"It is," he agreed. "Great, strong, throbbing life. It's a pity you're so afraid of it."

This made Olga very angry. "Can't I have it my own way?" she countered. "Because I don't want to fall into the arms of the first attractive young man ——"

"Ah!" he yelled. "You admit it. I'm attractive? That's something."

Then he would list his attractions, until Olga, sitting primly in a high-backed chair, her gray eyes amused and yet unrelenting, would relax her slim body, throw back her judicial head on its lovely white neck, and laugh at him. Each time she laughed, Severance said, he had made a dent on her armor.

His courting was strange and a little disordered. He would stand ten feet away, to make ridiculous love to her, until she became red and ashamed, because his feeling so evidently made him afraid to come near her. Or he would sit down on the arm of her chair and tell her what a pale freak of a woman she was.

"There's no hope for you, Olga," he said cruelly one night when she had seemed peculiarly adamant. "You'll have to marry. Old Canfield will keep you on and perhaps you'll get to be an associate professor, and wear a doctor's gown at commencement, but you'll fade and chill and desiccate, you know, a pale washed-out spinster. Perhaps you'll save up enough money to take a trip to Europe every ten years, with some old-maid teacher—but what else will you get out of life? You're too good to be an adventuress. You'll never get any good jobs. Don't you realize that all the men in any profession are dead against all the women? Do you suppose they're going to send a beautiful blonde like you down into New Guinea to study Reptilia? How will you get your reputation?"

Olga was furious but calm. "Reputations aren't made by globe-trotting. Look at Canfield. Where did he do his work? Hasn't he sat in one city for ten years?"

Severance scoffed some more. "You think Canfield made his reputation with that horse's head, do you? You guileless woman! Don't you know that for years the museum sent him to Africa and South America whenever he could go? I know, because my father went with him and got the fever, and messed everything up. Canfield had to nurse him. No, sir, it's the things men won't let woman get the chance to do that prevent her from getting ahead."

Olga grew angrier. Excitedly she faced Severance, her hands clasped in front of her, her eyes burning like a cat's, her voice husky with temper. The accent of her youth crept into her words; Severance was afraid she would cry. He wished she would.

"Oh, you—you—you are foolish! After you insult me so, you expect me to marry you. Are you crazy?"

"What I say is true, Olga, and you know it."

"You expect me to believe what you say? And if I believe it, to marry you for that reason? Ugh—you are insolent! I hate you!"

She flung both arms at him angrily, almost as if to strike him, and he was adroit enough not to touch her.

"I want you to marry me for any reason under the sun," he said. "I love you. And you're beginning to love me."

"I am not!"

"Yes, you are. You wouldn't be letting me come down here, night after night, to argue with you, if you weren't secretly interested in me."

She protested hotly, and told him to go home. He did finally, saying that he had covered his subject for tonight. When he went she sat on the day bed, thinking of him far less savagely than he would have imagined had he seen her. Her thoughts were inconsequential, disturbed, but pleasant. Glenna Mackay found her there at midnight, when she came in from a theater. Glenna was small, dark, a wise little thing. She and Olga were friends, but not boringly intimate. They did not every night tell each other everything. Glenna had begun to think that Olga needed a little shove.

"Well," she said, "have you decided?"

"What?" said Olga, beginning to take down her hair.

"To take him?"

Olga shrugged. "He makes me furious," she said.

Glenna was Scotch, and recognized a man when she saw him. "Olga, you need to fall in love. You're too stiff."

"I don't mind."

"You should."

(Continued on Page 56)

"It is Like My Grandfather's House at Vedbaek," She Said to Mrs. Severance. "Vedbaek? Where is That?"

MELONS OF PERSIA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE habitual grouch chews gloom the way our nation used to chew tobacco; he does not feed on it, but rolls it under his tongue, over his molars, into his cheek, and spatters the bright world with a brown stain. No one who sensed the true value of the atmosphere of the crossroads general store ever tried to take his cud away from Silas Epaphrus Dow; and equally in the present day nobody in his right mind ever grudges a perennial sorehead his troubles To meet him without them would merely be the equivalent of catching him without his pants—unpleasant in either case. But when one who is famed for his smile on both sides of the Western Ocean lays it away in lavender and rue—ah! that's another matter.

Mr. Trumper Bromleigh had never been one of those self-assertive persons who walk with shoulders abnormally braced and their chins held high in air by a mental-complex checkrein; one of those annoying individuals who squirt vitality and cheer with the uniform monotony of a water wagon wetting down a road. No. Trumper's shoulders were naturally square and he felt no urge to advertise the fact by swelling out his chest. He carried them with a mere suggestion of a slouch which was constantly contradicted by his quick stride. The same shading can be applied to the carriage of his head on a very slight slant, which gave to his eager face a faintly quizzical cast.

He Looked Up From His Book to Ask Her, as is the Way of All Flesh, Just When She Had Finally Fallen in Love With Him

Dress this personality in the smartest and most tasteful clothes in New York, the finest linen, the smoothest and only boned boots, the handsomest malacca cane—and you have an example to good breeding out for a walk. Include two live eyes with tiny crinkles of humor at the corners and you begin to sense something deeper than manners. Add a smile that can cover an octave without effort, glide from two to seventy miles an hour without a change of gears, expanding from a mere twitch to a broad grin at no expense to charm—and you begin to perceive the man. But take that smile away ——

Well, no kind or amount of trouble could quite do that. However, it could do worse. The smile was still on Trumper's lips and in his eyes as he walked up the Avenue on an afternoon in earliest spring, but it was reduced to one of those flickers, scarce perceptible to vision, which used to live night and day on the tips of gas jets, wanly waiting for someone to pull the chain and send them up into illuminating flame. To see him scowl had always been a pleasure because it was a sure sign that he was thinking toward some startling purpose, but to see him thus, with the torch of his eventful life reduced to a glimmer, pale and cold as sunlight on an iceberg, was little short of heart-rending.

It is reasonable to suppose that in spite of his conservative method of guarding his inherited millions something as cataclysmic as a falling elevator had happened to them, or perhaps that he had otherwise lost his finger hold on the slippery wall of wealth and never caught it again before the crash at the bottom. The only fault to be found with such a supposition is that it would be wrong in every detail. As far as his financial affairs were concerned Trumper was walking at this time on cut velvet. Most of his industrial stocks were tucked away in dead storage, all but forgotten while they awaited the long-delayed but inevitable turning of the tide. Certain other securities he had juggled around, traded and sold in such a manner that nothing less than repudiation on the part of the Government of the United States could deprive him of sufficient ready cash to meet his own needs and those of Janet, his separated wife.

Too little money was not his trouble. What was worrying him was an unnamed disease arising from an infection—a malady which the first breath of spring exacerbated to an alarming degree. It was neither hay fever by several months nor love in any narrow sense of the overworked word, and yet it had been brought on by contact with a girl, almost as young as she was beautiful. Just as the cold "miloleum" had got through to Trebbie's feet, so had Trebizond got through to Trumper's heart.

Let us enumerate some of the things she had done to him. She had reminded him that to this day violets actually grow in the open, unaided by the hand of man, and still pop up in the muddiest places. She had made him laugh when a laugh in New York was almost as hard to find as an egg of the extinct great auk. She had given him his first glimpse of beauty as an indestructible essence, supreme above demeaning and inconsequent attributes, and in so doing had matched herself up with his matchless rug. Single-handed she had defied gloom to touch him or his friends while she was around, and had made good on the challenge. Lastly, she had turned to him in her bitter humiliation and distress, thrown her bare arms around his neck and thumped her bared heart against his breast.

No; not lastly. Lastly she had been absorbed by Hilary Pell and taken up in a most surprising manner by his mother, his aunt and his sister, who were waging a terrific war, first as to whether she should be improved in any way whatever, and secondly as to who should do the improving. Strangely enough it was not Hilary's younger sister who wished to keep Trebbie just as she was, but his maiden aunt, an angular thoroughbred with a keen eye for values. Miss Adelaide Pell said with devastating frankness that Trebizond's vulgarities were refreshingly sweet in an age when extremely sophisticated youth gloried in a too-perfumed and generally cosmetic mind.

"Why change her? What does it matter?" this unusual, straight-eyed lady had said to Trumper on a memorable afternoon. "It is pleasant to be with her."

"Exactly!" Trumper had exclaimed. "You've said it all, Adelaide; it's pleasant to be with her."

Then Trebbie in ravishing new clothes had blown in upon them, talked for five minutes without stopping except to let them laugh, learned by an interjection here and there that Miss Adelaide was about to sail for Europe, and had ended by asking her casually if she was going to rent her lovely apartment while she was away.

"No; I never sublet it," said Miss Pell half absently. "After all, why should one rent one's bed any more than one's toothbrush?"

It was at this point that Trebbie offered the remark which had made the afternoon memorable. "Gee!" she exclaimed, her piquant face alight. "That's so! Why, it use' to make me sore when my own father took my toothbrush."

Entertaining? thought Trumper, smiling ruefully in recollection of that day, which had also been marked by the revolt of Hilary, who had issued a ukase in the following words: "It used to be a man kicked at marrying his girl's whole family, but I'll kick my hoof off before any female contingent of the name of Pell starts a rage for the entire family connection marrying the girl."

Entertaining was putting it too mildly, continued Trumper's thoughts. Trebbie had been more than that. She was within her small individual compass an entertainment complete, with prelude, intermezzo and recessional thrown in for good measure—especially intermezzo, blessed mother of light opera. She was the full menu from appetizer to savory with sparkling wine on the side. Even more than that; she was herself, a throbbing bit of very human flesh that had quivered in his arms.

(Continued on Page 132)

THE WIDOW'S MITE

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

"IT HAPPENED something like this," said the vice president of an internationally known business concern worth scores of millions, and then he told me this story. We were seated in his sumptuously furnished private office in the tower of an architecturally famous building, high above the roar of city traffic, which seethed and boiled, a vast turbulent tide, around its solid stone base.

John Smith had died. That untoward event automatically rendered Mrs. John Smith a widow. John was a practical, self-made man, hard-headed, cautious, taciturn, not much given to babbling about his personal or business affairs. Even his wife, though, they were an extremely happy couple, didn't know exactly how things stood with them financially or what their holdings were. She had a hazy general notion that John had done pretty well with his investments the last few years; and even what little she actually knew she had gathered indirectly through shrewd feminine deductions or subtle and secret divinations, all of which would not have been necessary had John ever thought to promote her to a full, open partnership in his affairs as well as in his heart and home. But John wasn't that kind, though of the kind he was, he was the very best.

Sometimes at breakfast, immersed in his morning paper, folded foursquare at the market report, and absently feeding his mouth with grapefruit the while his eyes devoured the daily quotations, he would suddenly give a little grunt of satisfaction, his eyes would lighten, and perhaps that evening he would bring home a handsome pearl pendant or theater tickets; for there was never any doubt about their heart partnership, and perhaps that explained why Mrs. John did not trouble mightily over the head partnership.

Or perhaps some other morning she would suddenly hear John snort, and glancing up she would find her consort glaring savagely at the close-serried column of figures. He would mutter and shake his head frowningly and start to figuring on the back of an old envelope without listening to what she said; and that day nothing would be right. He would growl at the coffee, though he drank down three cups; he would grumble at the maid at the bills, and even at the steady down pour of rain as if holding her personally responsible for its extravagance. From which Mrs. John would sagely deduce what she deduced. She was in fact a great little deducer.

Sometimes he would mention a stock and once in a while he would speak the name of a business acquaintance in another town. And out of these casual little rags and tags of information she built up a kind of fairy superstructure of her own about life. But of actual modern business conditions as they operated in the big outside world, of the fierce cutthroat competition, and the wolves running around in sheep's clothing, she was about as well informed as a puppy nine days old. She didn't have to know anything, because John knew everything. He didn't intend her to know anything about the dirty underside of business, and he carefully fostered her ignorance because he loved her so.

He Makes Love to a Woman to Induce Her to Invest Her Earnings in Some Worthless Company

"And then," said the vice president, "John went and died. That was his initial error. Having started in to protect her, he should not have let himself die before she did. That was downright careless of him. It was the type of carelessness which he would have fired an employe for. His second error was not to have tied up his affairs, using his own hard-headed business sagacity, so that Mrs. John, with the fatal lack of business judgment which he had so carefully fostered in her, could not make ducks and drakes of her fortune. He should have fastened it to her like a life preserver which hooks up the back so that she couldn't get it off even if she wanted to. But he didn't. And then one day he died.

"Notice of his death appeared in the morning papers, together with a brief summary of his career, his characteristics as a citizen, the various clubs and societies to which he belonged and a few details as to the fortune left to the widow; in short, the usual sort of thing. Death notices of a like character appear by the hundreds of thousands in our papers every year. Anybody of average intelligence, given those news items, could piece together pretty accurately just what sort of a fellow John had been.

"Well, they buried John; and at his funeral it was marked that a stranger dressed in deep black attended.

(Continued on Page 93)

"Nobody Can Make a Fortune by Saving Money From a Salary or by Putting Money in the Bank at 4 Per Cent"

WINNIE AND THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT HAD been decided, after considerable debate, that the few days which little Miss Winnie O'Wynn, and her friends, the Ladies Fasterton and Lessingham, were spending at March Lodge—Winnie's beautiful little Elizabethan house on the Wiltshire Downs—should be restfully devoid of masculine charm and beauty. That is to say, no men were invited or expected to apply. The ladies wished a change—novelty being the staff of May Fasterton's life, with bread an also-ran.

But after four days the ladies wished a change—another one. That is to say, May Fasterton and Sandra Lessingham did so, for the former felt wan in a manless region, and Sandra, of course, possessed a very beautiful neck—wasted on the modest staff of March Lodge.

One does not have a throat and neck like Sandra Lessingham's permanently, for these are charms which, unlike many less noticeable ones, are wholly temporary according to one's ideas of diet, exercise and the beautiful.

As Lady Lessingham occasionally would turn from her mirror to say—"Yes, it is a wonderful thing—my lovely neck—but, darlings, it will not last forever. A year—two—perhaps three. Admire it now, while you may."

And she would bend it swansomely about while they dutifully and sincerely admired it.

She stated no more than the naked truth when she said rather alliteratively that her neck was wasted on the desert air of the desolate downs.

And May Fasterton said that if somebody of the stern strong sex did not speedily call at March Lodge she would become so rustic that she would be able only to blush and giggle and twist her pinafore—if any—when the curate from the village five miles away called—if ever.

But Winnie only smiled sweetly at the extravagances of her friends. She knew that their little real holiday was good for them—the wild gallops along the smooth well-defined strips of downland over which the only man she had ever loved, one Cecil Fairbairn, had once trained his race horses; the long walks over the thyme-scented chalky slopes where sheep grazed eternally; the simple food, and the long, long trances of deep sleep under the widely opened windows.

"Yes, it is a Wonderful Thing—My Lovely Neck—But, Darlings, it Will Not Last Forever. A Year—Two—Perhaps Three"

For herself, the little one could have dreamed away the whole summer at March Lodge. There were so many hallowed spots—here, by the rose arbor, Cecil had made her cry out that time his grip on her hand had tightened unconsciously; or here, in the shadow of the old yew hedge, Cecil had kissed her first of all. Oh, yes, Winnie could have dreamed away a summer there without sight or sign of a man, youth, young lad or small boy.

But the others craved the addition to the party of even one specimen of manhood. The gods heeded their craving and sent them a specimen.

They sent—gentle Mr. George H. Jay. The "celebrated and well-known agent of Finch Court, Southampton Row, London"—Winnie's agent in matters in which she felt starved for lack of the support and service of a loyal and trusty aid. Mr. George H. Jay—none other than he. The desolate downs yielded him up on the fourth day of the pastoral.

They were sitting in the dreamy rose-scented old drawing-room, listening to Sandra Lessingham's idea of a contralto solo rendering, at the piano, of I Would That My Love, when there grated, as one might say, athwart the weepful harmony, the jar and rattle of a village taxi grinding to a standstill outside.

Sandra dropped her slim white hands and threw back her head. Lady May blushed and giggled; at least, she said she did. And Winnie woke from a roseate dream—in which Cecil had been kissing her back of the fir trees on the knoll at the far end of the gallops—to listen.

The exquisite face paled a little, and the wide wonderful eyes went deeply blue as her quick ears caught and recognized the voice of gentle Mr. Jay

"Why, it is Mr. Jay!" she said in answer to the question in May Fasterton's eyes. "I—I hope nothing has happened!"

May shrugged graceful shoulders, and said that she was afraid that she was going to be tired. She did not love Mr. Jay very well. The gentle one of Finch Court had once come extremely near success in the matter of arranging a slick little divorce for Lord Fasterton—as unjust as it was slick—and though, with Winnie's aid, Lady May had successfully shattered the fond dream of both Lord Fasterton and his agent, she had never really enthused about Mr. Jay since.

But Sandra Lessingham, glancing at her milk-white neck in a convenient mirror, demurred saccharinely.

"But, May, it was dear Mr. Jay who helped Winnie save me from the nasty blackmailer Winnie called a copperhead! It is quite right and prudent of you to go to bed if you are tired—but it is not very nice of you to raise your eyebrows so at the mention of his name! I feel that Mr. Jay is very nice"

"Forgive me, darling Sandra, if I remind you that Fasterton settled a hundred thousand pounds on me mainly because of the eyebrows of which you speak so airily," countered May. "To me my eyebrows are what your perfectly exquisite neck is to you! Allow me, Sandra, to raise them at Mr. Jay if I feel disposed! Why—they are almost exactly like Winnie's!"

But Winnie was not there to hear the honeyed wrangle.

She had gone out to greet Honest John Jay—as latterly the agent had fallen into the way of referring to himself.

She took him over from the trim parlor maid in the hall rather more breezy than ever.

"Aha, Miss Winnie, you see a person in search of a good Samaritan," he stated, eying her keenly. "What I mean to say, my car broke down close by, and lost me the last train to town. They offered me bread and cheese and pickled onions at the village inn, but owing to a business disappointment I could not face the pickled onions felt like one myself, ha-ha! and so I decided to throw myself on your hospitality, Miss Winnie. 'Here, on the one hand,' I said, 'I have a ghastly shakedown at the Deserted Village Inn with a Deserted Village supper; and, on the other hand, I have an opportunity to take a -um—hack at Miss Winnie's hospitality by traveling a mile or two. What about it, Honest Old John?' I said. Well, naturally I went to the village garage, shooed out the chickens that were roosting in the village taxicab, and hired it for the trip to March Lodge. Miss Winnie, I am a tired, hungry and disappointed man. Can you do anything for me?"

Winnie smiled up at him. She was looking adorable in her little larkspur-blue frock.

"But, please, what a question, dear Mr. Jay!" she said. "Why, don't you realize that this is March Lodge?"

Her voice sank unconsciously.

"Dear March Lodge, that never, in all its many years, refused its hospitality to any wanderer of the Downs! And least of all to you, dear Mr. Jay! Please, will you tell the motor driver to come through and I will tell the housekeeper to see that he has everything he wants. And I will—take care of you, Mr. Jay!"

She laughed, like a far bell, pleasant in the meadows where the herd grazes.

II

THAT the gentle George H. had arrived hungry was made evident from the fact that long before he arrived in the drawing-room May Fasterton had gone to bed, and Sandra Lessingham was upstairs getting her glorious neck ready for a night's rest.

Winnie was glad of that, for in the course of her conversation with Mr. Jay she had gleaned that the gentle one was engaged upon a difficult matter o' business on behalf of a worthwhile client.

Tactfully sympathized with by Winnie he had gone so far as to admit that he was a very worried man; but in an outburst of quite well-feigned candor he had added that he felt chary at putting things more clearly to Winnie, feeling, as he frankly admitted that he did, that, passionately grateful for her help though he would be, the business worrying him was not quite the sort of business worthy of Winnie's attention. He was not entirely satisfied that it was up to the tone of his office.

His lovely little hostess nodded understandingly as she poured him a large glass of Burgundy with her own fair hands.

"Ah, yes, I understand," she sighed. "It is—perhaps another of those pieces of hard, brilliant business that are so clever but look unkind—unworthy—and which have to be carried out all the same. I hope, please, that you will be successful, dear Mr. Jay," she had added.

But in the drawing-room with a cigarette and a most comfortable chair Honest John Jay was moved to revert to that worrying bit of business.

"I should not like you to get any idea that there is anything dishonorable about that matter of business I mentioned, Miss Winnie," he began. "Distasteful, in a kind of way, yes, it might be—to a very refined and high type of mind such as yours, for example. But far from dishonorable—oh, far!"

He paused. "In fact, I'll say at once that I should be most grateful for a chance to put the thing before you. I—I'd value your opinion, Miss Winnie."

She turned bright eyes upon him.

"Oh, if there is any possibility of my being able to help, please, I would do that so gladly. You do know that, don't you, Mr. Jay?"

"Yes, I know that," agreed Mr. Jay very readily. "I know you would, Miss Winnie."

He gave an admirable representation of a gentleman thinking deeply. Then, after a pause, he spoke again.

"To take a supposititious case—er—for example, Miss Winnie. Suppose you were the heir to a fortune of, say, maybe, a hundred and fifty thousand—or, put it another way, the sole next-of-kin to a man who owned that fortune. Suppose that you were on reasonably good terms with him and were fairly and reasonably entitled to believe that you or your son would inherit that fortune in the natural order of things. And suppose, further, that the man from whom the present holder of the fortune inherited expressed in his will a hope—a hope, Miss Winnie, merely a hope, not a legal instruction—that you or your son ultimately inherit! You would feel—um—on a tolerably good thing, would you not, Miss Winnie?"

The golden head nodded gently.

"Oh, but yes, of course," said Winnie dulcetly.

"Exactly!" George H. beamed on her, then looked grave.

"But suppose that the holder, the present owner, of the fortune proved to be a little—fanciful and fidgety in his mind; so much so that he threw away—squandered—nuh, nuh—shamefully wasted—a third of his money trying to discover the secret of some such crazy thing as the elixir of life or the transmutation of metals—what I mean, threw away his money on foolish experiments trying to turn lead into gold, or carbon and stuff into diamonds! Would you feel hurt, Miss Winnie? Wouldn't you feel that you had some sort of tacit right to say, 'Steady, friend, with the fortune! Remember, cousin, that there are others to be considered'? Er—you see what I mean, Miss Winnie?"

His glassy eyes were a shade anxious.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do, dear Mr. Jay!" breathed Blue Eyes. "I think that the holder would be very inconsiderate to squander money on quite impossible things—just as he would have a perfect right to spend it on wise, good things!"

Mr. Jay agreed very heartily.

"It always does me good to watch that crystal-clear mind of yours at work, Miss Winnie!" he declared, staring at her with marked admiration, maybe just a shade overdone, but only a shade.

"But suppose that, being great-natured, generous-minded, you said nothing at all about that squandered money. Just let it go! Ignored it! Passed it over! Just said to yourself that the fortune you or your son would ultimately inherit had shrunk—through no fault of yours—and shrugged your shoulders like a gentleman and sportsman! That would be pretty decent, don't you think, Miss Winnie!"

Yes, Winnie thought it would.

"And then suppose that a year or so later you heard, quite by chance, that the holder of the fortune was at his old tricks again—that he was literally burning the remainder of all that good money on an even worse attempt to achieve the practically impossible—to get gold out of sea water by electricity, or something wild like that! Well, now, Miss Winnie, wouldn't that jar you? Wouldn't you feel it only right to take steps before the rest of the fortune was frittered?"

Winnie nodded slowly.

"Oh, yes, indeed I think I should. I think that something would have to be done, please, don't you?"

Mr. Jay agreed more heartily than ever.

"Sure! I mean, I certainly do! And if the law said that the only possible way probable beneficiaries could protect their undoubted rights was to arrange for an action, an application to the court, proving that the holder was unhappily not in a fit state of mind to control the fortune, naturally, Miss Winnie, you would act as the law of the land directed you to act. Briefly," summed up the gentle Mr. Jay, evidently carried away a little—"briefly, you would ask the law to decide that the holder be restrained from squandering at least until it could be ascertained what a mental-rest-cure establishment could do for his mind. That is—you'd naturally have him put away—as the law suggests—until he'd learnt sense! Eh, Miss Winnie? No good paying for laws to be made and not using them!"

"No, indeed not. I think you put it so well—so—so clearly, dear Mr. Jay!"

"But, of course, you've got to get your evidence that the holder of the fortune is bats—I mean, is not wholly *compos mentis*—er—that he's more than *decompos mentis*, so to speak, ha-ha! And it's the evidence that's worrying me."

It was worrying him so that it agitated him clean out of his chair on to the hearthrug.

"Miss Winnie, I want to tell you that I've been the better half of the week maneuvering around the little town of Malverstoke trying to learn just exactly what it is that the holder of the fortune I mentioned—a Mr. Gervase Pollard—is trying to invent, and I—I've had as much luck as you could pack in a seed pearl, Miss Winnie! He's spending money right and left. Why, he's got a laboratory that's more like a factory in his park just outside the village! But I guess I'll get past Peter easier than I'll ever get past Smith; that's the rough he employs as watchman there, Miss Winnie!"

He spoke emotionally.

"You mean, please, that you tried to obtain an interview with Mr. Pollard in his laboratory and were rebuffed by the watchman?" asked Winnie.

(Continued on Page 66)

"You Ride a Good Deal, Don't You?" "Oh, Yes, as Much as I Possibly Can," Admitted Winnie. "I Love It"

BALISAND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Always Thought Your Hatred for Him Went Back to That Miss Roderick Who Was Killed at Todd Hundred When I Was a Child"

VII

THE gathering at Welfield was larger than he had expected, with Christopher and Amalie Mathews and their daughter; Eliza Wiatt Cozzens; her husband, a Philadelphian; Bradlock; Sally Todd—Richard couldn't remember whom she had married; he wasn't there—and Marable, her brother. The house was very gay, with gentlemen by the bottles in the dining room and ladies ornamentally spread about the fires of the drawing-room and hall. The Bales occupied the room which had been Lucia's, with the exception of Alice Ellen, who, fortunately, had a space together with her nurse. Lucia, dressing for supper, was completely silent, and Richard was careful to avoid the mistake of any attempted apology or hasty reconciliation. It was best to let her proceed as she liked, to refer or not to what had happened.

Christopher had many of her traits, but, though Lucia was undoubtedly growing heavier, he was thin to the point of gauntness; and, to a natural darkness, had been added the dusky burn of a Southern sun. He was a great deal on a plantation, Richard had heard, experimenting with sugar cane. Amalie was small and ugly, yet her ugliness had the charm of authentic personality, an air of seductiveness graced her; and Garland, their daughter, as old, he thought, as Lucia when he had married her, had a pale mysterious beauty, like an earthly and fashionable nun.

Eliza's husband, Frederick Cozzens, was at least twenty years her elder, approaching sixty, evidently—his manner was dogmatic and his apparel faultless—a man of import. And, after sixteen years, Eliza had hardly changed; the petulant attractiveness of her youth seemed as fresh, as unspent, as when, in the past, she had filled Mr. Garret with the wretchedness of an unreturned love. Richard sat between Amalie and Sally Todd what the devil was her name now?—and he found that Sally, too, was very much what, as a child, she had been. She resembled his daughter Camilla, with an added sense of humour. In that, though Lucia possessed a quiet appreciation of the ludicrous, the Bales were largely lacking. Bradlock Wiatt's face was tinged with the purple of his living; his heavy cheeks had grown noticeably looser, his hands shook quite as Morryson's had; but his voice had lost none of its arrogant assertiveness. After supper, but not too long after, Richard must approach him about the hunter. Christopher Mathews, he discovered, was explaining the present complicated relationship between the Spanish in New Orleans and the United States, or, more particularly, Kentucky. Jasper Robine had once been on a mission to Louisiana, and Richard recalled his uncomplimentary remarks about Spain:

"In the end Louisiana will be taken into the United States." Christopher was positive about this. "It's inevitable—the Mississippi River flows down, to the Gulf, and not up. If that doesn't happen soon Kentucky will leave the United States and make an alliance with France. You hear of the Spanish at New Orleans, and not the French, and there you miss most of the situation. We have very reliable advice that Louisiana may be ceded to France. And, if this continues, then you would see Kentucky under Napoleon fighting America at the mouth of the river."

"It would be a warm day for Kentucky," Bradlock declared; "even with a Republican President."

Christopher Mathews admitted that the chance of this was slight.

"The Kentuckians will hardly live under what government we have, and I can't imagine them ruled by Manuel Godoy, from a boudoir. No, we have already taken the Mississippi Territory, and we'll add the rest to it; Florida, too. I hope it will all be friendly; it should be, now Lopez has restored the American right of deposit at New Orleans."

"We don't need Louisiana," Richard entered the discussion. "We have too much now, too much land, too many people, too many political divisions. We can force a decent treaty out of Spain or France, it doesn't matter which, and that's all we require. There's a sort of insanity of adding to the United States, and every time a new piece of woods is taken in there is new trouble. All these rebellions have come from the West. If they didn't like the government I'd let them go to the devil with the Indians. They're no better. Why, we can't manage the territory we have now; it's a question if you could get out to most of it with your life. Kentucky, specially, has always been a nuisance: first it wasn't content with being Virginia, and then its Resolution ——"

"It depends where you live," Christopher reasonably observed; "things are seen differently." Cozzens nodded.

"We have an agent in New Orleans," he told them; "the business there with Philadelphia is growing every week; I'd be glad to have an American Louisiana."

"Merchants would," Richard agreed ungraciously; "but others must be consulted. What are we going to be—a government or a selling house? I'll admit it looks a lot toward the last; but I'm surprised to hear you defending it, Christopher. You talk like a Boston trader. You're a crop, in New Orleans you are that, and not a manufactured thing. Or, maybe, that distinction's gone, too." At this there was a wide laughter.

"The country is falling apart like a handful of straws," he said heatedly.

"George isn't here to hold them together," Beverley spoke solemnly.

"The United States should be smaller and not larger," Richard Bale persisted. "In another generation we shall have twenty nations."

"You must visit Louisiana and us," Amalie told him, "then you shall see."

The politeness of his reply barely concealed the fact that he had no taste for travel, toward either foreign lands or ideas. There was nothing to be gained from a jumble of theories or people; as well try to associate Turks with Chinamen and Americans with Persians His private opinion was that Louisiana was Turkey or China, and, therefore, of no importance to the American Federal Government It couldn't be considered with an equal gravity. How could anything serious be expected from a man named—as the Governor of Louisiana was—Gayoso de Lemos?

But it was different about women; they were universal. He liked Amalie very much, Amalie with her Cape jasmine of a daughter. Sally Todd was nobody's jasmine, however—a tremendous big girl with a deep voice and a mischief in her grey eyes. The spirit of Charles. His affection for Charles Todd had been as strong as his feeling for Henry. Men of another generation. To-day even gentlemen were sharper, in a greater hurry . . . traders. Cozzens with his agent in New Orleans! They drank less, too, Richard noticed: probably afraid of muddling their wits. But he didn't observe this in Bradlock, who preserved a tradition as venerable as Bale's own—long sitting over the bowl, gambling in great sums, the sport of horse racing. The Bales of Balisand, and before Balisand, had served too continuously in armies, they were too attached to Kings and parties in adversity, to grow comfortable and fat. Yet he had owned some good horses, Diggery and the mare, Careless. He had had his moments. Eliza was speaking of Philadelphia:

"It's like a chestnut burr; you have to be inside Then it is delightful." Beverley interrupted her.

"Richard will tell you that the only Burr he's familiar with is filled with worms."

The talk, among the men left at the table, inevitably returned to the election of a President. An irregularity had been discovered in the Georgia vote. Jefferson had announced that the election was void. The balloting—a post rider bore the news—first gave eight States to Jefferson and six to Aaron Burr. A nineteenth effort to obtain the necessary majority had been made at midnight. A representative of North Carolina, denouncing the proceeding as ridiculous, carried his delegation for Jefferson, but without decisive effect.

When an opportunity arrived Richard said to Bradlock Wiatt, "You were on a strawberry roan one morning last week." This, Bradlock acknowledged, was a fact

"But possibly I won't hunt him again." Richard asked why not.

"Isn't he sound? Can't he jump?" Wiatt was appropriately annoyed

"When," he demanded, "have you seen me on an unsound horse or that couldn't jump? I'd trust him over a solid board fence in the rain. He's as sound as we used to be. No, I'm sending him to Maryland, for a wicked price." That wasn't an encouraging opening.

"I rather wanted to get Lucia a new hunter," he continued indifferently. "But certainly it won't be necessary to pay what you call a wicked price. What'll we do now—whist?" Wiatt believed so.

"Christopher will play, and Beverley. A thousand or twelve hundred dollars," he added.

"I'll ask you again, when you're sober," Richard replied to the sums mentioned, the strawberry roan implied. "It's for Lucia, and I might be willing to pay five hundred."

Bradlock owned a horse he might have for that. But not the roan. It wasn't for the carryall, Bale reminded him. To the suggestion that Lucia try the horse in question Richard objected.

"I want her to find him at the rack," he explained.

"Five hundred dollars is ridiculous!" Bradlock returned; but Richard knew it was.

"It's a present," he pointed out; "that's why I'm willing to pay so much." He, personally, didn't like a roan, but his wife was indifferent to that. "Greys are not much better," he went on. "They're not!" The other was exasperated.

"Grey Medley wasn't much, then; selected out of all Virginia to run against the North. If he hadn't been foully whipped in our race you would have been a joke."

Eliza came up to say that there would be dancing, and, with her arm within her father's, she bore him away. There was a preliminary discordant scraping of fiddles; an increasing uneasiness settled over Richard Bale. It was the music, he decided, and Eliza, looking, in the candlelight, exactly as she had in the past, at Todd Hundred. The whist, he perceived, was interrupted. He couldn't make up his mind what to do: not sit and watch the dancing, certainly; the fire had been allowed to sink where he was; the hall beyond was crowded with flowered skirts, humming with the fiddles. A faint disturbing dizziness touched him, a swift fear. One thing must not happen—a falling back into the spell, the seductiveness, of Lavinia.

Fiddles and a minuet and a garden bright and scented. But this was February, no roses were in bloom, the mocking birds had gone; without knowing why, he went up the stairs to his room. It was totally dark, but not still, for he could hear the regular breathing of his children asleep. That, more than any other sound, would control him; and, careful not to make a noise, he found and sat on the edge of a chair. Camilla's breathing was stronger, slower, than Flora's. There was a small suppressed gasp, which he recognized as his eldest daughter's. But even here, with the door shut, the music was audible, low and stirring. It dominated the rest, rose triumphant over all sleeping children, all honourable engagements. A joy enveloped him that came closer and closer. It wasn't Lavinia, yet it was laden with what, supremely, she brought him. He still fought his tyrannical emotion. He could hear himself saying over and over, this mustn't happen. It's done with. It must not happen . . . done with. His contrary determination was like an island in a flood tide: the perfumed, the rapturous, sea reached higher and higher. It closed over his head.

How long he was submerged, when his passionate delight receded, Richard didn't know. The palms of his hands and his forehead were wet; there were flushes in the darkness before his eyes. That was Camilla—Camilla Scarborough—and that Flora. Flora was moving restlessly in her sleep. God, he had been faithless to them and Lucia, to himself, again! This time he had been wrapped in a greater, a more profound, happiness than he had ever known. Before it he was abjectly helpless. The dangerous conviction held him that he could now, whenever he wished, summon Lavinia to him. He had that to struggle against, as well. He wanted her; he wanted to let the earth fall from him and ascend to her eternity of young beauty and summer. Imperishable youth like a fire consuming and unconsumed. He took that thought exactly as though it had a material substance and cast it from him, waiting a moment to hear it strike on the floor. In a few minutes, he told himself, he would be normal again and able to make a necessary final decision; now . . . he couldn't.

Slowly he grew steadier, resolutely heedless of the imploring, the weeping, fiddles. It seemed to Richard Bale that his perceptions returned one by one to a numbness of mind and body. That was it—he lost possession of what ever he was: Lavinia claimed him for hers. Well, he

(Continued on Page 46)

"I Call You to Witness, and God to Witness, That I Loathe and Detest What I am About to Do"

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

I Was Startled by a Child's High Voice Crying Out, "Ma, Ma, This Old Indian is, Too, a Scalper—He's Just Scalped His Self"

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

TWICE more during the night we stopped to see if we might be pursued. But apparently at last we had gone beyond the maddening surveillance. Again as on another night—actually so recent, but appearing to be in a remote epoch—I watched the silent, slow magic of dawn. Moment by moment the light spread about us and by its earliest gray diffusion I saw we traversed a gently rolling area devoted to the several branches of agriculture. Birds awoke from their sleep in hedgerows and the scent of May blossoms delighted my nostrils.

From time to time we passed farmsteads where a single tall tower, stark with a Greek simplicity, loomed in the growing light. My companion said that these were silos, and I was content with hearing the musical name. Though doubtless they serve a utilitarian purpose I have never learned what this may be, nor shall I ever wish to. It seemed to me that these daringly chaste structures had been named by a singer and might well have been erected for their beauty alone.

As dawn grew we observed farm laborers come cheerily forth to their tasks, and saw stout horses, arrayed in harness, being led from capacious barns. The world had roused itself for another day of agricultural endeavor, and I suddenly realized that it must have been like this on other mornings through all time. At the beginning of recorded history man was doing just this; he must have done it before we had the printed word, and would still be doing it with every recurring daybreak for many years to come. It was at this very moment I caught the full thought that history has indeed been continuous and is by no means at an end or dependent for its life on printed books. In short—and the sense of it was so vivid as to startle—history lay all about me at this moment; history as genuine as had been the petty-state feuds that destroyed the glory of ancient Greece. Not before, I am sure, had I ever divined my living contact with this raw material—for raw material it was, to be sure; I did not forget that history, to become strictly such, must first be written by those equipped for the task.

At last, over some ridge behind us, the sun shot its first rays; our way was no longer shadowless. And about this time, as on the other morning, we approached a town set fair among trees already greening. My companion, long silent while I meditated, now addressed me. "How about some breakfast, Chief?"

"I, for one," I cried, "am heartily in favor of it."

"The motion is carried," he replied with a droll assumption of the parliamentary manner, and after skirting the edge of the town he brought our vehicle to a halt in one of its lesser streets, before a door of what a sign announced as The Good Eats Paris Café. It was not, I saw at a glance, a place I would have chosen, being frankly a resort where one must sit on a lofty stool before a counter to eat one's food. Our breakfast, however, was not half bad, and I consumed mine with a keen relish in spite of my sinister surroundings and the near presence of many roughly dressed denizens of the underworld.

One of these rather disconcerted me at our entrance by patting his opened lips the while he emitted a shrill yelling, but my companion looked at him in a manner cold with hostility and demanded, "What's the idea, Bill?" So truculent did he seem that the offender at once fell silent, nor did my guise of an aboriginal excite further notice.

Once more in the car my companion counseled me as to my behavior under similar circumstances. "You're likely to meet these village cut-ups [blackguards] any time," he said, "so remember you don't speak English. Even one sentence of that fancy line of yours would spill the beans [reveal that I was not a true aboriginal]. If any of these yaps [hicks] tries to get funny, just give him a dirty look and clam up. Of course if they mean all right and want to pass the time of day you can act polite and say 'How!' and shake hands in a dignified manner. But that's all you say, just 'How' or maybe 'How, How!'—twice like that—say it deep down in your bosom."

I thanked Mr. Jackson for this hint and achieved the salutation with a grunting effect that quite delighted him. "Some Indian!" he declared, although this would be one of his exaggerations, as he well knew I had not a drop of Indian blood in my veins.

The day proved perfect and our ride over the gently hilled farmlands became most enjoyable to my still fresh spirit of adventure. Again and again I would remind myself that I had not to return any place on time, nor fear to meet rebuke for being late at whatever place we might presently arrive. It seemed to me that with this ideal companion I should like to continue on even into the Hudson Bay country, as of old that company of gentlemen adventurers had done, and I suggested as much to Mr. Jackson.

He replied that the picking up there couldn't be so very good, and that for his part he preferred a country with not more than twenty miles between towns that would skin pretty. A little patience on my part and I had his meaning. We were yet in the state of Illinois, where the picking [opportunity for gain] was fair; in fact we had passed several promising towns and hamlets only because it was deemed wiser to put more miles between us and my old man of the sea, as I now chaffingly called Bertrand Meigs.

"But I reckon we can pull a show by tonight," went on Mr. Jackson. "And by tomorrow we'll be safe in the grand old state of Iowa, which skins pretty [repays endeavor] three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and in leap year one day more. In fact, give me Iowa, where the boobs [yaps or hicks] simply come up and ask to be had [beg to be dealt with] and I wouldn't crave another state out of our whole glorious Union. A guy [bird or man] with any savvy [acumen] needn't ever step across its border. They tell me that in some places out on the edge almost everyone you meet will be wearing the Little Wonder Electric Tibetan-rheumatism ring. I know because I sold them."

Asked when we should come in view of the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Jackson became grave and said we might be delayed by his numerous engagements in the agrarian districts. He had obligated himself before learning of my wish, and he would prefer to keep me waiting rather than disappoint people who had learned that his word was as good as his bond. This decision I of course applauded. As Mr. Jackson now reminded me, the mountains had always

been there and always would be; it was not as if they were going to be torn down next week—a bit of his drollery—while a man's good repute might be tarnished by one broken engagement.

At midday we stopped for luncheon at a place similar to that where we had breakfasted, though its name was different, being The Bon Ton Waffle Kitchen, and here, in addition to what we ate, my companion purchased a stock of sandwiches and some bottles of milk for our evening meal. My rôle as a redman attracted no attention and we were soon on the road again, continuing until three o'clock, when Mr. Jackson fell asleep at the wheel and was close to wrecking us ere he came fully awake.

"It's time to rest up anyway," he remarked when he had the car again in the road, "and I know the place." A few miles beyond he turned into a lane that cut a forest, and we presently halted on the green bank of a brook. Mr. Jackson now brought out blankets and pillows from the tonneau and we reclined on the sward, being both in need of repose. The brook made a friendly whispering and I presently slept.

My slumber must have been protracted, for when I awoke the shadows lay long to the east across our charmingly treed nook. Mr. Jackson was already up, and I saw that he busied himself with our belongings. The suitcases and many other bits of gear were out on the ground and, as I watched, a strip of canvas was stretched above the stuff and attached to trees in such a manner that it would form, I was told, our night's shelter. Beneath this I now brought the blankets and pillows upon which we had reclined, while my companions replaced in the car certain chests that would be presently needed.

By the time dusk had obscured our surroundings we had eaten our simple meal and I was arrayed in my war bonnet and suit of fringed buckskin, also in a blanket of gaudy pattern which I was directed to keep wrapped close about my form except when making my address or performing the sacred medicine dance of the Ugwallalas. My companion meantime applied an unguent to his long hair so that it became lustrous, and exchanged his jacket for a black frock coat which brought him a new dignity. When he had satisfied himself by a final survey that all was in readiness he addressed me genially.

"Chief, you are now about to make your professional debut. Into the drab lives of peasants inhabiting yonder hamlet I trust you will bring a note of romance, giving them golden memories of a stalwart savage to treasure along with the priceless boon I also hope to confer upon such of them as have in their pants the merely nominal price for same. Are you ready?"

At once I fell into his half-chaffing mood. "Let it go, professor," I gayly cried, and folding my arms across my chest under the closely drawn blanket of gay colors I exclaimed, "Ugh, ugh! Me heap big chief!" achieving an excellent ventral tone.

"Goody, goody!" Mr. Jackson applauded. "I will say that you are the goods |the gazukus|. Now here's your pipe all loaded. Light it and smoke in a dignified and aloof manner after I start my spiel." So saying he threw back his head to shake his ringlets into order and carefully fixed his splendid hat in place. Then, buttoning the impressive frock coat, he directed me to enter the tonneau while he took the wheel and backed our equipage out to the road.

The hamlet he had spoken of lay perhaps a mile beyond our rest camp and we presently entered its one street of small shops before which many of the resident yaps lounged restfully after, I presume, their day's toil in the fields where they would have been plowing the glebe or sowing the seed of their cereal foods. We instantly attracted the notice of several of these groups. Before one of them Mr. Jackson halted his car, beckoning to him a member of it, a listless, ill-dressed person with spreading mustaches who wore a polished star upon the lapel of his bum coat.

"Good evening, officer." Thus Mr. Jackson greeted this person with a courtly lifting of his magnificent hat, at the same time extending his hand, which the other grasped. Unless my eyes tricked me the palm of Mr. Jackson contained a bank note which the other retained when their hands fell apart. "I am about to endeavor to entertain the good people of your thriving little city with song and comical anecdote," continued Mr. Jackson, "and I trust, officer, that this is not only agreeable to you but that you can find time to be present and see that law and order are maintained."

I now observed the person addressed steal a downward glance at the bill remaining in his hand. At once he replied, "Go as far as you like, Doc." Again Mr. Jackson raised his hat with a punctilious "Thank you, officer," and drove our car to the head of the street, where we stopped in a small open area near a drinking fountain, and he arranged certain auxiliary lights carried by the car, directing one upon himself and the other full upon me. As I moved aside from its blinding rays he muttered, "Keep in the spot, Chief; that's what you're here for; and light up the pipe."

While I did this he took from its case the banjo, and, after bending his ear solicitously above it, struck a series of brisk tinkling chords. Immediately the lounging groups before the shops began to stream toward us. From side streets to our left and right came other yaps or hicks. A crowd was close packed about our car before Mr. Jackson had finished his first song, a rollicking and noisy ballad in the negro dialect in which the vocalist was required to laugh heartily midway of the chorus.

The song finished, Mr. Jackson surveyed the increasing throng and, after cordially urging them to draw near so as to make way for newcomers, he took from a chest beside him a pair of small human effigies or marionettes. Clutching one in either hand he said, "Now, friends, I shall endeavor to entertain you with my celebrated feats of ventriloquism, or the art of throwing the human voice. I have given this exhibition"—the speaker seemed to fondle his syllables with a drawn-out relish, saying "Thees ex-he-bee-shon," for example —"before the most critical aud-ee-on-cees in this country and in Europe, and on each and ev-a-ree occasion I have baffled the world's foremost scientists to explain how I done it. And let me tell you ——"

Here, to my stupefaction, the speaker appeared to be interrupted by one of his figures, which exclaimed in the most lifelike manner, "Doctor, doctor—don't I get no chance here?"

I saw through the trick at once, clever though it was. I had never witnessed a demonstration of this difficult art, but had once read a description of it and could not be deceived. Frowning at the interrupter the real speaker said in a tone of severe rebuke, "Come, come, Sambo, be silent, sir!"

Then resuming his explanation to the audience, he was again annoyed, this time by the other figure, who spoke in an Irish dialect, saying, "Wurra, wurra! Cut it out, Doc Give me and the smoke a chance, won't you?"

Hereupon the speaker seemed to relent, saying in his own voice, "Very well, Pat, have it your own way."

(Continued on Page 78)

As He Passed He Shouted Passionately, "For the Honor of Old Fairwater!" I Concluded Then That His Malady Must be Incurable

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1924

These Working Girls

THE coming of cooler weather, the upturn of business and the revival of energies stifled by the dog days work together to make the fall of the year the busy season for all sorts of adjustments and realignments. This is the time when scores of thousands of girls who have finished their school or college days in June are starting out to look for jobs.

Some are doing so by necessity, others by choice. The latter are sure to have obstacles thrust in their way, for in some quarters there is still a prejudice against a well-bred girl's going out and earning her own living, though it is not in the highest social or financial circles that this feeling is strongest. There are still plenty of croaking counselors, who would take as a matter of course seeing a girl condemned to a lifetime of household drudgery, who will hasten to assure her that contact with the business world will inevitably harden her; and that even if she makes good, she will do so at the cost of losing all her feminine charm.

These glum forecasts do not square with our own observations. Business contacts in shop or office may, indeed, harden a girl's brain to the extent that she is able to think more clearly, get a truer perspective on herself and on the world around her and go about her work more effectively; but as for hardening her heart, it is all bosh, and every business man knows it is. The process she undergoes during her first year or two in business is not so much hardening as tempering. Her schooling and discipline are both physical and moral. She must become habituated to irksome labor, to wearing hours, to a sense of responsibility, to loyalty to her employer, to consideration for her fellow employes and to a punctuality which she has perhaps hitherto known only by proverbial allusions to it. All this is an education in itself, and any nice girl who has had a year of it is a nicer girl than she was the day she was hired. She is no longer a little sun in the midst of a solar system; she has become less self-centered, more charitable in her judgments of others, more willing to lend a hand. If her home training was what it should have been, she has not only preserved all her feminine virtues but has taken on some masculine virtues as well. If she has found herself trusted and relied upon, the chances are that she has responded to the faith reposed in her, for there are few stimulants more powerful than faith. Her very conscience has been expanded by its new problems, and each year its still small voice speaks in more decisive tones. She has developed the most amiable of all vanities—an honest pride in doing and doing well some necessary and useful work, and she has thus fulfilled one of the most wholesome of all human ambitions. She has won for herself a new kind of homage, the respect of those about her for her work, quite apart from her personality. Thus rewards crowd upon her

We have still to meet the charge that these working girls lose their native charm. Proof to the contrary may be found in any department store or large office. If one knows charm when one sees it, there is just as much to be found in such places as in the ballrooms and in the country clubs. Moreover, it will be tempered with a tonic air of briskness and self-reliance that refreshes and delights.

It is often said that the girl who earns her own living without being obliged to do so is taking the bread out of the mouths of her less fortunate sisters. We do not believe this to be a fact, for trade and business are still a long way from the saturation point in the matter of first-rate girl workers. Furthermore, girls of superior training and education are headed for positions of a grade so high that they are not commonly open to aspirants who have not enjoyed these advantages. Then, there is another thing to consider: Every prudent person is aware that there is no better insurance against poverty due to financial losses or the death of natural protectors than demonstrated ability to earn one's own living in some specialized trade or occupation. As long as rich fathers play the stock market, as long as husbands continue to die in penniless youth or to stray into primrose bypaths, so long will the daughters of the well-to-do be entitled to this form of insurance, and no economic claptrap should be permitted to cheat them out of it. Over and above this comfortable defense against an unkind future, these girls who work in shops and banks and offices secure a certain kind of satisfaction that is attainable in no other way; and this also they are entitled to earn and to enjoy. Moreover, every competent business girl has the makings of a competent housewife, for she who has learned system and efficiency in one field soon gets the knack of exercising the same faculties in another.

It is not to be denied that some of the heroines of the newspaper comic strips have occasional counterparts in real life, rather pathetic young creatures whose starved existence revolves in a dizzy whirl about lip stick and powder rag, dance hall and picture palace; but if they have their little foibles, it is not because of the fact that they work for a living, but in spite of it. Everyone who has traveled much abroad knows that American working girls are the best groomed and the most smartly dressed in all the world. The great mass of them, as we see them, are loyal and competent, plucky and big-hearted, self-respecting and respected. The green girls who are about to join their ranks have every reason to feel that they are taking a step up rather than a step down.

England and the Gold Standard

SINCE the beginning of this year there has been quite an outburst of controversy in Great Britain regarding the advisability or inadvisability of restoring the gold standard. Several schools of thought have emerged. Some, like Mr. Keynes and his followers, hold that the ideal standard is an inconvertible paper currency managed by a competent body of experts. Mr. Keynes does not consider that the present constitution of the Bank of England is satisfactory, and he would not put the currency under the complete control of the Treasury. He regards an automatic gold currency as unsatisfactory, partly because the value of gold is not sufficiently stable, and partly because it could not be manipulated in the interest of trade, his view being that, with a judicious wangling of paper money, trade can be stimulated by raising prices.

Then there is an intermediate school which thinks that by a depreciation of the currency, amounting, they say, to not more than 10 per cent in the next two or three years, the existing unemployment could be removed; that done, a gold exchange standard could and should be restored. If by that time gold had not depreciated, they would probably favor a diminution in the weight of the sovereign for the purpose of stabilization. This is something like the policy put forward in one or two ingenious books and articles by Mr. R. G. Hawtrey, an official of the British Treasury.

Next comes the distinguished Swedish economist, Gustav Cassel, who frequently visits London and delivers lectures on the subject. Under his influence his own country, Sweden, has restored the gold standard, though without permitting the free importation of gold. Professor Cassel thinks that England should make haste to return to a gold standard. He seems to think that this end might be achieved by a reduction of the federal-reserve rate and by an increase in the Bank of England's minimum rate of interest.

Doctor Leaf, Lord Inchcape, Sir Robert Kindersley, and an increasing number of prominent men in the city of London are in general accord with Professor Cassel's plea for a return to gold. They feel that it is essential to the complete reëstablishment of British credit that London should once more become a free gold market and that the bill on London should once more be a gold bill. The theory of a managed paper currency is dismissed as impracticable and dangerous.

After what has happened on the Continent of Europe, who can trust a government not to debase a paper currency by overissue whenever it is hard up? The one solid argument advanced in England against the advocates of gold is that under present conditions a return to gold would mean an aggravation of the weight and burden of the gold-dollar war debt to the United States.

It may, however, be doubted whether British sterling can be restored to gold parity by a mere manipulation of discount rates in the two countries, as Professor Cassel seems to suppose. Fundamentally, an inconvertible paper currency depends not upon the rate of interest for money but upon the amount of paper money in circulation. A very high rate of interest in Germany did not protect the German mark from becoming valueless; and there is reason to think that Great Britain will have to restrict its paper currency before the pound sterling can be restored to its old parity with the gold dollar.

Japan's Immigration Troubles

MR. WILFRID FLEISHER, Tokio correspondent of The New York Times, lately sent to that journal a copyrighted dispatch which is of peculiar interest to Americans because of its implication that Japan, as well as ourselves, has had her immigration troubles and has endeavored to alleviate them by means which have proved distasteful to a friendly power.

Early in August the Chinese Government lodged a protest at Tokio—the seventh since 1922—taking exception to the action of the Japanese Government in restricting the entry of Chinese laborers on the ground that these limitations are at variance with the spirit of existing Sino-Japanese treaties. The position taken by the foreign office at Tokio is that there has been no discrimination against China; that her nationals are upon the same footing as other aliens, and that all foreign laborers are bound by the decree which requires them to get permission from local authorities before taking up their abode.

This answer appears to be logical and straightforward; but according to the Times correspondent, none but Chinese laborers are now seeking admission into Japan, and therefore they are the only ones who are adversely affected by the attitude of the Tokio government. It looks very much as if this situation affords another example of legislation which treats all alike in theory, but which is nevertheless discriminatory in operation.

We have no intention of taking sides in the matter. We feel at liberty, however, to point out that the more certain Japan is of the justice of her contention, the firmer her conviction that restriction of the admission of Chinese coolies is well within her rights as a sovereign state, the more readily she should become reconciled to very similar sentiments entertained on this side of the Pacific.

The Political One-Hoss Shay

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WE ARE a great people, and a progressive. So we say. We swell with pride and burst with boasting when we speak of our achievements. Progress—that is our middle name. Uncle Progress Sam.

Look at what we have done in fifty years. The man who heard the first words ever spoken over a telephone is still alive, and the man who spoke them died only a short time ago. The man who invented the arc system of electric lighting and made our universal system of electric illumination possible still walks the streets of Cleveland. It was only twenty-one years ago that the Wright Brothers made the first flights in an airplane down at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The first automobile that ever went into the White House grounds at Washington was driven in during McKinley's first term, and Henry Ford didn't get under way until about twenty years ago.

The moving picture, the phonograph, the radio, the wireless telephone and telegraph, and a thousand other evidences of spectacular, sensational, inestimable and greatest-in-the-world advance might be cited, all proving, in their ways, that we certainly have the universe by the tail with a downhill drag in this matter of progress; but, oddly enough, when we come to politics, which is more important to the well-being and comfort and happiness and real progress of our people than all these other postulates of our forward movement, we have nothing to say. As to politics we are dumb. Or derogatory.

The President's Power

POLITICS is government, and government is the nation. Materially we have advanced in less than a century and a half from a handful of thinly populated states on the eastern seaboard to forty-eight states that stretch across the continent, to insular possessions of vast extent and potentiality, to a hundred and twelve millions of people, and to a wealth of incomprehensible billions. Politically, we are just about where we started. Witness this recent Democratic National Convention, inoperative and absurd through the use of rules that were adopted in 1832.

The supreme demonstration of our politics comes when we nominate and elect our President once every four years. The President is the chief executive of the nation, and the presidency represents the leadership of our affairs, not only to Americans but to the rest of the world. The presidency is a tremendous office, greater than that of any king or premier. It is the capsheaf of republicanism, the preëminent exposition of democracy. In theory, the people of the United States choose one among their number to sit at the head of their governmental table, and place all their Federal affairs in his hands. The power of his decision reaches into every walk of life, and affects, in greater or less degree, every citizen. More than that, the power of his decision and the weight of his influence, operating as the leader of America, go to every corner of the world.

There is a sort of dim realization of this in the minds of the people, and once every four years that realization is somewhat intensified and accentuated by the clamor of our presidential campaigns. Once every four years the people stir themselves away from their occupations and amusements in varying degree and assert an interest in the political processes of the country; not much of an interest, but some. The politicians, to whom politics is a business, not an incident, whet that interest as much as they can, and the result at the November elections is whatever it may be, and is followed by a relapse by the people from their temporary concern with politics to their exclusive concern with their own occupations.

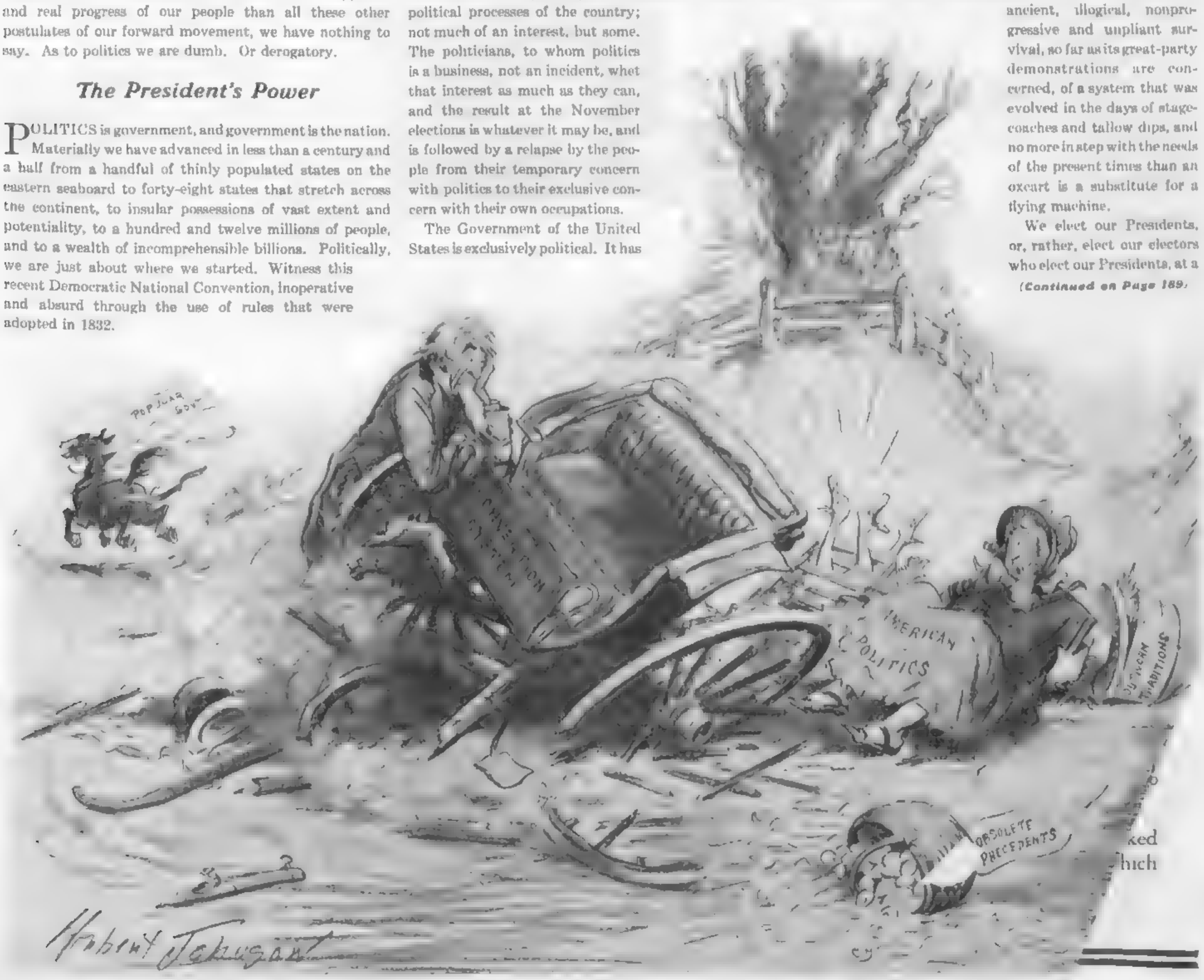
The Government of the United States is exclusively political. It has not the permanent monarchial symbol like Great Britain, nor the restricted method of choosing a president that obtains in France. The plan of our democracy is that the Government is of, by and for the people, and, theoretically, the execution of that plan rests with the people—and in the popular participation thereof. Although the direct expression of the people as to individuals as candidates is prevented by the cumbersome electoral-college system that was placed in the Constitution by the makers of that organic law, the system merely goes around a corner to get straight-line results and is workable even if indirect. It is a detail that is not important.

Cumbrous Survivals

THE point about our political system is not that the results cannot be obtained, but that the obtaining of them is in no way in keeping with our progress in other directions. The truth is that so far as our political expressions and machineries are concerned we hold to obsolete methods, operating under archaic conditions, tied to antiquated organizations and rigid in the systems that outlived their usefulness and adaptability forty years ago. The politics of the United States is a creaking, cumbrous, ancient, illogical, nonprogressive and unpliant survival, so far as its great-party demonstrations are concerned, of a system that was evolved in the days of stagecoaches and tallow dips, and no more in step with the needs of the present times than an oxcart is a substitute for a flying machine.

We elect our Presidents, or, rather, elect our electors who elect our Presidents, at a

(Continued on Page 189)



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Shades Up to Date

WHAT a crazy color maze
Are the shades of nowadays!
If you would refer to red
You must say Chinese instead,
Wembley, lacquer or else sheik.
When of yellow you would speak
To affect a little speed
Tollee is the word you need,
Or mimosa. And for gray
Pelican is quite au fait.
Orange has turned Mexican.
Airedale's alias is tan,
Clair de lune would also do,
Bobolink and fallow too,
Dust and rust; while reddish brown
Chippendale is written down.
Champagne has gone out with booze,
Pheasant is the term to use.
Peach is christened sunset now;
Dark brown masquerades as chow
Or log cabin; while for green
Cactus or Lanvin is seen.
Brown's translated caramel,
Otter or marron as well.
It would never, never do
To refer to Alice blue;
Powder is the newest frill,
Or madonna if you will.
Orchid's known as mountain haze
In the crazy color maze
Of the shades of nowadays.

—*Adelaide W. Neall.*

The Indecision Complex

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

This Complex Usually Stays Right Where He Is, Because He Doesn't Know Which Way to Jump. He Is the Sworn Enemy of That Positive, Go-Get Complex Which Is Sometimes as Destructive to Human Conduct as His Rival

The Adventures of Alice

"WELL, kid, I'm as good as elected," said the Red Knight gleefully as he entered his campaign headquarters.

Alice looked up from the typewriter upon which she was busily composing a speech that the Red Knight was scheduled to deliver that night.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Has the other fellow quit?"

"Better than that," said the Red Knight. "A straw vote taken by one of our leading magazines shows that my opponent will carry the country by an overwhelming majority."

"Well, I suppose that is a hopeful sign," said Alice.

"Hopeful? It's infallible. Moreover, I see in this morning's paper that my opponent's manager claims seven doubtful states—a sure sign I've got him on the run."

"Politics is a great game," said Alice.

"The greatest in the world," said the Red Knight. "It's the only game in the world that a fellow can play profitably without losing his amateur standing. However, the rules of this presidency race are all wrong."

"How?"

"Well, the presidency is no longer a one-man job. There ought to be about ten men—a composite President. For instance, there's the handshaking part of the job. The ordinary campaign is enough to cripple a man for life."

"Well, what would you suggest?" Alice asked.

"For that part of the job they ought to name a big husky fellow, Jack Dempsey, for instance. He could go through a handshaking campaign and never feel it. Then there ought to be some good-looking fellow who would look well on buttons and posters."

"I'll nominate Jack Barrymore," said Alice.

"Sure. They might put up Rudolph Valentino to run against him. Then there ought to be someone to deliver the speeches—Walter Hampden, let's say, or James K. Hackett."

"Great!" said Alice.

"But who would write the speeches?"

"My choice would be Booth Tarkington," said Alice.

"Then," continued the Red Knight, "there's the golf problem. All Presidents nowadays play golf, and it's a sad example for the boys of our country to see the Chief Magistrate plowing up divots in the Sunday rotogravure sections. It shakes their faith in our democratic institutions. My candidate would be Gene Sarazen."

"And how about tennis?"

"Well, if we were going to have a strenuous administration we could elect a tennis President also. Bill Tilden could be persuaded to run, I'm sure."

"It's a grand idea," said Alice.

"You see," said the Red Knight, "such an arrangement would leave the Executive President—which is what I would call the fellow who stays in Washington and does the heavy work—such an arrangement would leave him free to attend to the important duties of his office, such as signing pardons and army and navy commissions."

"Here's how the ticket would look," said Alice, who had been pounding out something on her typewriter. The Red Knight took the paper that she handed him and read:

FOR PRESIDENT

The Red Knight . . .	Executive President
Jack Dempsey	Handshaking President
John Barrymore . . .	President for Portrait Purposes
Walter Hampden . . .	Oratorical President
Booth Tarkington . .	Literary President
Gene Sarazen	Golf President
William Tilden	Tennis President

(Continued on Page 188)

DRAWN BY MATT CLARK

"Who Is the Man in the Sewer?" "Undoubtedly Some Author of Sex Plays Getting Fresh Material"

DRAWN BY F. B. FULLER

Modernist Painter—"So You Don't See Things This Way, Eh?" Farmer—"Naw, Not So Much Since Prohibition"

When they hang full-ripe and tempting on the vines!

We pick them when they're ripe and red
But then the story's just half said
For blended by our Campbell's cooks
They re even better than their looks

"You seem to get all the good out of the tomato. The real tomato flavor tastes so much better in your soup that I'm sure you must always use the best in the market."

Yes. "Just tomatoes" are never good enough for Campbell's. We have studied and worked over the production of the most perfect fruit, right on our own great farms.

For years we have toiled and spent our time and money so that now thousands of acres yield their harvests of full-fleshed, meaty, juicy tomatoes for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Just when they reach red-ripe perfection they are plucked and blended by our famous chefs into this soup which "makes tomatoes taste so much better."

21 kinds

12 cents a can

The Answer to the Maiden's Prayer

By Claude S. Watts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I WAS a plump baby, I was a more than plump child, and as a flapper I was positively fat. I was much admired and petted as a baby. As a child I held most of my admirers, although I recall that I had not attained many years before it was seldom that anyone held me on his lap. But as a fat flapper I was absolutely *de trop;* I couldn't flap a single flap.

Sister Bess was a tiny baby, a slender child and a sylphlike flapper. She began edging me out of the picture at an early age, and as a flapper she did all the flapping for the family. I didn't mind that so much at first. I was happy. I was healthy. My appetite was always eminently satisfactory. I had a good time. I went everywhere and enjoyed the parties and dances without any idea that I was missing anything. But about the time I acquired my third chin and Bess annexed her thirteenth beau I had a rude awakening.

You see, it had never dawned on me that I had never had a real beau. There were always plenty of boys hanging around our house, I always had an escort to the parties, and all my dances were usually taken—or as many of them as I wanted to dance. It never occurred to me that I was the beneficiary of sister's surplus supply, and that the boys who were taking me out and dancing with me were doing so because in that way they could be near Bess even if they couldn't be with her. Failing anybody else, Martin Weller was usually on hand to take me anywhere or do anything I wanted him to, and that suited me fine, for I liked to pal around with him.

I had never observed that when a boy sat down in a hammock with me he invariably did so gingerly and with an obvious silent prayer that the ropes were good and strong. I didn't care whether a boy sat with me or not; in fact, I rather enjoyed having a whole hammock to myself. I liked boys, but they were not particularly interesting to me. Most of them recommended themselves so highly. Goodness knows what the average male beings have to be conceited about, but they usually are—some of them more so than others, but none less. Especially if they are a bit good-looking. They can talk about girls' being beautiful but dumb, but did you ever know a boy with a limousine body who didn't have a jitney brain?

There was Ned Pickton. Handsome? Well, when Martin Weller brought him out to the country club and introduced him to our crowd Martin's first words were, "Stop crying, girls, you can't all have him!" And did the girls fall for him? I'll say he toppled 'em over just as if he'd been an earthquake. I was so disgusted with the way the girls acted over him, and with the way he ate it all up, that the first chance I got I asked him, "How is every little thing out in Hollywood, Mr. Pickton?"

"Oh, I'm not from Hollywood," he answered with a moronish smile. "I'm from Baltimore."

I was about to remark that I didn't know there were any motion-picture studios in that fair city, but Martin cut in. "You muffed that one, Ned," he said. "This is Miss Arbuckle, and she thought perhaps you knew her brother."

That was what you might call a dirty dig at my size, but I was happy and carefree then, and I got a good laugh out of it. But Ned, the nifty looker, muffed that one also. He wasn't with us at all, but was getting a good eyeful of sis.

"I say, who is that queen over there?" he asked.

"That," said Martin, "is Miss Arbuckle's sister."

"Some queen!" said Ned; and I knew I was going to see a lot of him if he remained in our vicinity very long.

He did and I did. And the very first time he called at our house he asked me what Martin and I meant by telling him that my name was Arbuckle!

"Give me a pencil and a piece of paper and I'll diagram it for you," I said; and he said, "Oh, I see—it was a joke!" and laughed a three-note laugh that started where you have tonsillitis and ended in the roof of his mouth.

And that didn't endear him to me either. Grins or chuckles are all right, but deliver me from those head laughs. If anybody laughs at or with me I want it to mean something. I like a laugh that begins away down deep and sort o' erupts, as it were.

I Was No Longer That Fat Stillson Girl!

But I suppose I shouldn't be too hard on that Handsome Harold, for I owe a lot to him. You see, it was he who gave me my jolt, and if I ever erect any monuments my first should be to him. It happened out at the club at a Saturday-night hop. I had been having my usual good time, dancing as much as I wanted to, and jollying and kidding with the boys as I always did. I hadn't a care in the world, nor the slightest feeling that anything disagreeable was imminent. Not a single premonish!

Martin was being especially nice, as I recall it now, and between dances, along about the shank of the evening, he and I were sitting in the lounge, near a window that opened on the veranda. Outside were three or four of the boys, laughing and talking and smoking. Maybe they were indulging in a little hipology too. Anyhow I caught the aroma of something that didn't come from cigarettes, and their voices weren't pitched any too low and we couldn't help hearing everything they said. At that, we weren't interested and weren't paying any attention to them until we heard one of them ask, "Who you got the next dance with, Ned?"

Not five minutes earlier that young sheik had come up to us and asked me for the next. Naturally we listened for his answer, although we didn't expect anything unusual from him. In fact, I was just waiting for him to mention my name when I would call out, "Come right through the window, Romeo!" or something like that, when the bolt descended.

"Hell!" said Ned. "I've got to go in and drag that fat Stillson girl around!" Whereupon the other limbs of Satan guffawed.

If it had occurred back in the age of innocence I suppose I would have swooned or thrown a fit of hysterics, but all that stuff is out nowadays, so I just grinned at Martin and remarked that the lad certainly wagged a wicked tongue. But down deep inside me something happened. I don't know to this day what it was, but something happened.

I remember hearing Martin saying, "He's a damned fool!" and offering to knock his block off, but for a few seconds I was merely there and not present. Then I came back, and when Martin said, "Of course you won't dance with him," I said, "Of course I will!"

Martin looked his surprise, so I assured him I knew what I was doing. "How much do you suppose I weigh?" I asked him. Martin got kinda red as he hesitated. "You don't need to suppose, old dear, if you're afraid of hurting my feelings," I said. "I'll tell you. There's just about one hundred and sixty-six pounds of me in my birthday suit, but when I get through with that lady's delight he's going to think he's been run over by a five-ton truck loaded to capacity. Give me just twice around the ballroom with him, and then cut in while they take him to the hospital!"

"At-a-girl!" said Martin, and handed me a wallop on the shoulder. "I'll order the ambulance right now."

You know they say that fat people are light on their feet. Well, that doesn't mean that they're light on other people's, and Mr. Ned Pickton was to find that out. We started in a bit of a jam in the doorway, and that gave me a chance to put one of my heels on his left foot and do a sort of pivot on it. I didn't say, "Excuseit-please!" but simply proceeded with the execution.

I shan't give you the gruesome details, but by the time Martin loomed up to cut in I had done everything to Nifty Ned except put my knee in his stomach and my thumb in one of his eyes, and he was what the Veterans' Bureau would rate as a 100 per cent disability. As a final touch I snuggled my head against his manly chest, jammed my heel down on the first wound I had made, and as he bent over or doubled up with the agony of it I straightened up suddenly and the top of my head met his chin with a crack that you could hear from here to there, wherever you are.

"You're out!" said Martin as he tapped him on the shoulder; and the boy was—out on his feet, just able to stagger away, speechless!

Martin was laughing so he couldn't say a word during the rest of that dance, but when the music stopped he gasped, "Oh, girl! What you did to him was ample and sufficient! He may live, but he'll never be the same again. And just wait till I spread the news. I'll tell the world——"

"You won't tell anybody anything," I interrupted; "and you'll take me home right now. I'm just three jumps ahead of a fit, and I want to go home."

He looked at me, surprised-like, and I told him I'd have the fit right then and there if he didn't take me home that instant, so he came out of it, meaning his stupid lapse in which he couldn't see I was on the verge of emoting all over the place, and we slipped out and got into his car.

I cried most of the way in, I'm free to admit. Something inside me seemed shattered all to bits. I guess it was my pride, but I thought then it was my heart. I was that fat Stillson girl! Oh gee, oh gosh, oh golly, you have no idea how those words rang in my ears, over and over! That was probably what everybody called me. But, worst of all, it had suddenly dawned on me that that was what I was!

Martin was busy driving and chattering away about what a wreck I had made of Ned, and probably he didn't

Continued on Page 35

Lord Bacon's Refrigerated Chicken

On a bitterly cold day in the spring of 1626 a carriage rolled up before a cottage near Highgate in England.

Out of it stepped Lord Francis Bacon, one of the master minds of Old England. His marvelous brain had been pondering over the effect of freezing temperature in the preservation of meat. Nothing would do but to experiment at once.

Buying a chicken, Lord Macaulay tells us, he had it plucked and drawn. Then he proceeded to stuff it with snow. While thus engaged he suffered a sudden chill. A week later he died. In the last letter written by his hand, however, he did not omit to mention that his experiment with the snow had succeeded "excellently well."

So far ahead of his time was Bacon that it was not until nearly 250 years later that the principles of refrigeration were practically applied to the preservation of meat.

Until 1865 the meat packing industry was a cold weather business. The hot months were a problem.

This problem was solved—it seemed ideally—when, between 1865 and 1870, packers began to use natural ice to refrigerate rooms in which fresh and cured meat was kept.

This method prevailed until 1890 when mechanical refrigeration came into general use in the packing industry. This principle was utilized in producing cold without the use of natural ice.

Refrigeration revolutionized the packing industry—without it the business, in its present development, would be an utter impossibility.

Throughout the year cattle can now be dressed at any of the widely distributed modern packing plants and the meat shipped practically everywhere. Markets which were local before refrigeration have become limitless. Fresh meat is now available throughout the country every day in the year. And the livestock grower has been furnished a year-round market for his animals at cash prices.

Today Swift & Company maintains hundreds of refrigerated buildings and thousands of refrigerator cars as part of a system which keeps Swift meats under constant refrigeration from the moment the animal is killed to the time the meat is sold to you over the counter.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

Swift & Company's profit from all sources averages only a fraction of a cent a pound

S. & Co.

563

Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

"You've no idea how much work this Congoleum Rug saves me!"

Housekeeping hints—how good housewives like to pass them on to each other! And women who have discovered the many advantages of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs *just have to* share the news with their friends.

Very Easily Cleaned

These practical floor-coverings are made in one piece of an exceptionally durable, waterproof material, with a firm, smooth surface that dust cannot grind into or water penetrate.

Whatever dirt does collect can be easily taken up with a few easy strokes of a damp mop. In a jiffy the cheery colors reappear as fresh and bright as when you first saw them.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs come in a host of good-looking patterns suited to any room in the house—beautiful floral effects such as the charming design illustrated in the living room above, elaborate Oriental motifs, and neat tiles and mosaics.

Need No Fastening

They hug the floor without fastening of any kind—never "kick up" at the edges to trip hurrying feet. And their prices bring them within the means of the most thrifty housewife.

Note the Very Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$ 13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		
[illegible]			
1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.80

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

When you go to buy your *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs don't be misled into taking some other material. Insist upon *Gold-Seal* Congoleum, which carries an absolute money back guarantee.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

[illegible] New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Kansas City Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Philadelphia New Orleans Los Angeles Portland Toronto

CONGOLEUM-CANADA LIMITED, Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 32

realize I was crying until I turned loose a sob or two that fairly shook the car. At that he cut off the gas and slowed up.

"Why, Ann!" he said, and slipped his arm around me. "Why turn on the weeps?"

I sobbed some more. Whereupon he gave me a hug and leaned over and kissed me. It was a hasty, random-like kiss, but—it was a kiss! And, believe it or not, it was just as if it had been my first and had lasted for fifty feet of film. You see, something else had happened to me all at once. Martin must have got the idea that there was just one way to make me forget my troubles, for the next thing I knew he was saying, "That was just a promise. Here's the real article!"

It was! At least I thought it was, which amounted to the same thing. Oh, the strange, delicious thrills that ran all through me, clear down until they tickled the very soles of my feet! Oh joy, oh bliss, oh rapture! You've heard about the man who was taken suddenly and unexpectedly drunk? So was I—with love. I loved Martin, and Martin loved me, and we had just found it out! Oh heavenly gates and the Paradise beyond! Oh moon, oh stars, oh music of the spheres!

Oh nut, oh boob, oh fish, that I was! I don't know what saved me from making a complete simp of myself and letting Martin see that I was all done up in a neat package with his name on it and he could either take it with him or have it delivered. Maybe it was because I was unconscious but not delirious. Maybe because I couldn't believe it possible his love could stand the supreme test.

At any rate, after a few seconds, or minutes, or hours, and without having betrayed myself further than to manifest a certain willingness to be cuddled and kissed, I sighed and said, "You don't think I am, do you?"

"Am what?" he asked.

"Too fat."

"Haven't you forgotten about that?" he laughed. And then without realizing that he was thrusting a dagger into my heart and twisting and twisting and twisting it, he went on airily, "Sure you are—about thirty or forty pounds, I'd say. But you're that way because you want to be, aren't you; and if you're satisfied, what should you care about what anybody else thinks?"

"Martin Weller, you're a perfect brute!" I almost screamed that at him and jerked my head off his shoulder and straightened up. "I hate you! I ——"

"Whoops, my dear! We're off again!" said Martin, and tried to pull me back where I had been, but I gave him a dig in the ribs with my elbow that was anything but playful, and he let me go. "Oh, well, if you feel that way about it! But don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to stage a petting party. I don't go in for necking—don't believe in it."

That removed any lingering doubt I might have had as to whether I had been a complete simpleton. Martin wasn't in love with me. He had merely been trying to comfort me because I was unhappy and hurt—trying to be kind to me as he would to a kid who had tumbled down and bumped her head or broken her doll or something!

"Step on the gas!" I commanded, and the way he obeyed orders was something they award medals for in the Army. I think he was a bit mad, himself, or at least a trifle peevish.

But he offered amends when he pulled the car up at home. "I say, Ann," he began, "I'm awfully sorry if I hurt your feelings."

"My feelings aren't hurt," I lied. "I'm just so—so damn mad ——"

"Aw, forget it, Ann! What do you care about what Ned Pickton thinks or says?" He never even suspected there was anything else that might be troubling me! "Get a good night's sleep and you'll be yourself, and I'll drop around tomorrow, and ——"

"You won't drop around tomorrow or any other time," I broke in. "I don't want to see you, or anyone else, again, ever!"

And with that I broke the speed record for my weight and age getting into the house and up to my room. And I didn't leave my room for a week.

I wasn't sick—physically, that is—and I couldn't pretend to be. When one is sick one doesn't eat, and I simply had to. My appetite was exactly as per usual, or perhaps more so, and though I was sick at heart or sick in mind or something of that sort, I couldn't explain that to anyone. So I said my nerves were all worn to a frazzle and I needed a rest cure, and by barking at everybody who came near me and pulling a few tantrums I managed to put that over on the family. Father was a trifle skeptical at first and said I'd never had any nerves to get frazzled, but when he followed that up by hinting that I was getting too fat and lazy to move, I had a conniption and gave him a demonstration of nerves that was nothing if not convincing—so much so that mother told him he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Martin called, but of course I wouldn't see him. Then he sent me some flowers—lilies of the valley, with "A peace offering" scrawled on his card—and I threw them, box and all, at the maid; and that was another demonstration.

Finally I got pretty much what I wanted, which was to be let alone while I could think up something to do. I had to do something. Otherwise I was done for. I had come to the place where one does a Brodie or something, for I knew I simply never could face the world again as that fat Stillson girl. Of course what I wanted to do was to go to sleep one fine evening and wake up in the morning with an airy-fairy-Lillian figure, but equally of course I knew that could not be done. You can't get rid of forty or forty-five pounds overnight without having a leg or two amputated, and I wanted both of mine.

But I did know that it is possible for fat people to reduce, and I knew the method. The thing that worried me was how I was to do it without letting anybody know I was doing it. You see, right then I wouldn't have admitted to anybody in the world for anything that I was an ounce too fat, and to begin dieting and taking violent exercise would have been a confession to the whole wide world. Besides, I knew only too well what I would be subjected to in the line of joshing and solicitous inquiries from my loving family and kind friends, and I couldn't stand for that a-tall, a-tall!

Also, I wasn't so sure that I could go on a diet and stick to it long enough to do me any good, and it was possible that I was one of those persons who are born to be fat and can't be anything else, no matter how they starve themselves.

I don't mind saying that I had several headaches before I cudgeled out of my poor brain the plan that was to be my salvation. When it came it was merely a matter of remembering that for a long time my Aunt Mary, who lives in Pennsylvania, had been urging me to come up and spend

(Continued on Page 114)

"Miss Pippin," Called Out Ted, "Permit Me to Present Mr. Pickton, Who Thinks He's the Answer to the Maiden's Prayer"

A CURTSY TO THE CROWN

By JANE GRANT

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

I HAD known for several days that the heavy, unmistakably official envelope would arrive. Yet, when it lay on top of the letters on my breakfast tray that May morning in London, my heart got beyond all control. It was a "command" to court. At last I was to make my curtsy to the crown and see the doors of fashion throughout the world open unto me.

The thrill it gave me, though, was exceeded by the joy of my family. You see, I am, I must admit, the hope of a house with an inherent interest in society, and several aunts and uncles and grandparents have joined my parents in fashioning my career. From my youth I had been impressed with my great responsibility of maintaining and furthering the family prestige.

The various branches of our clan have had position and satisfactory social trees, so home triumphs, though gratifying, were taken much as a matter of course. It was only when my relatives considered me worthy of the greater field abroad that they really put their hearts in their work. I had been systematically, painstakingly and competently schooled for London society. And success in London society means a presentation at court.

Substitutes for Social Standing

THIS ceremony, the gorgeous survival of the pomp of centuries, is the gateway to a broad smooth path. Opened, it means recognition and social security. Closed, it means hopelessness, despair. Not a civilized woman alive, be she of either hemisphere, would forgo the privilege and the experience of curtsying to their majesties. It is—such is the power of the English court, it must be—the objective of every socially ambitious girl or matron. At the same time it is overshadowing in beauty and impressiveness, and on no other occasion are we able to spread our plumage so wide with all the world looking on. The absolute ultimate in social aspirations, it is the sweetest cup for all womankind—the pinched Southern belle of our country or the woman whose purse is bursting with Western gold; the princess of India whose own court is far from simple, the wife of a diplomat from South America whose life is habitually free and informal.

What with some English relatives and many friends abroad, the way was made easy for me. I had expert instruction as to behavior. My delightful sponsor, a popular viscountess, spent no end of time, and I went through the ceremony without a mishap. One of the king's bodyguard told me later that I would be included in that uninteresting group headed Passable. It seems that all novices furnish much entertainment for the veterans at court and the officials, and there is a tradition that newcomers are rated according to beauty, charm, poise, personality and the other elements entering into general acceptability. I have never learned whether such a list actually exists, but if it does not it certainly is not because of lack of inspection and observation. Any of the king's men can tell you readily the degree of desirability of a woman for social functions, and why. Months after my presentation a member of the royal household described with disturbing accuracy my conduct before their majesties, and told how I might have held my fan more gracefully and have walked more deliberately.

The love of ceremony born in the heart of everyone has helped to fix the eyes of the world upon the English court and to make its exclusive circles a world-wide goal. But more important, probably, is the psychological need for some final tribunal for society. Whatever the reasons, the English court is, socially, the world court, and it is the supreme court, its decisions carrying with it acceptance by the great, and personal deferences and attentions without limit.

One woman said to me a few days after she had trod the red carpet of the Throne Room, "Isn't it wonderful how much more deferential the hotel attendants are after you are presented? Why, even my personal servants are transformed."

It is really hard to classify the requirements for a court presentation. Naturally they vary considerably for different countries, depending upon the nation's power, picturesqueness and enterprise. But one thing is certain: the path of the American woman is strewn with roses whether she is sponsored by the ambassador or by an important English lady. Custom decrees that the ambassador's word is law. It is assumed that the flower of our country will be chosen for the greatest social honor that Great Britain can bestow. Only on one or two occasions in recent years have names submitted by our ambassador been rejected. Of course with the growing intricacies of diplomacy there has to be a little eye winking, but that the letter of the rules will be observed is still presupposed. In theory you must have unquestioned social standing—in the case of some, dignity and charm are fair substitutes—but the coin of the realm—money, money, money—has a magic way of smoothing all other obstacles. Beauty, too, is an asset.

That these last qualifications—money and beauty—can turn the trick was unquestionably proved by Mrs. Blank. After none too signal social triumphs in America she went to London, determined, if necessary, to pay a king's ransom for a place in the innermost circles there. At her right hand she has had a devoted husband, for whom she cast off her first lord and master, with the coffers open wide, and there have been varying estimates as to the price they have paid.

It was all virgin field to her, for she carried no impressive letters from home. But undaunted, she took the finest house available in town, the most advantageously located country seat—it means a lot to be adjacent to a duke or an earl—and thus squared away for action. She became familiar with all the powerful figures, and from every possible source she learned the peculiarities and tastes of the queen and her ladies of the court. She found that her majesty was much interested in various charities. A generous contribution to one of these brought the astute American to the personal attention of the queen, and the first seed was thus well sown. A press agent and a social sponsor—the best to be had in both fields—were then engaged and the stage set for the concentrated drive. Press agents nowadays are of vast importance in the social scheme in London; even the court has one—an enterprising American—who gives out any statements that are issued from Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Blank's competent agent had her elaborate parties heralded in the papers, and in special stories the great humanity of this beautiful American was stressed. Rung after rung of the perilous social ladder was climbed, and now she is really friendly with many a haughty dowager. On the occasion of her presentation to court—she was sponsored by a powerful duchess—her gown was the despair of all the other women. "But she has earned it," one woman sighed to me. "In her cash book she might have entered the item: 'To expenditures for admission to Buckingham Palace—$500,000.'"

When Palace Doors Swing Open

IT WAS Mrs. Anonymous, also from America, who trod still another path. With canniness she preferred the security of home triumphs before undertaking the storming of strongholds abroad. Her achievements have been interesting, for beginning in a lowly position she has marched steadily on until she now has the social world of the continents at her feet. Her real love of position developed when she became the wife of a handsome and ambitious man. A former husband had served as a convenient stepping-stone. He had furnished her money and a secure place in the great society centers, both winter and summer, in this country. As her second husband's eyes gazed enviously toward Washington, her hand went deep into her purse, and through her political patronage he became a figure of moment in the capital. Slowly through the vista of opening doors Buckingham Palace loomed up. The State Department wanted to do honor to the influential pair, and a presentation at court was arranged.

These are but two examples of the convenient forgetfulness of the rules, traditionally ironclad, since

(Continued on Page 169)

CADILLAC

One quality which women deeply admire in the Cadillac is its unrivalled capacity for *remaining young.* ¶ By that we mean the astonishing Cadillac ability to remain mechanically fit, smooth and quiet in operation, and consistently handsome and fashionable long after other cars must be replaced. ¶ Incidentally, it is this enduring excellence which stamps the new V-63 as the truly economical car and makes it the wise investment for people of moderate as well as unlimited means.

Standard of the World

The New Realism of Science

By LOTHROP STODDARD

SCIENCE is giving us a new world. Few persons will question the truth of that statement. But how many of us realize all that it implies? We may think that we do. We see science evoking a series of marvelous inventions which affect every phase of our daily lives. New sources of material energy are tapped and harnessed to innumerable machines obedient to our will. A recent survey of mechanical development estimates that the amount of work done by machinery in the United States alone would demand the toil of 3,000,000,000 hard-driven slaves. Nature's hidden powers yield themselves as at the touch of a magician's wand. Time and distance alike diminish, and the very planet shrinks to the measure of human hands.

Science thus continually gives us new powers, new tools, new playthings. Very important, to be sure. Yet how much more important is the new knowledge which science gives us about ourselves. That is what really matters. Had science merely given us a new material world without telling us what sort of people we truly are, and how we may adjust ourselves to our novel surroundings, we would be like children playing with lighted matches in a powder magazine and would almost certainly blow ourselves and our new domicile to fragments. That is just what many students of present-day affairs are afraid of. The late war is merely one warning of the perils which beset us, and it may be that we are destined to go rattling back into barbarism.

Our best—perhaps our only—safeguard against so melancholy a fate is the scope of the scientific movement, which goes so much wider and deeper than we ordinarily suppose. The same movement which gives us the airship and the radio is also presenting us with a new outlook and philosophy of life. It is forcing us to reëxamine ourselves and our relations with one another.

More and more, forward-looking men and women the world over are coming to realize that the vast increase in knowledge which has occurred during the past few decades requires a thorough going reconsideration of ideas and viewpoints—what a philosopher has well termed a "revaluation of all values."

Every well-informed observer of contemporary events knows that this process is in full swing today. Throughout the civilized world the most cherished ideals are being scrutinized, while no institution, however venerable, escapes the fire of criticism. Much of this criticism is, to be sure, so ignorant and so destructive that we are often tempted to fear lest the social fabric give way under the strain. Other civilizations have perished in similar crises; why may not our civilization go down as well? The answer is that it may, but that its chief chance of successful survival lies in the one factor which distinguishes our age over past times. This great new factor is the spread of exact knowledge, inspired by and infused with the scientific spirit.

The spirit of science is a desire for truth so strong and so compelling that prejudices and preconceptions are burned away, leaving the mind crystal clear to perceive the significance of fresh knowledge and adjust it harmoniously to knowledge already acquired. This means a mental attitude both free and flexible, capable of progress by methods at once steady and sure.

The Advance of Human Progress

HERE is something really new in human history. Hitherto man has not only known comparatively little but has tended to misinterpret the little that he knew. On slender fact bases he has reared elaborate theories, fine-spun from his logic and imagination, and he has then crystallized these theories into beliefs so dogmatic and intolerant that they have blinded his vision and closed his mind. Society has thus continually ossified, and the few free souls who sought truth with single-hearted devotion have usually been crushed by the prejudice and passion aroused at the mere thought of examining matters which had become cherished faiths.

Human progress has thus far been like a series of lava flows; at first moving with hot haste, yet soon cooling into a rigidity which might be broken or worn down, but which could not be kept long in motion. Now, for the first time, we have in the scientific spirit a force capable of maintaining steady and consistent social progress. Its passion for truth can keep us going, while its insistence on proving and testing each step of the way can keep us going right. A society genuinely imbued with the scientific spirit and using scientific methods could neither ossify nor run wild. It would thereby avoid both reaction and revolution—those twin ills that have so afflicted mankind.

How shall we characterize the outlook and philosophy of life enjoyed by those whom the scientific spirit has touched and transformed? It can be expressed in one word—realism. This new realism of science must not be confused with the narrow materialism which rejects all not evident to the senses as vain or nonexistent. Scientific realism recognizes the most intangible as well as the most palpable; it demands reality, yet understands that reality is infinitely varied; it seeks truth, knowing that truth manifests itself in countless ways.

The genuine disciple of science has a bold mind but a humble heart. All that he insists upon is a recognition of the fact that the most disturbing truth is better than the most cherished error. Thus fortified, he is neither cast down by failure nor puffed up by success. His sense of balance and proportion is never obscured. Our age has discovered powers and secrets of Nature that our forbears never knew. But our age has also awakened a passion for truth such as the world has never seen. Other ages have sought truth from the lips of seers and prophets; our age seeks it from scientific proof. Other ages have had their saints and martyrs—dauntless souls who clung to their faith with unshakable constancy. Yet our age has also its saints and martyrs—heroes who can not only face death for their faith but who can also scrap that faith when facts have proved it wrong. There, indeed, is courage! And therein lies our hope.

Learning About Ourselves

THIS matchless love of truth, this spirit of science which combines knowledge and idealism in the synthesis of a higher wisdom, as yet inspires only a chosen few. Most of us are still more or less under the spell of the past—the spell of passion, prejudice and unreason. It is thus that ideas and ideals clearly disproved by science yet claim the allegiance of multitudes of worthy men. The dead hand of false doctrines and fallacious hopes lies, indeed, heavy upon us. Customs, laws and institutions are alike stamped deep with its imprint. Our very minds and souls are imbued with delusions from whose emotional grip it is hard to escape. Mighty as is the new truth, our eyes are yet blind to its full meaning, our hearts shrink instinctively from its wider implications, and our feet falter on the path to higher destinies.

This path we must essay to tread. It may be that we shall fail, that we shall fall into some abyss of disaster lurking by the way; nevertheless, we cannot stop where we are, nor can we turn back toward our simpler past. Science has given us a new world, and to that new world we must adapt ourselves or perish, as all living beings who do not fit themselves to new conditions must perish. Our task is only just begun. Scientific knowledge, hitherto employed mainly in material discoveries and mechanical inventions, must be increasingly applied to our institutions—and ourselves.

Tremendous changes in our laws, our politics and our social relations are inevitable. All these matters are the products of past times. They no longer fit present conditions and will have to be radically changed. Yet such changes, if made in the scientific spirit and according to scientific methods, can be effected in an entirely stable and progressive manner. In other words, they should not be revolutions but evolutions. That is the way science works when it is given a chance. Think, for example, of the sweeping transformations in abstract ideas that have taken place during the past few decades, and all without shattering upheavals. There is no fundamental reason why the same cannot be accomplished in politics or institutions, provided the necessity for action be sufficiently clear and the will to act sufficiently strong.

The chief reason for hoping that such a process will occur is the way scientific knowledge is being spread and popularized. In past times knowledge was confined to a few learned individuals quite out of touch with their fellows. Today knowledge is being extended by a numerous class of scientists, is intelligently appreciated by millions of educated persons throughout the civilized world, and is increasingly respected by the masses of the population. When a sufficient number of us come to realize that we need no longer be the sport of blind forces, but that we now know enough to control our destiny, we may expect marvelous developments of all kinds, at least among the more intelligent and forward-looking peoples.

These developments will include in their scope not only our material surroundings, institutions and social relations but also most emphatically ourselves. "The proper study of mankind is man!" That famous line, coined by a poet long ago, now takes on its full significance. For the first time in his history, man begins really to know himself and to appreciate the solemn fact that within him lies the power to make or mar his destiny. Science's greatest achievement has been its discovery of those laws of life on which, in the last analysis, all human activity depends. By these discoveries our ideas concerning human nature have been radically altered. Hitherto we have usually believed that human beings were born pretty much alike, and that how they developed depended mainly upon their surroundings; these surroundings being both natural, like soil and climate, and man made, such as the laws, institutions, customs and ideals prevailing in the various human groups. Believing such theories, men have for ages devoted their best efforts to changing conditions, without studying closely the sort of people to whom these conditions were to be applied.

How the discoveries of modern science have altered this traditional attitude! We now know that the basic factor in human affairs is not men's surroundings, but the qualities of men themselves, and that these qualities are inborn, not grafted on by outward circumstances. In other words, a man's heredity is of more fundamental importance than his environment in determining his course in life, because environment can only bring out the qualities that he has inherited.

Furthermore, we know that instead of being born very much alike, men are born infinitely unlike. During the long ages of its existence, mankind has differentiated into an amazingly wide range of types differing from one another in inborn characteristics. These human types, known as races, differ not only in outward appearance but also in mind, temperament and capacity. Of course, within the racial groups a similar differentiation has gone on, so that each human stock produces individuals ranging in hereditary endowment all the way from the idiot to the genius. Nevertheless, the members of each race inherit certain physical, mental and moral traits which together form a generalized race type that descends from generation to generation, persists under all sorts of surroundings and determines more than anything else what sort of persons the members of the race will be, how they will act and what they will do. Thus the most vital element in human affairs is seen to be the racial factor, and the fundamental aspect of the new scientific realism is racial reality.

Persistence of Racial Types

IN THE preceding series of articles we have investigated the racial factor in European and Near Eastern affairs, and we have observed how this factor, though often obscured by other matters, underlies the entire course of events. We have seen how even such powerful influences as geography and climate are not so important in shaping a country's destiny as the blood of its inhabitants, while the institutions, customs and doings of peoples are mainly the result of their racial make-up. We have studied the three European races—Nordics, Alpines and Mediterraneans—and have been impressed by the way the fortunes of the various European countries have depended primarily upon this great underlying factor, which has subtly yet surely molded every phase of national life, from manners and ideals to politics and institutions.

How the racial interpretation of history clarifies and vitalizes the record of human events! So many mysteries explained; so many riddles solved; such seemingly tangled situations become simple and understandable! And all this because we are at last looking at things in terms of basic reality.

For Americans such a survey of European affairs is of special significance, because America is racially an offshoot of Europe, the vast majority of its population being of European blood. And surely nothing reveals more strikingly the supreme importance of race than the story of America itself. If environment rather than heredity were the basic force in human affairs, here was a unique opportunity of proving it. Coming into novel surroundings, the Europeans who migrated to the New World should, according to the environmentalist theory, have rapidly developed into beings vastly different from their kinsmen in Europe. Especially should the differences which marked the newcomers while they were in their European homes have quickly disappeared, their changed environment fusing them into one or more genuinely new types.

Yet nothing of the kind has occurred. Instead, the races have persisted in the New World as they have in the Old, displaying the same temperaments and acting in much the same way. As good examples of this, observe the United States, French Canada and Mexico respectively. The United States, settled overwhelmingly by Nordics, developed a thoroughly Nordic national life, with ideals and institutions plainly corresponding to those which Nordics

(Continued on Page 121)

What's in your home garage?

And how long do you want your car to run—5 years?—6⁷⁄₁₀ years?—8 years?

THE life of the average car is growing longer. Statistics recently compiled indicate that whereas the average automobile used to be scrapped at the end of five years, its useful life is now six and seven-tenths years.

The biggest single factor in prolonging the life of your car is correct lubrication. And correct lubrication, like charity, *begins at home!*

3,437 automobile owners recently told us how they buy oil. 49% keep a home supply of lubricating oil always on hand. And for this home supply Mobiloil is at least four times as popular with these car owners as any other brand of engine lubricant.

Why? Because motorists have learned from first hand experience that there is no other oil which can quite take the place of Gargoyle Mobiloil for long life, real efficiency, and real, downright dollars-and-cents economy.

They have learned also that a home supply of the correct Mobiloil

—safeguards them against substitution of either an inferior oil or the incorrect grade of Mobiloil.

—secures for them the lowest price per quart for genuine Mobiloil.

—enables them to put makeup oil into the engine before leaving home and in exactly the quantity required.

—saves endless stops along the roads for single quarts of oil.

Every automobile manufacturer agrees that correct lubrication is the most important single item in prolonging the life of your car. Almost without exception these same manufacturers endorse the lubricating recommendations in the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations which is printed in part on this page. It follows that if you keep your car in your own private garage, the most important single item inside of that garage is a 5-gallon can of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car. What are you going to *do* about it?

GARGOYLE

For Touring

The new quart can is on sale in many states. Put 2 or 3 under the car seat. 35c a can or 3 for $1.00.

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches: New York (Main Office) Albany Boston Buffalo Chicago Dallas Des Moines Detroit In[illegible]polis Kansas C[illegible] Mo. Milwaukee Minneapolis New Haven Oklahoma City Peoria P[illegible]ttsburgh Philadelphia Portland, Me. Rochester [illegible]springfield, Mass. St. Louis

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1924	1923	1922	1921	1920
	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter	Summer / Winter
Ahrens-Fox Model H	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Ajax	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Allen	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Allis-Chalmers Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	Arc / Arc	Arc / Arc
Apperson Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Auburn	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Austin	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Autocar Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	Arc / Arc	Arc / Arc
Bessemer	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Biddle	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Buick	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Cadillac	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Chandler	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Chevrolet Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Cleveland	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Colt	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Continental Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	Arc / Arc
Cunningham	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Cunningham	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Daniels Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Dixie Flyer	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Dort	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Durant Four	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Essex	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Franklin	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Gardner	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Gray	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Hare Six	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Hupmobile Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Hupp Six	A / A	A / A	A / A	Arc / Arc	Arc / Arc
Jewett Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Jordan	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Kissel	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Lafayette	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Lexington	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Locomobile	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Lozier	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Marmon	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Maxwell	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Mercer	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Moon	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Moore	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Nash Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	Arc / Arc	Arc / Arc
(Cont'l Quad)	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / Arc	A / Arc
Oakland	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Oldsmobile Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Overland	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Packard Eight	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / Arc	A / Arc
Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Page	A / A	Arc / Arc	A / Arc	Arc / Arc	Arc / Arc
All Other Models		A / A	A / Arc	A / Arc	A / Arc
Paige	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Peerless	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Pierce Arrow (2 bore)	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	Arc / Arc
All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Premier	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Premier Tan Cab	A / A	A / A	A / A		
R & V Knight	BB / A	BB / A	BB / A	B / A	B / A
Reo	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / Arc	A / Arc
Rickenbacker	Arc / A	Arc / A			
Roamer Model [illegible]	A / A	A / A	A / A	B / A	
Roamer Knight	B / A	B / A	B / A	B / A	B / A
Saxon	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Scripps-Booth	A / Arc	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Six (4 cyl.)	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
(6 cyl.)	A / A	A / Arc			
Templar	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Westcott Model D-4B	A / Arc	A / A	Arc / Arc		
All Other Models	A / A				
Springfield	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Willys-Knight	B / A	B / A	B / A	B / A	B / A
Winton	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Yellow Cab	A / A	A / A	A / Arc	Arc / Arc	

Makes of Engines When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks

(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Buda	Chicago, Ill., Wis.						A / Arc
	All Other Models	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
Commercial	Model BC	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A		
				A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
	All Other Models	A / Arc	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / Arc
Ford		A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
						A / A	A / A
		A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
		A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A
		A / A	A / A	A / A	A / A

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN

(Continued from Page 5)

He'll want it hot off the press, in daily installments, for breakfast every morning, and not have to wait a month between installments."

He spoke feelingly, for he was merely the editor of the magazine and not the head of its advertising department.

"How long do you suppose it will take that man Ratchett of yours to get in touch with the people in Washington?" broke in the general impatiently.

"The storm may cause some delay in getting through, but I fancy he'll not be more than an hour or two."

"I hope you told him we can't stay here all night."

"By the way," said the bibliophile musingly, "didn't one of those princes over there marry a Virginia girl some years ago? A Miss Calhoun, if I remember correctly."

"Yes; there was a Miss Beverly Calhoun who married the ruler of one of those petty kingdoms a good many years ago—twenty-five or thirty, I should say," replied the editor. "My wife used to know her in Washington. I think they went to the same school. Let me see, who was it she married?"

The judge supplied the information.

"She married the Prince of Dawsbergen. Thank God, my memory's coming to life. And that clears up another point. The young Prince of Graustark that Blithers tried to buy for his daughter married the Crown Princess of Dawsbergen—I forget her name. The daughter of the Calhoun girl, I mean. So now while you're about it," he hurried on, turning to the publisher, "you might as well make a clean job of it. Find out what has become of Dawsbergen and its American princess. There are a raft of people in this country who would like to know what has happened to Beverly Calhoun. She was ——"

"Telephone, sir," announced an attendant, lifting his eyebrows slightly but respectfully for the benefit of the publisher.

"That's Ratchett. Quick work," said that gentleman, weaving his way out through a gantlet of outstretched legs.

The February gale, instead of abating, appeared to have increased in ferocity during the last half hour. The clatter of sleet against the windowpanes came now in vicious gusts; the windows rattled in their sashes, the wind shrieked and yowled with pitiless fury as it scurried up the cañon toward the corner hard by. The general got up presently from his comfortable seat and went over to peer out of the window. He came back shaking his head.

"If this club had any gumption about it, it wouldn't pay a bit of attention to the Volstead Act—especially on a night like this," he said dejectedly.

"If it wasn't for the Volstead Act we wouldn't have to go home at nine o'clock," mumbled the judge. "We could stay here comfortably and—ahem!—advantageously until midnight or after."

"That's right," sighed the admiral. "And what's more, our wives wouldn't be uneasy about us if we were out after half past nine or ten. They'd know we were safe. But as it is now—why, by George, if I'm not home by ten my wife is absolutely certain that I've been waylaid and blackjacked. It's an outrage to make the women of this country suffer that way. Lying awake wondering why their husbands don't come home instead of merely wondering when they'll blow in! How things have changed! I used to come in at three or four o'clock and my wife wouldn't even wake up; but now if I'm not in by ten she's so nervous and so uneasy that it takes her four or five hours to get to sleep after I do come in all safe and sound."

"And sober," drawled the architect.

There is no telling what this might have led to but for the return of the publisher. He came in briskly, rubbing his hands.

"Well, what did he find out?" demanded several voices.

The publisher opened his lips to reply. Then suddenly his expression changed. A slow, tantalizing smile stretched his lips, a mischievous yet triumphant gleam leaped into his eyes and a chuckle broke in his throat. Instead of saying what he had first intended to say, he calmly substituted the following: "I'm hanged if I'll tell you."

II

PENDENNIS YORKE was entertaining relatives in London. His mother, dear soul, had been unyieldingly persistent in the admonition, "Be nice to Uncle George and Aunt Belle." Ever since he was old enough to be aware of anything at all, he was aware of the advisability of being nice to Uncle George and Aunt Belle. As a very small toddler in baggy jumpers he had learned to be nice and polite and respectful to them, although at that tender age he was not by way of knowing the reason why. And there were a great many times when he really didn't want to be nice to them, for he was a spunky youngster in whose tiny breast dwelt a heart that instinctively rebelled against avuncular discipline.

Uncle George was forever commanding him to be careful and not fall off of the chair, or to stop climbing up on the porch rail, or to watch out and not get too close to the horse's heels, or to let the matches alone, or to keep back from the fireplace, or to eat slowly, or to stop playing with the scissors, or to blow his nose, or to put down that paper knife, Penny, or you'll jab your eye out. It seemed to him that Uncle George never came to visit his mother that he didn't spend practically all his time warning him that if he wasn't careful about something or other he'd be a cripple for life.

Auntie Belle was different. She wasn't a coward like Uncle George. She wasn't afraid of anything. She'd let him climb all over the porch rail, or stand up in his high chair, or get his feet wet, or play with Fred the coach dog, or lean out of the window, or slide down the banisters, or almost anything. She was simply great. He often thought that she would make a much better uncle than Uncle George. True, she had surreptitiously spanked him two or three times when he was naughty; but, even so, he loved and respected her.

As he grew older he found out the other of two reasons why he should be nice to Uncle George and Aunt Belle. The first reason—and he had known that from the beginning—was that little boys must always be polite and gentlemanly to their uncles and aunts because they were so much older, and also because they were very good friends of old Santa Claus. The other reason—and the real one, it was revealed to him as he grew up—was that Uncle George was very rich and didn't have any children.

Uncle George was his mother's brother. He lived out West somewhere—out there where the gold mines are, and the cattle ranches, too, and mountains and bears and Indians. Pendennis couldn't understand why his uncle didn't have long hair and whiskers like Buffalo Bill and why he neglected to carry a pistol and a bowie knife. As a matter of fact, Uncle George was a thin, bald-headed man who wore spectacles, smoked cigars instead of a pipe, didn't even possess a penknife—at least, that was what he invariably told his nephew when that small person wanted to borrow it—never chewed tobacco, wore the same kind of clothes that mother's lawyer and the doctor and Mr. Simmons the druggist had on whenever he saw them; in short, Uncle George was a bitter disappointment to his nephew in his extreme youth, especially so when it came out that he had not been scalped by the Indians at all. That was not the way he lost his hair.

Denny's mother lived in Washington. He never knew his father. He had seen him, of course, but only in the most casual sort of way—that is to say, in the lofty, indifferent, unimpressed way that a babe only a few weeks old regards anything human or otherwise. Colonel Yorke died when his only son was seven weeks of age, leaving a very attractive widow, a modest estate, a fairly adequate life insurance, and a vast number of friends and acquaintances who were sincerely shocked by the passing away of so gallant a gentleman and so lovable a companion. And Denny's mother remained a widow to the end of her life, more than a score of years after the death of her husband, thus proving how much she cared for the colonel.

She brought their boy up as she believed his father would have done had he been spared, and there were people who said, with conviction, that the colonel could not have made so good a job of it as she did.

She cuddled him, but she did not coddle him, she petted him, but she did not pet him, she taught him how to walk in his own path, not hers; she saw to it that he understood the meaning of the Golden Rule before he was out of knickers; she sympathized with him in his boyish misfortunes, but she did not pamper him; and, more than all these, she made of herself the sort of mother that a boy doesn't have to lie to, no matter how shameful or how ignominious his misdeeds.

No doubt she had something besides allegiance to family in mind when she drilled her boy, with something like military severity, to be nice to Uncle George and Aunt Belle; but that is neither here nor there. We have no right to impute other than motives of affectionate esteem to her, and certainly no one will rise to contend that a youth should be anything but nice to his uncles and his aunts, no matter how much they may bore him or how severely they may try his patience. For when all is said and done, people cannot help being uncles and aunts.

So, at the advanced age of thirty-two, Mr. Pendennis Yorke, orphan, bachelor, gentleman vagabond, and one-time volunteer midshipman in the United States Navy, was behaving very nicely toward his Uncle George and his Aunt Belle, showing them round the town, taking them out to see the sights, blowing them off to all there was, and helping them, in a generous sort of way, decently and respectably to obtain value received for the hard American dollars they were putting into circulation during a fortnight's stay in London. This does not mean that he allowed them to do all the spending. By no means. He spent his own hard-earned shillings and pounds with ungrudging lavishness; nothing was too good for the old folks from the land of his birth. It was their first trip abroad and they were both well along in the sixties. They had saved London for the last, because they wished to be there when their nephew was in England.

What odds if Uncle George had been shaking his head for the past eight or ten years over Pendennis and saying that he would never gather any moss? The fact remains that he was proud of him, was secretly awed by him, and on more than one occasion had confided to Aunt Belle that he probably had been mistaken in prophesying that Denny would never amount to much, although he ought really to settle down.

And now they were at the very end of their stay in London. They were sailing for America within twenty-four hours after we find them dining with Pendennis Yorke at the Savoy. Aunt Belle was dreading the voyage. She had heard a great deal about the roughness of the crossing in February.

"I was dreadfully ill coming over," she sighed, "and it was as smooth as the mill pond they talk so much about. What will it be like going back, with seas mountains high and the ship shrouded in ice, as they say in the newspapers!"

"You'll be all right, Auntie Belle," said her nephew encouragingly. "You see, you're what is called a rough-weather sailor. People who get sick when the sea is smooth never, never feel the slightest discomfort when it's rough."

"I wasn't sick a minute coming over," asserted Uncle George with a wry face. "So I guess I'll get it good and plenty going back."

"All you have to do, Uncle George, is to drink plenty of champagne every day," said Denny, grinning broadly and nudging Aunt Belle.

"I'd sooner be seasick," said Uncle George promptly.

"Now don't you go leading your Uncle George into bad habits, Denny dear," cried Aunt Belle, her eyes twinkling. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, advising a young and inexperienced boy like George to break the Eighteenth Commandment."

"That's good, Auntie Belle! The Eighteenth Commandment! Thou shalt not drink."

Uncle George cleared his throat.

"Penny," he began, solemnly and a trifle uncertainly, "I've been doing a good bit of thinking about you lately. I don't know just how well fixed you are financially, but I must say that I think you have been spending a great deal more money on your aunt and me than you ought."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the young man. "I've had a lot of fun out of it, sir, and I only wish I could have found ways of spending more money and more time on you. You see, I've never really had the chance to get even with you for all the jolly times you and Auntie Belle gave me when I was a kid."

"You've given us a wonderful time in London, Denny," broke in Aunt Belle quickly. "You've been perfectly dear to us. If there's anything in London that you haven't shown us, I'd like to know what it is. You've tramped your legs off ——"

"And I know we've kept you up long past your bedtime a great many nights, Penny," put in Uncle George dryly.

The reader of this narrative may have observed by now that young Mr. Yorke's uncle called him Penny for short while his aunt called him Denny. This should not be the cause of confusion, nor should it be laid to faulty typography. Uncle George, a straightforward, unoriginal person, apparently had deemed it unnecessary to go beyond the first syllable for a nickname. Aunt Belle, more imaginative, more delicate, delved deeper into the patronym for her pet diminutive. He was therefore both Penny and Denny—and once in a while, to his fond mother, Pennydenny.

"And you've been so stubborn about letting us do our share of paying, with all the money we've got," said the old lady, frankness itself. "There is not the slightest reason in the world why you should always be buying the theater tickets and hiring the motor cars and paying for meals in these expensive restaurants, and you know it. We've been a terrible drain on you, Denny."

He squeezed her hand.

"You're my people, Aunt Belle—you and Uncle George. I've not been a very good nephew, racketing about the world the way I do and thinking of myself most of the time instead of being"—he checked the word "nice" in time—"instead of neglecting you. That is to say, in the matter of ——"

"My dear boy," she cried, "you have not neglected us. You have your own life to live, and you must live it as you find it. Neglected us? I should say not! Think of the dozens of long, wonderful letters you have written us from all those out-of-the-way places—places your Uncle George had never heard of until you ——"

"See here!" interrupted Uncle George.

"Well, you hadn't, George. You said so yourself. Had you ever heard of that native village in British East Africa before Denny wrote that he'd been there and had witnessed a royal marriage—the time the king beheaded all his old wives and took on a new lot of twenty or thirty, all in a bunch? Had you?"

"Of course, I hadn't. Nobody else had ever heard of it, either. Not even Penny."

"And just think, Denny," she went on, dismissing the subject that abruptly, "you are paid a certain amount for every word you write for the magazines. I suppose you must have wasted four or five thousand words on us. I don't know how much it would amount to if you figured it up at your regular rates; but quite a sum, I'm sure. You gave us all that for nothing; it was almost like money out of your own pocket, so ——"

Her nephew interrupted her with a good, hearty laugh.

"You'll be the death of me, Auntie Belle!" he cried. "You think of more ways to make me feel as if I were a spendthrift! Now, really, that is a good one—me wasting five thousand marketable words on you!"

She smiled up into his bronzed, handsome face.

"They were priceless to us, Denny," she said. Then her eyes—as they had done no end of times during the fortnight—swept his tall, strong, clean-cut figure, and her mind went, as always, back to that long dead father of his, for he, too, was a fine figure of a man, and handsome.

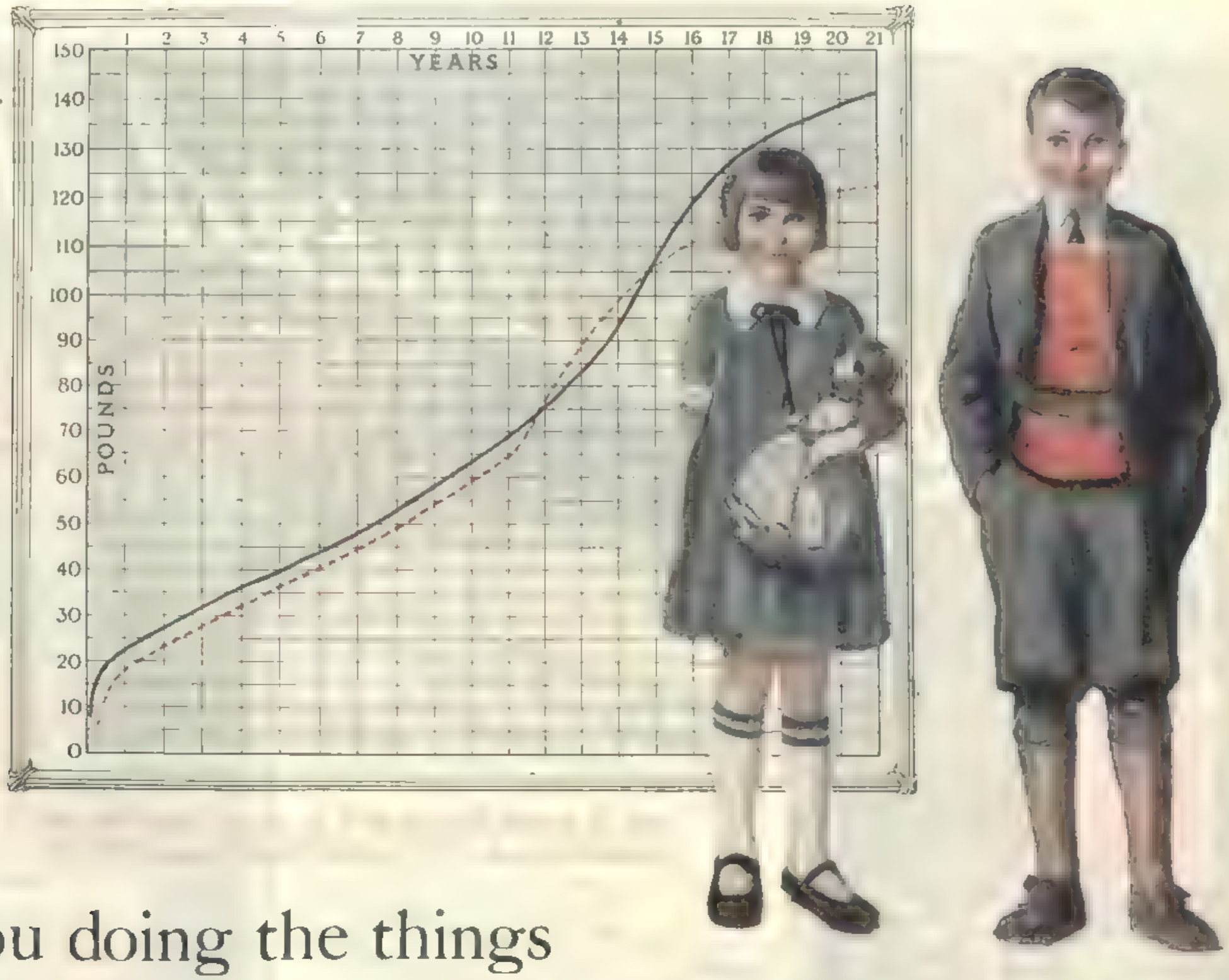
Here Uncle George suddenly and somewhat peremptorily cleared his throat again. It was quite evident that he had something on his mind.

"As I was saying, Pendennis, you have undoubtedly been living at a—er—I mean, in a rather extravagant manner. The—er—present high cost of everything—rent, food, clothing and all that—must make it—er ——"

"Say it, George," commanded his wife, her eyes sparkling. "Don't hem and haw and ——"

"Well, what I was about to say," blurted out Uncle George as his hand shot quickly

(Continued on Page 43)



Are you doing the things which will help your children hold their own in life?

YOUR own life has shown you how largely the habits and daily lessons of childhood affect the welfare of later years.

Your children are plastic, as you were. Your words, your actions, are moulding them to a degree which you perhaps do not realize.

You want these children to be strong, robust, healthy. You want them to grow big. Your own life has taught you the value of health and strength. Are you doing the things, now, which will insure for them their utmost development?

The schools are doing their best, with limited means and influence. Your influence is so much stronger, more intimate, more continuous. You have complete control of the hours most important in building health and strength—mealtime, the play hours, the sleeping hours. The schools can only suggest the proper rules. You can enforce these rules—or by thoughtlessness and indulgence destroy the effects of this wise teaching.

Schools Give this Warning!

One of the rules which the schools most strongly advocate is to avoid the use of caffein. This is not based on theory, but on the many investigations which show caffein to be definitely harmful. One such investigation showed that children who were allowed caffein averaged 1½ pounds to 4 pounds less in weight, and ½ inch to 1 inch less in height than those who took no caffein. The caffein drinking children ranked from 2.6 per cent to 29.6 per cent lower in their school lessons than those who took no caffein.

Such investigations, bear in mind, show only the immediate and most apparent effects of caffein on children. They do not show its effects on the delicate nervous system of a child, or the accumulated result of these subnormal conditions, in later life.

You can very easily see that your children escape from the effects of caffein by giving them in its place a drink which they will instantly like. You can see that they get the milk which the schools so strongly recommend, even if your children are among the many who do not like the taste of milk. Give them Instant Postum, made with milk!

Make this Test for their Sake!

Postum is *all wheat*—whole wheat and bran, sweetened a trifle and skillfully roasted. It contains only the elements of this body-building grain. Instant Postum is prepared just as easily with hot milk as with boiling water. It is remarkably convenient—made instantly in the cup. It has the full, delicious flavor of roasted wheat—a flavor which makes it the favorite drink in 2,000,000 homes—with the *added* nourishment of milk. Then, too, this satisfies the children's desire to have the same drink as the grown-ups—and it is a *warm* drink such as you like to give them before they start for school.

We want you to make Instant Postum the mealtime drink of your children for thirty days. Incidentally, doesn't it strike you that the proven rule for the children would be a good rule for the rest of the family, too? We will have Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing Instant Postum with milk as well as in other delicious ways. And we will give you, free, a full week's supply of Postum to start you on this thirty-day test.

Do your children measure up to the standards shown in the chart? To get them there—to *keep* them there—accept Carrie Blanchard's offer now!

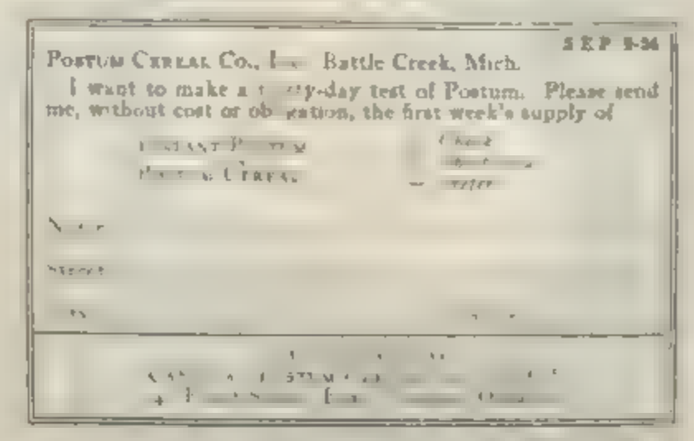
Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

TEAR THIS OUT—MAIL IT NOW



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extra-large size
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for heavy duty
on multi-tube
sets and
power amplifiers.
New low Price
$4.75

(Continued from Page 40)

to the inside pocket of his dinner coat and drew forth a neatly folded slip of paper, "is this: We'd like to make you a little present, your aunt and I would. It's a—ah—it's an egg."

"An egg?" gasped his nephew.

"He means a nest egg," explained Aunt Belle.

"Of course, I do. A small nest egg."

With that he hastily tucked the bit of paper under the edge of Pendennis' coffee cup and gave vent to a sharp sigh of relief. They were having coffee now in a corner of the lounge. Self-consciously, he turned his head and proceeded to relight his cigar, affecting an unconcern he did not feel.

The slip of paper was a check for five thousand pounds.

Later on, Aunt Belle said to her protesting nephew, "You've worked hard and you deserve a rest, Denny. Take a year off, dear. Stop working for a living for a little while. Don't pay any attention to what George says about putting it aside for a rainy day. You've already had your rainy days. Go out, my dear boy, and blow it in, as we say out in Montana."

"See something of the world," beamed Uncle George fatuously.

"See something of the world?" cried Pendennis Yorke with a groan. "Bless your heart, Uncle George, I've seen so much of the world already that I'm sick of it. What I want to do, and what I intend to do, is to settle down where I can't see any farther than across the street."

"Aha! I smell a rat! I suspect you are thinking of getting married!" exclaimed his uncle. "That's just what all young fellows say when they contemplate matrimony."

"You ought not to put such notions into my head, sir. Getting married is a great deal more dangerous than exploring Darkest Africa."

"It's time you were getting married, Denny," said Aunt Belle, shaking her head. "You are thirty-two, going on thirty-three."

"You forget, Auntie Belle, that I've already been married and divorced," he said, a whimsical twist to his lips and a soft chuckle in his throat.

"Oh, goodness gracious! That doesn't count!" she cried. "It was just a nice, clever trick and nothing more."

"A gentlemanly trick," declared Uncle George.

"You did it to be obliging," said his aunt.

"And if I were you, Pendennis," said his uncle, pursing his lips, "I should destroy that snapshot photograph. She was an extremely pretty young woman, and if I'm any judge of things, she's somebody else's wife by this time. You oughtn't to be carrying a snapshot of somebody else's wife around in your pocketbook, my lad. It isn't proper. Suppose something happened to you—just suppose, for instance, you were killed or became very ——"

"For heaven's sake, George, don't say such a thing!" cried Aunt Belle sharply.

"I'm only supposing," explained her husband. "And suppose they were to find her picture on your person. Why, it might prove to be very embarrassing to a perfectly innocent and respectable young wife. Especially as the picture reveals you in the act of kissing her hand on a railway platform."

"And a perfectly strange young woman at that," said Aunt Belle, a lively thrill in her voice.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed the young man. "That was a great day. I've had a lot of adventures, Uncle George; but that was the strangest of them all, and the most unreal. I wonder if I have forgotten to explain that she knew nothing about the snapshot that Higbee took. I have an idea that she doesn't know to this day that it is in existence. I didn't know it myself till Higbee sprung it on me a week afterward."

"You really and truly never saw her after that day?" inquired his aunt, in whose soul still dwelt the spirit of romance.

"More than that," said he, "I never saw her before that day."

"Well, it all goes to prove," said Uncle George didactically, "what a dickens of a mess civilization would be in if the Bolsheviks had their way."

"The very idea of people being married without a clergyman or a ring or—or anything," said Aunt Belle. "It's indecent!"

Pendennis absently flicked the ash from his cigar. A dreamy look had come into his deep gray eyes.

"She was an uncommonly pretty girl, my wife was," he said musingly. "About the prettiest girl I've ever seen. And so frightened and nervous and apprehensive she could only whisper 'I take this man to be my husband,' or words to that effect. She was really pathetic, Aunt Belle. I wonder what has become of her. I dare say she's somewhere in this big old world—happy, I hope—and no doubt laughing over that quick little dive into matrimony. That's just what it was like—a dive. She plunged right in and popped right out again, just as one does when he dives into the water."

"And then being divorced in that way," went on old-fashioned Aunt Belle, fluttering her handkerchief before her scandalized nose. "Horrible!"

Her nephew laughed.

"A perfect example of the end justifying the means," said he.

"You've never told us her name, Penny," remarked his uncle.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. It wasn't necessary. Moreover, I wasn't interested. I dare say she's forgotten my name. Let me see—it was five years ago. That's a long time to remember the name of a man you were married to for less than seven hours. Come to think of it, Higbee confessed that she didn't even go to the trouble of using her own name when she took me as a temporarily convenient husband. I was obliged to use my right name, of course—so, you see, she had quite a decided advantage of me. In order for her to get the passport it was necessary for her to be the wife of a bona-fide, properly credentialed American citizen. For a matter of six or seven hours she was an American subject."

"Yes, but she wasn't really married to you—not legally, I mean," protested his aunt.

"Oh, yes, she was. According to the social laws in force during Bela Kun's brief reign, she was married to me. Lord, how they simplified marriage over there in Hungary in those days! Wasn't even necessary to court a girl, or be engaged to her, or anything old-fashioned like that. You just saw a girl you felt like marrying and you put it up to her, either politely or arbitrarily. If you used the right sort of persuasion, she'd say yes. If she seemed reluctant you either grabbed her by the hair and said 'Come along now,' or you cast your eyes up and down the street until you saw someone else that looked promising. It didn't much matter if she was already married, you see, Auntie Belle. If she took a fancy to you she could divorce her husband in two shakes of a lamb's tail, and that was all there was to it."

"Well, anyhow, Denny, you were a gentleman about it," said the old lady proudly. "That's more than a lot of those ruffians were, I'm sure."

Something like a spasm of pain flitted across the young man's face.

"Yes, it was hellish out there, auntie," he said, after a moment. "Worse even than it was in Russia, I was told. Thank God, it didn't last long. They kicked Bela and his so-called government out in a couple of months. There were enough Hungarian gentlemen left to do that."

"What name did she give when she married you?" persisted Uncle George, who, once he had his mind set on a thing, was as nagging as a yellow jacket.

Pendennis stretched his long legs out, and clasping his hands behind his head, leaned back in the chair. He blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling before speaking.

"Good thing we decided not to go to the theater tonight," he drawled. "This is a nice, warm, jolly place for you to spend your last evening in London. It's beastly outside. Coldest night of the year, they say. Of course, it wouldn't be called cold in New York—thirty-five above, I believe it is—but somehow it goes right to your bones and ——"

"You don't feel as though you were taking cold, do you, Denny?" said his aunt anxiously.

"I told you not to sit with your back to the open window in the taxi," said his uncle, reverting to form.

"There you go!" cried the young man. "I must say I'm disappointed in you, Aunt Belle. You never used to worry about me when I was a kid. That was Uncle George's job—and, by Jove, he's still on it! No, sir-ree! I'm just happy and comfortable, and, I suppose, a trifle impressed with my own importance. I've never felt quite comfortable or at home in this part of the Savoy before. Never felt like just crossing my legs and glaring back at all these potentates"—he indicated a near-by captain of waiters and a couple of liveried flunkies—"when they give me the haughty, supercilious once-over, as much as to say, 'What the devil are you doing 'ere, you impecunious blighter, sitting on our chairs and using up our hatmosphere?' But with five thousand pounds in my jeans —— Well, if the king were to walk through here now I'd probably stroll up to him and say, kind of carelesslike, 'I say, George, old man, wot's the rush? Come over 'ere and meet the Emperor and Empress of Montana!' You don't feel anywhere near so comfortable and cozy here with twenty shillings in your pocket as you do with five thousand pounds."

"Guineas," corrected Uncle George. "It calls for guineas, not pounds, my boy."

"Bless my soul! I'm richer than I thought I was. We'll have another glass of cognac, Uncle George—no, let's have a beaker or a flagon of it."

"Be sensible, Denny," scolded his aunt.

"Yes, and tell me the name of the girl," commanded his uncle.

The new plutocrat sighed resignedly.

"No use, I see. Well, the name she gave—I've got it written on the back of that snapshot print, with the date and everything—was Rosa Schmitz."

"Good gracious! A German?"

"No, auntie. You see, it wasn't her real name. I guess I've been rather sketchy about the little affair over there in Budapest. I suppose you'd like to hear the true story of how the pretty little white girl succeeded in getting away from the ugly Reds. Well, there isn't much to it. I met Higbee in Athens shortly after the war ended. He had been in our consular service. Man about thirty-five, I should say. Splendid chap. He was hanging around Athens, waiting for instructions from Washington. We saw a lot of each other and I got to know him very well. I was on my way to Palestine, but was held up in Greece for six or eight weeks while the powers that be were trying to straighten out the boundary tangle. Well, I finally got off and spent a couple of tiresome months—looking for that well-known Biblical joke called the Garden of Eden. You probably noticed what I had to say about the former home of our forbears, Adam and Eve. It's not what it's cracked up to be.

"But that's another story. When I got back to Saloniki I heard of the revolution in Hungary and the overthrow of the government by Bela Kun and his Reds. So I made a bee line for Vienna and subsequently managed to get down to Budapest. Strange to say, Bela wasn't slamming the door in the face of any American who happened to knock for admittance. I dare say he figured on making Red converts of us.

"Well, I ran across Higbee first thing. He was connected with some sort of commission from the States, and he'd been through the whole blooming picnic. One day he came around to my lodgings and told me a seemingly incredible yarn about what he'd been doing to aid a no inconsiderable portion of feminine Hungary to get safely out of the Bolshevik-infested country. But it wasn't incredible at all, as I soon found out. He and two or three other Americans were doing what you might call a land-office business in matrimony. As I explained the other day, all a man and a woman had to do under the Bolshevik system was to declare in the presence of a witness or two that they considered themselves man and wife and the ceremony was over. They were able to divorce each other with similar ease.

"Higbee calmly informed me that within the month he had been married fourteen times to fourteen different young women. By that bit of amiability on his part, fourteen young Hungarian women of the upper classes were transformed into American citizens and were therefore entitled to privileges and protection denied their unfortunate sisters. He did exactly what I did in the case of Rosa Schmitz. He escorted each of his wives straight to the proper officials and obtained a passport for Mrs. Ethelbert Higbee, American citizen. This permitted her to leave Hungary and —— Well, that was the game. Just as soon as the passport was signed and delivered to her, off she and Higbee went to be divorced. As I said before, divorce was as simple and as unconventional as marriage. All they had to do was to renounce each other and zip! they were free. See how simple it was, Auntie Belle? Doesn't it make you sore to think that if we had laws like that in the U. S. A. you could have sacked Uncle George the first time he gave you any back talk? Don't scowl, Uncle George. You could have done the same thing to her.

"Higbee came to see me on business—very urgent business, he said. There was a young lady of his acquaintance who just simply had to get out of Hungary. So he asked me to be a good fellow and marry her. He said he'd marry her himself if it weren't for the fact that the authorities were beginning to act as if they were a little suspicious of him. Fourteen Mrs. Higbee passports issued in a month! It was a bit thick. Fortunately the Bolsheviks were too busy shooting the bourgeoisie to notice anything else, so he got away with it for a month or so without being interfered with. 'Anything to comfort a lady in distress,' said I to Higbee, carelessly, just like the debonair hero in the romantic novel. I even flicked the ash off my cigarette, and no doubt I yawned slightly.

"Well, to shorten the story, he told me to be at a certain place at a certain hour the next morning and he'd introduce me to my fiancée. I was there on the second—not because I was eager to meet the young lady but because I had a lot of work piling up on me and I wanted to get the ceremony over with. It looked as if I were doomed to waste five or six hours getting married and divorced. The principal delay, of course, would be in securing the passport. I would have to take my wife to the state department, accompanied by someone from the consul's office to vouch for me; and then, if the officials weren't watching a procession of aristocrats going to jail, we'd have the passport in no time. They did such things as that in a hurry."

He paused to gaze abstractedly at the ceiling. The hand that held his freshly lighted cigarette was arrested in its progress and remained fixed some distance from his lips.

"Did she come?" inquired Aunt Belle, somewhat breathlessly. "I mean, was she on time?"

"I was a few minutes ahead of time," said he, coming back to earth. "We were to meet at the office of an advocate in a little side street not far from what used to be known as the Magnates' Quarter, the fashionable part of the city. I had been there about ten minutes when she came in, accompanied by Higbee and an elderly couple who seemed to be servants or retainers of a rather high order. The five of us repaired to a small back room, where I was introduced to my prospective spouse. I confess I was completely bowled over when I had my first glimpse of her face. She was young—not more than eighteen—and really the loveliest creature I've ever seen.

"Rosa Schmitz! Bunk! She was a fairy princess, Aunt Belle. No use in me trying to describe her to you. I couldn't. It's not in my line. I'm trained to describe the things that are real. Well, she just simply wasn't real, that's all.

"I shall only tell you that she was fairly tall—about to my shoulder, and I'm over six feet—slim and graceful, with the carriage of a thoroughbred. Nothing plebeian or common about Miss Rosa Schmitz, believe me. She was rather shabbily dressed, to be sure. That's the sort of clothes all the women wear in Austria and Hungary. But it was neat and had once been smart. Same with her out-of-date hat. Afterwards it occurred to me that the gown hadn't been made for her, but for an older person. Cast off or handed down by some friend or relation. All I can tell you about her features is that she had big dark-blue eyes, and they were full of pain and anxiety. She wasn't nervous, however. She had all the pluck and self-possession of a true-blue thoroughbred. Her face was white and thin, not from illness, but from hunger and no doubt trouble."

"Poor child!" murmured Aunt Belle.

"Aye, poor child," echoed her nephew. "I had the queerest feeling, Auntie Belle. All of a sudden it came over me that I ought to pick her up in my arms and start off afoot for France or England, where she'd be safe."

"Umph!" grunted Uncle George.

"You wouldn't have grunted like that if you'd been there to see her," retorted his nephew.

"Or if he'd been as young as you were," added Aunt Belle, putting on the finishing touch.

"My wedding didn't amount to much. We just simply shook hands and said we were pleased to meet each other, and then

Watch This Column

"No man can produce great things unless he is thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself."—LOWELL.

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WILL H. HAYS

I'd rather pin a rose on a man while he lives, and is able to appreciate its perfume, than send it to him after he is dead, when he isn't able to appreciate anything. I am carrying out the idea here in publicly expressing my thanks to WILL H. HAYS for what he has done for the moving-picture industry—particularly with relation to clean pictures which the whole family can see and enjoy. To this great work he has brought the same earnest effort and intelligence which characterized his fine campaign for President Harding, and his reorganization of the post-office department as Postmaster-General.

MR. HAYS realizes, as we all do, that the moving-picture is a great source of entertainment and education. I have given him every co-operation in his campaign for clean pictures, and many months ago I instructed all my directors to make only those pictures which please and refresh the mind.

And looking at the splendid pictures which Universal has produced, and which are now before the public, I am pleased to note the prevalence of clean, fine romance—such as ***"The Signal Tower,"*** a railroad romance with charming VIRGINIA VALLI in the leading role; ***"The Reckless Age"*** with REGINALD DENNY and a splendid cast of players, and ***"The Turmoil"*** headed by GEORGE HACKATHORNE and an excellent cast.

Keep your eyes open for ***"The Family Secret"*** made from Augustus Thomas' great stage play and the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. And don't forget to see ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."***

By the way—don't fail to see ***"Love and Glory,"*** which has just completed a long and successful run at the Lyric Theatre, New York City, at legitimate theatre prices.

Have you seen any of the JACK DEMPSEY ***"Fight and Win"*** pictures? If so, what do you think of them?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

Higbee called the advocate in. I've forgotten to state that she spoke perfect English, with just the slightest accent. She had a very nice soft voice, which trembled a little in spite of her efforts to control it. Higbee prompted both of us. He had had a lot of experience and he knew the ropes. All I had to say was 'I take you, Rosa, for my wife,' and she said—let me see, just how did she put it?" He frowned thoughtfully.

"'Same here,' would have been the quickest way," said Uncle George, attempting to be facetious, when he really didn't feel that way at all.

"She said, 'I accept you, Pendennis Yorke, as my husband, according to the law.' Didn't overlook the loophole, do you see? I waited for the advocate to pronounce us man and wife, but nothing happened. He simply shook hands with us, gave each of us his business card for future reference and said good-by very politely. Higbee gave him an American dollar and he almost dropped dead. He was suddenly a rich man. We started off at once to get the passport. It was quite a distance, so I hired a taxi. Horrible extravagance! Cost me a quarter! Higbee went with us—as chaperon, I fancy. I invited my wife and my best man to have luncheon with me. She declined. Said she couldn't think of imposing on my generosity any further. But Higbee—who loves to eat at someone else's expense—persuaded her to change her mind. Then she had me order the driver of our vehicle—you should have seen that taxi!—she had me order him to turn around and drive back over the route we had come. This was to pick up the old couple who had witnessed the marriage. She frankly informed me that they were far more in need of a good square meal than she was.

"We found them and, to my amazement, they both were in tears. I don't know what she said to them, but evidently they were pleased. They actually beamed as they bowed to me over and over again, jabbering away in the Magyar tongue. She informed me that she had instructed them to join us at one o'clock at a restaurant across the way from the opera house. Then she rather timidly, hesitatingly suggested that we make haste; she was most eager to have the passport in her possession. I remember her saying—and I felt very proud of the way she looked up at me with her big blue confiding eyes—'Only an American gentleman could be trusted as I am trusting you, Mr. Yorke. According to the law I belong to you. I am not so sure that there are many men would permit me to forget it.'

"Well, we got the passport permitting Mrs. Pendennis Yorke to leave the country and travel whither she willed. Then the five of us had luncheon. My wife was not talkative. She was silent, anxious, uneasy, I could see. And, hang it all, she seemed to grow lovelier every minute. Even Higbee noticed that. I'll never forget her face—never. Of course, she's five years older now—if she's still alive—and may have lost some of her girlish, tender loveliness; but I doubt it. The chances are that the few years have ripened and glorified her. Rosa Schmitz! Begad, Aunt Belle, she actually had to hide a smile with her hand when she gave that name!"

"She may have been a royal princess in disguise," murmured his aunt in an ecstasy of imagination.

"Incognito, my dear — incognito," corrected her husband tersely. He had just discovered that his cigar had gone out again.

"Luncheon over, we stood around awkwardly for a little while, not knowing exactly how to begin divorce proceedings. Ridiculous, wasn't it, auntie? I mean the whole business. Here we were, a couple of civilized, decent people who believed devoutly in the sacredness of marriage who —"

"Get on with your story, Penny," interrupted his uncle. "What did you do next?"

"Higbee had an idea. He suggested that it would be quite proper, and at the same time gallant of me, if I were to take Mrs. Yorke to a motion-picture show before we got divorced. He could think of no better way for us to spend our honeymoon under the circumstances. Besides, it wasn't really necessary for us to be divorced before dinner that evening, unless, of course, one of us happened to have a previous engagement. It was then that I learned she expected to catch a seven o'clock train for Bukharest, over in Rumania. She was a little doubtful at first, but finally said she thought it would be good fun. So—I took my bride to the cinema. She went to sleep in the middle of it. I am obliged to confess that her poor, sleepy little head dropped over against my shoulder."

"Oh, dear!" sighed his aunt.

"You must have been horribly embarrassed," said his uncle, grinning.

"I have never sat through a more thrilling picture," said Denny quaintly. "But we will skip the minor details. I had to shake her quite violently—it seemed to me cruelly—in order to wake her when the show was over. You see, she hadn't had a wink of sleep in forty-eight hours, Auntie Belle. When we came out of the theater we found the old couple waiting for us. She didn't seem to be the least bit surprised. Just smiled, thanked me for the treat—ye gods, the only treat she had out of it was an hour's sleep!—and said good-by. I reminded her of dinner. I'll swear I caught a sort of devil-may-care flash in her eyes, as much as to say to the old couple 'Stop me if you can!' They engaged in a brief argument in which it was quite evident that she came out on top.

"The old people, after first shaking their heads and eying me with some disfavor, suddenly ceased their harangue and wilted. I never saw such a change. The old man bent his knee and put his hand to his heart, the old woman following suit. It seemed to me that they looked a trifle scared. As for my wife, she stood very straight and imperious before them for a moment or two, and then calmly turned to me. 'I see no reason why I should not have dinner with my husband,' she said, rather defiantly, it seemed to me. Then, without more ado, she said she would meet me at the same restaurant at six o'clock. If I would excuse her, she would be off now to pack her bags. I offered to take her home in a taxi. She politely but firmly declined. Very sweet and gentle about it, of course; but firm. Then off she went, trailed by the old couple. I had the decency not to follow. I despise a man who spies on his wife, don't you, Auntie Belle?"

Aunt Belle started.

"Why, really, Denny, I—I ——"

"What I'd like to know," put in Uncle George hastily, "is whether you held her hand while you were in that dark theater."

"You forget, Uncle George," said Denny, raising his eyebrows, "that about the first thing she did after the ceremony was to boast of the fact that she was married to an American gentleman."

"Ahem! Quite so—eh, quite so," stammered Uncle George. "Can't you take a joke?"

"The old men are the worst," said Aunt Belle scathingly.

"Oh, now see here!" began Uncle George, but subsided when both his wife and his nephew began to laugh heartily over his discomfiture.

Pendennis resumed his story.

"We had dinner, just the two of us—the best that could be obtained in Hungary at that time, if I do say it as shouldn't. My wife was charming. She cast off much of the reserve that had marked her earlier manner and became quite gay and chatty. There was color in her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes. She was thrilled and excited and naturally apprehensive over the prospect ahead of her. She wondered whether the passport would really get her safely out of the country, and very much doubted my vainglorious statement that Uncle Sam would blow Mr. Kun off the map if he molested an American subject.

"I found that she was familiar with Paris and London and all the great European capitals. She had spent a winter in St. Petersburg when she was a little girl, and another on the Riviera. She was frightfully interested in some of my experiences, by the way. Seems that Higbee had told her I was a globe-trotter. I'm sure he told her a good many lies. But she froze up like a clam when I tried to find out something about herself. Just simply implored me to forgive her, but she couldn't talk about herself or her people or her past."

"I just know she was a duchess or something," said Aunt Belle positively. "You don't suppose she could have been the Crown Princess of Russia—the Czar's daughter?"

He shook his head.

"Well, just as we were getting on famously with each other—we had got to the demi-tasse stage—she suddenly arose from the table.

"'My train leaves at seven, Mr. Yorke,' she said, blushing like fury, a very pretty picture of confusion. 'I—I think the time has come for us to—to be divorced.' I got up and bowed very gallantly. 'Permit me to suggest, Mrs. Yorke, that the safest time for me to divorce you would be just as you are stepping aboard the train. I could then charge you with desertion. And besides,' I went on, 'if by chance someone undertook to stop you, I would still be your husband and could even ride up the line a short distance with you.' She agreed to put off the divorce till the last minute, but she wouldn't listen to me getting on the train with her. So I took her to the East Station in the Kerepeser-Strasse. There we found Higbee and the old couple. The latter were in charge of my wife's luggage—a lot of bags, bundles and boxes, all of them freshly labeled, 'Mrs. Pendennis Yorke, U. S. A.'

"The sun was still high at seven o'clock. The same little advocate came up and joined us. Just as she stepped aboard, after bidding the old couple a tearful good-by, she held out her hand to me, shoulder high, mind you, and palm down. I took the hint and did what I was expected to do. I took it in mine and kissed it. On the knuckles, I remember. Then she said, quite distinctly, 'I renounce you as my husband, Pendennis Yorke. I am no longer your wife.' I stammered something to the same effect. Higbee got his snapshot from behind a pile of trunks, I believe. The last I saw of her was as the train pulled out. She looked out of the window of her compartment, blew me a kiss, waved her hand and—that's the end of the story, Auntie Belle. I hope, as they used to say in the story books, that, having got married, she lived happy ever afterwards."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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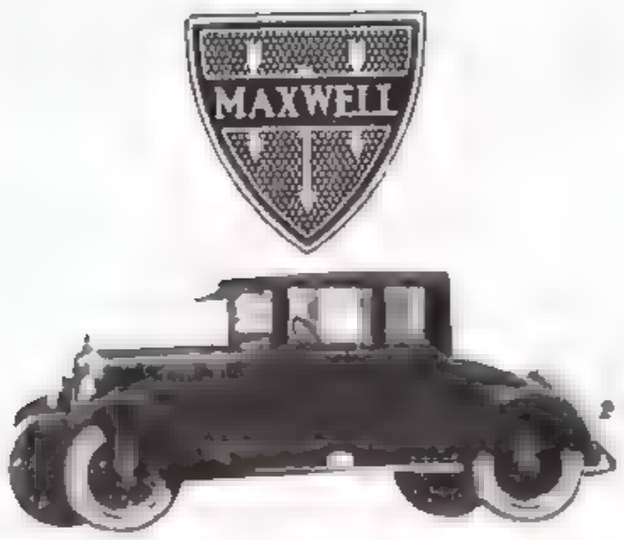

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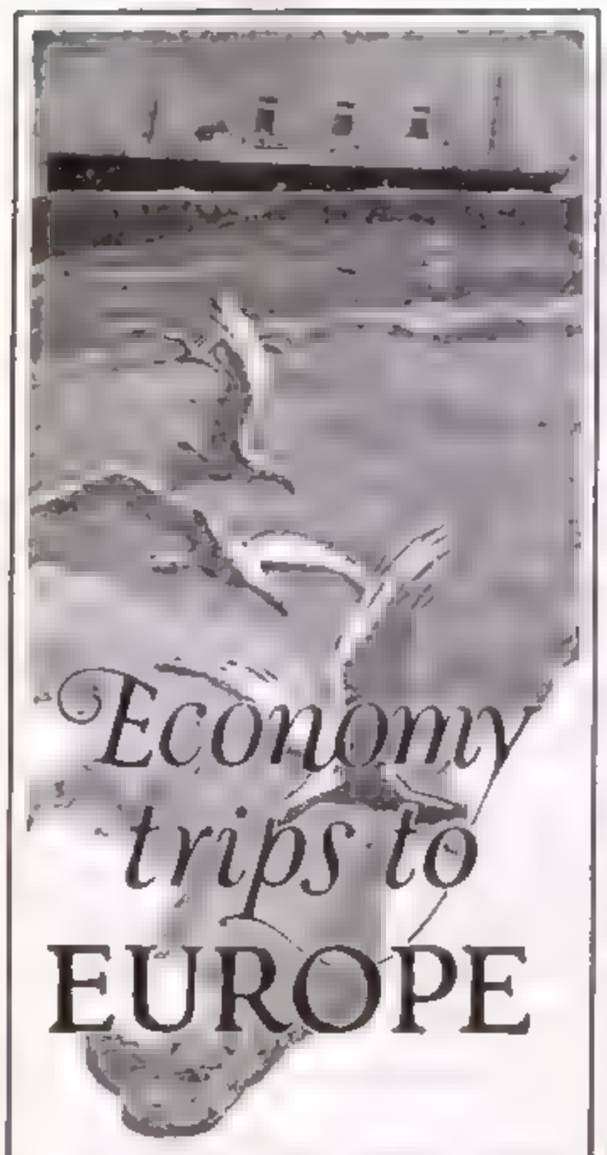

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BALISAND

(Continued from Page 25)

wasn't! He let her know that. He was Richard Bale, of the Bales of Balisand, married to Lucia Mathews, and sitting in the room with two of their children. He was faithful in every particular; he loved them with every instinct he possessed. I loved you, Lavinia—his thought had the agony of a desperate cry—and I put you away in my memory. Hadn't he once compared Lavinia with sweet lavender? I said good-by to you and what used to be. Don't you understand, it used to be, but never again. It's different now, not less, yet not the same . . . more the way things turned out.

What, he wondered, whom, was he addressing—a girl dead or himself? And he couldn't stay here much longer. He'd be missed; Lucia come up, looking for him. His face, he felt, was drawn and white; that, too, would be commented on. Why hadn't he stayed in the dining room with the rum! He had been cold before. Perhaps if he were drunk for the rest of his life —— Pleasant for Lucia. The old excuses, the familiar plans and resolutions, had left him. They were useless. Reason and logic were no good. Character, blood, went for nothing. He couldn't kill Lavinia. At that he was shocked - there was a duty to her. However, she showed little enough consideration for him. But, among other things, he'd have to stop thinking of her as a present, warm being. It was a bad, an upsetting, habit. He moved the chair, sharply, forgetful of the children, and there was a stir of bedclothes. Flora spoke in an unnatural tone:

"I'm frightened."

So was he, Richard thought; but instantly he reassured her.

"It's me, Flora. I came up just for a second and I'm going back right away. Go to sleep again."

But he had to touch her, rearrange the bed and smooth her pillow, before she was quieted Camilla continued to sleep magnificently Richard did, in reality, find a flask he had in a drawer. Brandy. However, it might as well have been water.

"Go to sleep, Flora, and have a pretty dream." She murmured that sometimes they weren't.

Below, he avoided Lucia, and soon he was at whist. When it was over, and he was at Balisand, an all-important decision lay before him. Now he didn't see how, but it must be accomplished; and not with vain self-promises and empty imposing conclusions. At last he would bring his unbearable situation to an end—some end; it didn't matter what. His desperation, before that certainty, approached indifference. Consequences to himself. 'Unimportant. A depression, mental and physical, made all living, all objectives, valueless.

"Game," Beverley announced. Richard shuffled. The incessant fiddling began to exasperate him.

"Damn that racket," he said unguardedly.

"Richard, Richard," Wiatt reproved him, "that's youth. Don't be so impatient. Dancing youth. Christopher's girl is marvelously well at it. Christopher's girl, Beverley; and Lucia has three. But I have a strawberry roan horse to cherish, unless Bale can find seven hundred dollars."

The work at Balisand, Richard's presence on horseback, silent, his face muffled, continued. He was exacting and harsh, not only with the negroes but at the house as well. This was the result of a necessity to compel an interest and attention in the affairs of his plantation Days and voices dragged interminably. What went on was meaningless, purely casual and without weight—a field filled or marsh, what did it matter? Holes in the lane were holes in the lane. Sand was sand, shifting, eternal, sterile. And after all Jefferson was elected, following the usual expedients and compromise, the universal political faithlessness to engagements and previous convictions. Bayard, of Delaware, who had the Federal course in hand, had failed to get Burr's assurance of future support, and turned his energies toward securing the Federal vote for Jefferson, who had agreed to preserve the navy, keep the army of Federal office-holders intact and make good the public credit; but not until the thirty-sixth ballot had this been successful

A great deal, Richard Bale told himself, was, for him, drawing to a close In the main, events went on unremarked until they accumulated to a point where they showed what, unsuspected, lay beyond. That, again, had happened. Where Lavinia was concerned he had arrived at no conclusion. The truth was that, in his present lassitude, he was incapable of mental action; what energy he had was exhausted by the small round through which he drove himself. The strawberry roan horse he bought from Bradlock, for seven hundred dollars; and Lucia was obviously pleased. She found the hunter, as he had planned, waiting for her at the door. And, with her skill, he had performed splendidly. Richard was conscious that she was still unobtrusively watching him, puzzled. How strong her recognition of their bond of flesh and spirit was! He had a feeling that there were whispers around him, inquiries, feminine anxiety, whenever he wasn't present, when he was uncommonly abrupt or peculiar.

A drift of warm days, a premonition of spring, followed an excessive cold; buds made their appearance with an effect of the instantaneous: the earth was soggy with water. Richard Bale, riding to the tavern, was aware of the sun on his hand. The score against him had been chalked on the wall of the tap room seven years ago; then, he would have been willing to bet a thousand dollars against Jefferson's election to President. That was the night the French cotillion had made its bow to Gloucester County. Its popularity had grown, too. Other forms of dancing, developments of the faster quadrilles and reels, were taking the place of the minuet. That required dignity and grace, attributes of breeding and leisure. Garland Mathews' dancing, applauded by Bradlock Wiatt, had amazed him with its boldness. He couldn't imagine, when his girls had grown up, what they would be about. He'd have something to say there, however: if women were universal they should, equally, remain always the same—a beginning innocence of childhood, a later nice gaiety of youth, and then their husbands, children and the duties of plantations.

He dismounted at the tavern, finding another horse, a heavy but admirable chestnut, in the shed, and he instinctively paused for inspection and approval. Richard didn't know the animal; he was not a familiar on the local roads. Balantine was in the tap room, and Richard passed through the door from the main place of general assembly. He went forward without attention and discovered himself to be facing Gawin Todd. There was an instinctive pause, a stiff interruption of movement, through which the tavern keeper watched with a close curiosity. Todd spoke first:

"We might as well acknowledge that we are both here. There's no harm in that. If it's agreeable to you, Bale, I'm glad of a chance to speak to you in what we would call private." Richard assented in a short adequate phrase. "We have been enemies, political enemies, a long while," Todd went more easily on. "I had as little confidence in your principles as you had in mine. You had a full opportunity to see the results of Federalism, and now, whether you want to or not, you can watch the Democratic-Republicans. I believe we are right, I believe in Thomas Jefferson; but the proof, one way or the other, will come along. You ought to be willing to meet that fairly."

"Where I'm concerned," Bale replied, "one now is as rotten as the other. You speak of the Federal party as though it were still alive, but it isn't. The Federals and the Republicans have allied, and a bastard is the result. That doesn't excite me I have retired from political heats. I don't mind saying I've been retired."

His animosity for Gawin Todd, it was impressed on him, was unabated; he meant animosity in its minute individual traits—tone and clothes and bearing. A strange brother to Charles!

"Bastard is not the word of a man without heat," Todd remarked. "But it was allowable once; politics was spoken of that way, and it needn't make fresh issue here. Our trouble is so old, so buried, it occurred to me we might drop it altogether. Don't misunderstand me; it isn't in my mind we'd ever be companions. That's not necessary, since I'll live in Washington and you at Balisand. No, we'll hardly ever see each other; but that's no reason why we shouldn't speak decently on the road. And, if only on Ava's account, I should appreciate it if you would stop at Todd Hundred and see her, when it is convenient . . . for us."

"When you are not there," Richard said sharply. "Did it occur to you that I might leave by the back door when you came in at the front? Is it your idea that Todd Hundred is yours? It belonged and belongs, for me, to Charles, and he told me never to come back. What I have lost with Ava, and it was a great deal, I must do with. So far as our speaking on the road goes, I'm not aware it has ever been interrupted. We are speaking now, and you admit more than that is undesirable. I can't understand what the devil you are after."

"I said speak decently," Todd repeated, "and your what the devil does not come under that, even with the fullest allowance for your habit of cursing."

Richard's coldness of anger began; he had, within him, the sensation of water congealing into ice. He turned away, to Balantine.

"I came to discharge my debt—a hundred dollars if Jefferson was elected President." He gave the money to the proprietor of the tavern.

"You'll perhaps remember, Mr. Bale," he remarked, "that I said when Jefferson is President, and not if. But you would have it the other way." He picked up a wet cloth and wiped the engagement from the wall. He was, he said, sorry to see it go; he'd gladly pay back the money to keep it there. "The talk over it sold many and many a glass of rum," he asserted. "And it was a part of the old times, when the cellar was lively with gentlemen at hazard and cards. It's dark now more often than not. But I won't complain—I'll make you my compliments, Mr. Todd, that to-day, for taverns, is better. You said it would be. The other is just a natural regret, for years when Mr. Bale of Balisand didn't have to walk with a cane, when he'd see a hundred silver pounds roll away with the dice—yes, twice that—and not a blink of the eye."

A sudden thought animated him, took him to the back of the tap room.

"I have an anker of old Charente brandy," he explained. "It was here before me. The spigot hasn't been opened on it for ten years." He returned for two glasses. "If you will allow me."

Richard Bale deliberately surveyed the drink put in front of him. Gawin Todd was revolving the other undecidedly in his fingers.

"I am obliged," Bale finally addressed the tavern keeper; "I'll drink your brandy to the friends and enemies of America." Todd frowned.

"If I join you," he asserted, "you will have to make your meaning clear. Friends, enemies—which are which?"

Where Richard was involved, he said negligently, those definitions never changed.

"Is that personal?" Gawin Todd asked.

"The friends and enemies of the country," Richard repeated. "How, personally, you take it, will depend on your attitude toward America. If it is personal, it is, simply, that. But if the United States is only a field for ambitions and schemes, then you can drink as comfortably as possible." Todd's face was red with anger.

"In other words, this—if I'm a damned rascal! I don't happen to be; your opinion can't make or affect that. I was a fool, besides, to offer you any civility. I might have known how you'd take it, blind with vanity. You had it correct the second time—you were retired. Even the Federalists couldn't get along with you."

As Gawin Todd became more excited, Richard grew frigid.

"Certainly you haven't had to make the effort," he remarked. "And your beginning now is as useless as it's late."

This, Richard realized, was the appropriate moment for him to go; yet his annoyance, a disagreeable pertinacity of being, a reluctance at even the appearance of retreat, kept him staring directly at Todd.

"You can forget that," the other told him; "I as good as never said it. I'll put something else in its place: once, but for a calamity, you would have forced a duel on me; though it was Charles as well as you. I didn't believe in dueling then and I don't now. There is no need for me to be insulted by you. I could just as reasonably

(Continued on Page 48)

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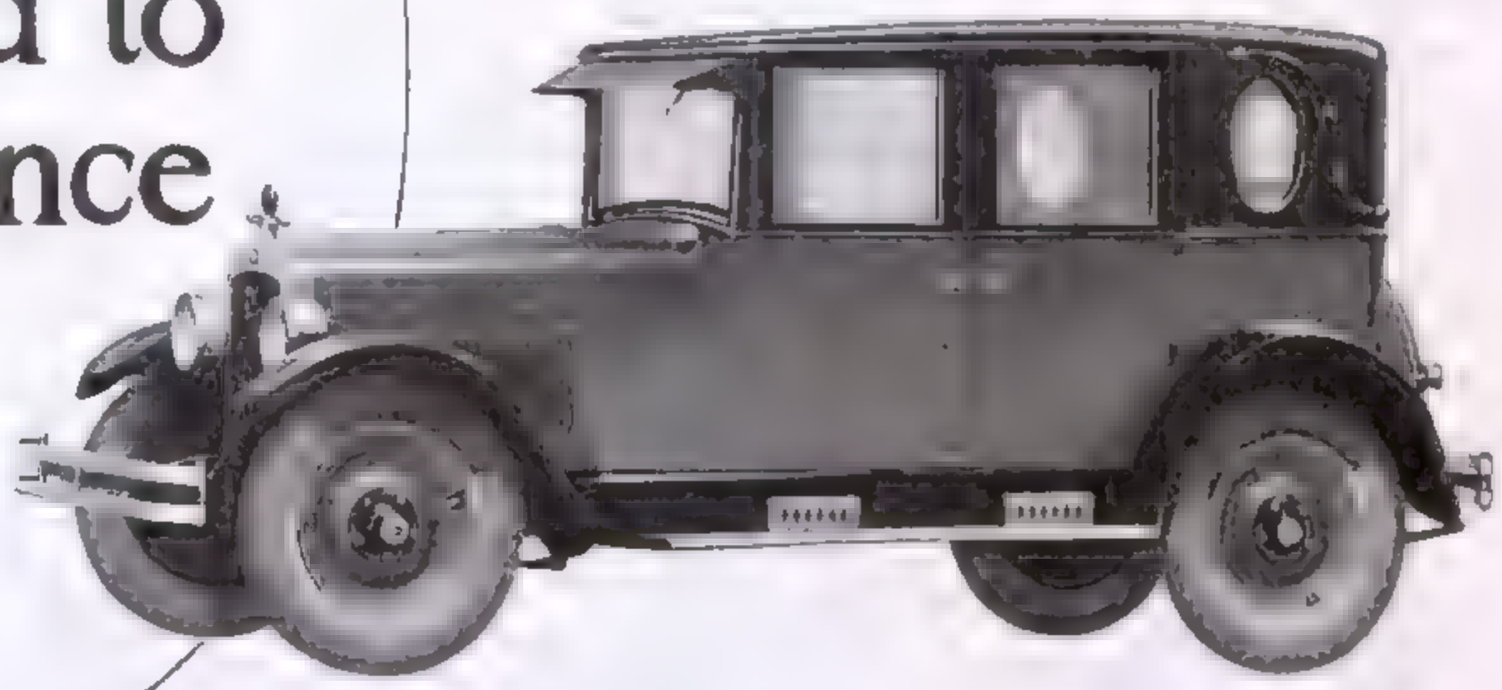

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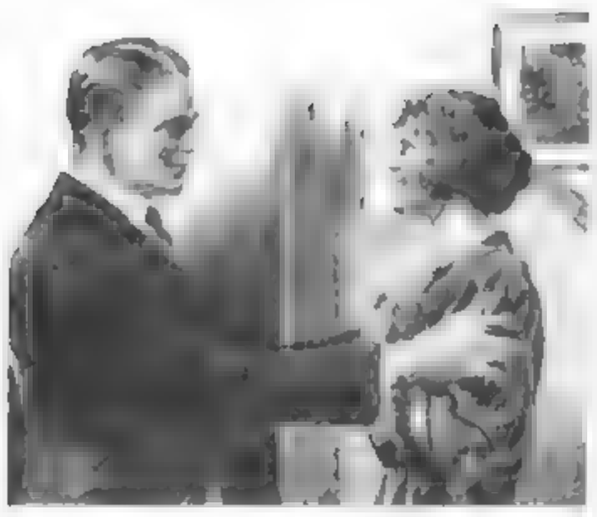

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Continued from Page 46

get mad at the shade of Governor Berkeley. Go back to where you belong, the seventeenth century and Balisand."

"You have a charming sentiment for your brother, for Charles," Richard's voice was measured. "But we must remember that honour never had a place in you. Really, you were bought to attack it." The proprietor of the tavern protested, "Gentlemen, gentlemen." No attention was paid him, and, after a visible hesitation, he abruptly quitted the room. "Charles is dead," Richard Bale went on; "fortunately, I think, since he is beyond the influence of what you've helped to bring about. Charles is dead and so is Lavinia ——"

He hadn't intended to speak of her; her name had come, on the sweep of his hatred, out of his subconscious preoccupation.

"Long back," Todd reminded him, "I thanked God she was safe from your hands. But you killed her for me, too."

Richard smiled into his face.

"You never had her," he answered. "Lavinia made a mistake, for a minute, about you." He added, at what was purely a venture, "After that first night at Todd Hundred you never had a finger on her dress."

It was, he saw, from the whiteness which had succeeded Gawin Todd's flush, true.

"One at a time," Todd said, "even with Lavinia and you." Here, finally, Richard knew to what he was addressed; Gawin Todd he was determined to kill.

"That was deliberate," he asserted quickly; "no one can say it to me, to Lavinia, and not pay its cost."

"I won't be dragged to a duel," Todd repeated. "I can damn you without standing up to be shot at, and my reason's impersonal—the Government of the United States."

"The United States, the Government," Richard echoed his phrase satirically. "Oh, yes, you'd be out of a place if you fought. How can you tell you would need it? You might be provided with one for—for life. I've heard you're religious. Perhaps I could get you a higher preferment. I'd be willing to at the price of a charge of powder and lead. It's worth no more."

"Between us, you are the worthless," Todd returned. "I see nothing to be gained standing and accepting your abuse."

Richard asked, "What would insult you?" Gawin Todd drew away, toward the door to the yard. "Nothing human." It was Bale, persisting. "I got Lavinia from you with no more than a cursing—and Lucia. You didn't quite realize that. It was almost too easy to be worth while. You impress girls with your noise, until they're beyond hearing you."

Todd came heavily back to where Richard Bale waited, leaning slightly on a table. Todd's breathing was hoarse, his face congested; his rage was so oppressive that he stuttered inarticulately. This was more promising, but Richard wasn't prepared for the heavy glass of brandy Todd threw into his face. The shock staggered him, flung him across the table. Recovering, blinded by the liquor in his eyes, he fumbled for his handkerchief. Wiping away the brandy and blood, a phrase returned to his mind—time had taken care of Gawin Todd.

He was, yet, unable to speak; with his vision cleared, he saw Todd, trembling violently, staring in an abject horror at the consequences of his lost control.

"I don't know how it happened," he said impotently. "I couldn't have—by heaven, I've ruined everything I was! You, out of hell!" Once more he was choked with emotion. "You're nothing," he said, after a struggle for words that clenched and knotted his hands; "life was done with you; it had kicked you out; you didn't matter, except to women and children; but I let you get me into a trap—because I offered you a friendly word. And now what'll happen? A filthy publicity and what I worked for all my life gone. I let a decayed shell, a thing without a heart, rob me."

His speech, to Richard Bale, was nothing more than the twistings of a venality at last brought to a corner. If Todd wasn't afraid of death, he dreaded the loss of his material chances and possessions. But Richard said nothing: speech, now, was highly irregular. A cut on his chin continued to bleed, on the whole he had had a fortunate escape. The glass of brandy offered him was still half full; and, with a steady hand, he lifted and drained it. There was one thing.

"Mr. Dalney will call on whom you may select," he instructed Gawin Todd. "The arrangement must be final; but, beyond that, everything will be in his hands."

Todd made no answer. He stood with a lowered head, loosely and appalled.

Again on horse, Richard avoided the direct road to Balisand; it was necessary to get his thoughts -yes, and his face—in better order. The blood dripped sullenly from the worst of the cuts. It was, if anything, warmer, like April. Two needs of equal importance occupied his mind: to get word to Henry at once and tell Lucia what was before them. He must manage to communicate to her his feeling that the meeting would be disastrous to Gawin Todd. Richard considered the fact that Todd, who had been challenged, had the choice of weapons; yet, between gentlemen, in Virginia, only one—the pistol—was allowable. He would have, too, the right to select the ground; but to Dalney belonged the fixing of the distance. It would be soon certainly, and not far . . . across the North River would serve admirably. But he couldn't, with what lay ahead of him, ride over the County the entire afternoon. It would be difficult, telling Lucia. With other women it would have been impossible. Lucia wouldn't faint or cry, or even try to restrain him; she'd suffer quietly. That he bitterly regretted. Yet, before the code, he had no alternative; the responsibilities of his birth, position, she shared.

Lucia was quieter by far than he had anticipated. He had found her in their room, dressing, and at once, laughing at the appearance of his face, she had accused him of falling off his horse. But an end had been quickly brought to her light humour. "I have a feeling that I ought to apologize to you, and to the children; but you don't need it. You know how I think of you, and about Todd. Nothing else can be done."

She came over to him and, swiftly and unexpectedly, put her arms around him. She held him so tightly to her, her embrace was so intense, that it quite cut off his breath. Then she resumed her occupation before the mirror. Her back was toward him.

"This has been coming a long while," she said presently; "now it seems to me that I have always expected it. You have never explained your attitude toward Gawin, Richard; and I understand that something has prevented you. But it isn't politics." Lucia's hands were raised in the fastening of her dress; she had sent a maid away. "I always thought your hatred for him went back to that Miss Roderick who was killed at Todd Hundred, when I was a child. I'm not asking you, and we'll say no more of it. If you are not getting Henry already, I'll send down for a man to go to Piping Tree."

That, he replied, had been seen to. Richard was both amazed and distressed by Lucia's instinctive recognition of what had begun his quarrel with Gawin Todd. It was purely feminine; but her restraint, the fact that she had never questioned him about Lavinia, that she said nothing now, transcended not only feminine but universal human qualities.

It would take Henry Dalney, if he were home, an hour to reach Balisand from the upper York River, riding mostly at a gallop. Richard was calculating this the moment Henry entered. Lucia rose and, briefly welcoming him, left the room.

"Henry," Bale proceeded immediately, "once I asked you to do a service for me, and you then agreed. I wonder if you'd do it now."

Henry Dalney replied without hesitation, "Yes. What is it?"

Richard spoke two words: "Gawin Todd." The other was grave at once.

"I noticed your face as I came in," he said. "Then it's serious—a blow." A glass of brandy in the face. Dalney went on with what Richard had reviewed. "He'll have to choose pistols, and I will insist on your pair. There are no better in the Tidewater. The Irish code, of course; and I hope he'll have someone who can draw up a cartel. You won't, of course, be bothered with the general arrangement, but we will have to decide about the distance. What is your idea, Richard?"

"I have only one," Richard Bale answered.

"Then you ought to be close, but not too close. Anything under eight paces would throw away what advantage you might have as a shot. Ten occurs to me. It's the best, everything included, under the circumstances. But the rule for firing isn't explicit: the pistols may be held down until a word is given, and then either shoot as you please; or, fire, one, two, three, stop, can be said; but you know better than I do. I should think you'd prefer the second. And I hope—you heard this before—you haven't been eating a great deal, Richard."

"I can add this," Bale told him, "the right of another shot may be demanded by Mr. Todd or me. In any case, Henry. If you are able to fire is the only condition there. Draw that so it can't be escaped from. I don't want to meet him limping around the County for the rest of life."

Dalney studied him curiously.

"We've both seen stiff men, Richard, but I believe you're the stiffest alive. I want to say a little about the consequences of this, too—I mean if you are successful. Dueling isn't as well thought of as it has been. The laws are getting tighter. What a fool Todd was: on one hand, to bring you down upon him, and on the other, public disgrace."

"He mentioned that," Richard grimly observed.

"I'm certain," Dalney continued, "that a Gloucester jury wouldn't convict you, and you haven't an ambition left for Congress. Well, I'll see Todd, or his second, tomorrow, and bring this along. You won't care to wait. Three or four days of consideration might shake his hand; but then, probably, it would get out and become generally a mess. I should be back here before noon. Lucia, of course, was wonderful." She was, Richard assured him.

"I'd almost rather have had her in hysterics. But I'm very confident." So was Henry Dalney.

"You wouldn't spill a grain of sand from the barrel of your pistol. The weather, I'm sure, will hold." He asked once more for the details of the meeting at the tavern.

"And Balantine quitted the tap room ——"

"A good thing, there were some names to be heard." Henry said, "Lavinia Roderick."

"Tell me," Richard asked, "I'm not a judge—was she very lovely?"

"Yes, decidedly," Dalney answered after a thoughtful pause. "A little hollow in the cheeks, perhaps, not a high colour, but lovely. Absent-minded, I remember. I believe that's what killed her—she hadn't an idea she was near the steps. I danced with her, and I noticed she'd begin to talk and then not finish what she was saying; she trailed off into a kind of stare. Richard—if it's the last thing I say—she couldn't compare with Lucia. More ornamental, I suppose; perhaps more disturbing. Not against Lucia, though, not at a distance race. I think I'd say disturbing instead of lovely. She stirred me, in a minuet; I'll gamble it was the same with all the men who came near her. That would have gone on till eternity. And here I am—how long ago was it?—seeing her as clearly as any woman of to-day."

It was the same, Richard Bale moodily admitted, with him.

"I can't make up my mind about it, either; I mean her; what it was. But it doesn't affect my appreciation of Lucia; nothing could do that."

Dalney acknowledged his full recognition of this.

"I'll take the pistols," he said absently; "they ought to be tried. It's disagreeable, but I'll have to touch on it: how are your affairs?"

"So simple they'll hardly need a lawyer—all to Lucia absolutely. She has so much more than I have, outside of Balisand, that that's only a form. But Balisand is a lot, Henry; we've held it together pretty well, man and man. It hasn't changed. Richard and Francis and Francis and Richard. War and the plantation and then the United States—only those. Not bad. I have the feeling, now and then, there are flowers around me, roses blooming."

He grew silent. The perfume of tea roses and delight, but he fought them off. Not now! Henry, returning to the principal object of their meeting, asked if he could stand solidly without his cane. He could, Richard assured him.

"Particularly if it isn't wet or very cold. Moving, I catch it."

Henry Dalney spoke of the days of Lambert Wickes and his service in the British Channel.

"We fought under the English cliffs, lashed bulwark to bulwark, and a whole town, maybe, watching us from the land as though we were a piece at the theatre."

Continued on Page 50

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(Continued from Page 48)

Peter Heyman, Richard related, was killed through just such a curiosity.

"That was Eveline's uncle. She married my grandfather."

To the end, Dalney answered, Richard Bale would be a genealogical chart. The opportunity was decreasing, Richard dryly observed. "It is something of a novelty." That, Henry replied, was satirical rather than true.

"Damned if you're not a tough and twisted old root. It was no favour to you when you were dug out of the past." That, in turn, Bale denied.

"The children are green enough shoots; charming little blossoms, Henry."

The windows were grey with beginning dawn when Richard woke. Lucia was up, moving about the room.

"I thought we would take the hounds out," she said. "Not the hunt; you and me."

An excellent idea, he assured her. He had been conscious the instant of waking of what lay before him. It seemed, until activity came to his assistance, depressing. Then he put the duel out of his mind. A whip for the hounds would be enough, Lucia decided, downstairs. Soon after, there was a confusion of barks, a preliminary excited baying, from the lawn. The negro selected to accompany them was holding the pack together with a long flexible leash, and they trotted slowly out the Balisand lane. It was too warm for comfortable hunting; before they had crossed back of Ware's Neck the horses were sweating. They passed by Roane's, skirted the woods of Welfield, and turned up, riding parallel to the rivers.

There was, certainly, no question of finding a grey fox; but they agreed to wait for the chance of a red, since, Lucia pointed out, they were not hunting foxes in the trees. He was very happy, with Lucia, in the bare sunny woods, on the soft winding roads and paths. They kept together, where it was possible, but said practically nothing; their brief speech was limited to the present purpose, to occasional comments on what they saw. Yes, Lucia was noticeably heavier, Richard thought, she needed a horse like the strawberry roan. The hounds yelped, lost to sight in covers; they cast out in wider circles, and found a grey fox; but, after a great deal of trouble, they were headed off that scent. The negro asserted that as soon as the hounds began their racket he could tell the colour of the fox. Suddenly Lucia stopped.

"I'm tired," she explained. Richard gazed at her in surprise.

"As long as I've known you," he answered, "this is the first time I've ever heard you suggest that."

Probably it was the weather. Yet, now that she had spoken of it, he realized her usual erectness of carriage was lost in a drooping of her shoulders, of her whole body. The horses, standing, shifted restlessly from foot to foot; the hounds were plainly disconcerted.

They were at the edge of a thicket, in a small clearing by a narrow, deeply rutted sand road. From beyond, the barking of a dog answered the pack; partridges ran with a faint dry crackle of dead leaves. A cloud like a dark hand shut over the sun, and then, as though at the heat, let go hurriedly. Lucia took off her hat and pinned it to the skirt on her knee. She hasn't slept, Richard told himself: even against Henry's council, he should have stayed awake, with her. His sleep had been deep and dreamless. But that, in the interest of their future together, he must not regret. Lucia had never talked much; he discovered that they lived with practically no chatter; he was absorbed in his speculations and Lucia in hers. What were they? The children, he knew, himself, but what else beyond hunting?

"I'd like to hear the things in your mind." She looked up, startled.

"I was remembering my childhood," she admitted; "and when I first realized you were you. I was wondering, too, if I had done as well as I might. But that couldn't be helped; I can't even promise myself to be different."

Why should she, he demanded.

"If you changed I'd be lost. But that is impossible: we were this way before we were born and we'll stay the same till we die. I can't remember a man with more enemies than I've had, but I couldn't let that influence me. If I tried to be this and then something else—if it were possible—I'd end in nothing. What I really want, now, is to be happy and peaceful with you at Balisand. But I can't buy peace or happiness at some prices. I have a feeling that an obligation or a privilege, call it whatever you choose, was given to me, and that I must always keep it safe. It may be lucky or unlucky, there it is! I wish I could put it more clearly for you. For instance, a thing I am convinced of I'd follow at any cost to—well, to even you. If it were right or wrong wouldn't matter so much as how I supported it. I might easily be wrong, from ignorance, but I'd have to be firm. It's better to take the chance of sacrificing everything than to fall back in disorder. There was Wayne at Green Spring! And then, Lucia, I must be free to say what I believe: I don't mean if your dress was unbecoming or a bottle of Madeira, away from home, bad; but about principles. The Bales, perhaps you have noticed, aren't diplomats.

"Then, at all times, I am responsible for myself, what I say and do and think. Without excuse, you see. No question of avoiding the result. This isn't an apology; it's an explanation; I believe the first I have ever made. I'm anxious for you to think as well of me as you can, Lucia." She smiled at him in an assurance that had no need of words. "I was a good officer, and yet I was hated there, too; not by the soldiers who took the fire. There we were together, in the ordinary way of duty. For the rest ——

"There isn't much rest. And what I've told you isn't new. Only there is a satisfaction in saying it. God knows that's unusual enough, though, for me. Even Henry and Beverley curse me for having no feeling, except, perhaps, for Balisand; but I couldn't be attached to the plantation without understanding that it was more than a place by the North River. It's part of the responsibility I spoke of; yes, and the affection."

"Thank you, Richard." Lucia's voice was glad. "I did know that. But it was beautiful, your telling me. I can't do it; not even now. It's so simple you won't need me to. I want, more than anything in the world, to tell you how much I love you. I can't! Words won't come. It's because I live my life instead of thinking about it. I'm duller than you might admit. I've hardly ever, all my life, opened a book. I'm frightened of Miss Howlett, and of Flora; they are so intelligent. I have a—a sort of talent for attachments and for horses. But what else? Perhaps for understanding you.

"What you haven't said is what I'm mad about—in you. Honour. Of course it is disagreeable. How could it help being? People don't like to see the reflections of their own failings. We want to hide behind a tree now and then without having you drag us out. Perhaps I can speak, if it's you. I took it so for granted. Richard, the only quality I care for is courage. Do you hear that? Courage. And you wear it like that old black cockade. I don't think I want to talk any more, Richard. Can't we hunt?"

He spoke to the negro, lounging on his horse a short reach away, and the hounds were called together. They went on until there was a high concerted yelping that deepened into the steady cry of a chase. The huntsman called that a red fox had been raised. Richard followed Lucia over a fence and up a precarious path, a path with no secure footing and where the branches met across their way. A field lay before them and a hill to climb. Beyond, the running was open. A sudden stream but a fair bank. Fences and a farmhouse. He saw the fox, red and swift, flattened along the ground. The trouble at his heart, the confusion in his brain, was left far behind. To-morrow didn't matter. His horse was in a lather, but the roan was faster. Lucia, with an arm upraised, left him. She vanished into a sharp ravine, reckless and superb. A cascade of loose stones followed him down the slope to where she had mounted breaking through the underbrush, free.

It was late in the evening before Henry Dalney returned.

"I had the devil of a time," he reported. "First waiting for Newsome—Gawin Todd sent to Richmond for him—and then with the conditions. They accepted the pistols, but for a long while William Newsome wouldn't agree to the right of a second shot. He said that his principal was fixed in that. Finally I had to tell him that if he persisted I'd make the distance five paces instead of ten; and, after a conference, they came around. I chose the place, as it happened; he didn't know the country: across the North River, about halfway between Todd Hundred and Balisand. I was able to speak to Ambrose, too. He'll be ready as early to-morrow morning as the light will permit. The rest was all satisfactory enough, no more than conventional. Newsome seems to have had experience. I thought he rather looked forward to the show. I can't believe Todd does."

Their talk left the duel for a general conversation, and—Dalney was plainly weary—they soon went upstairs. Richard's room was dark; but Lucia, he discovered, a shawl over her preparation for bed, was seated at a window, looking out toward the river. There was a moon, veiled in warm haze, faintly reflected on the water; trees on the lawn were visible as bare uncertain shapes.

As he entered she rose to meet him in a voiceless abandon, an illimitable burning richness, of passion.

When he woke Lucia was sleeping. There was no light, but he felt that he should get up—he ought to be on the river at daybreak. As he moved she sat upright, her face a vague white blur in the cloudy blackness of her hair.

"Not so soon!" Lucia protested. Kneeling, she lighted the fire, and then, propped with a pillow, she watched him dress. "Your scarf," she reminded him; "it will be cold going." He took the military cape and square of soft black silk; and, beside her, he was once more at a loss for words. "Don't be long, Richard," Lucia begged. She kissed him with the pure lips of a child. "Come back soon. I've had some eggnog made for you; there's more in it than the rum."

Still he was speechless. All, finally, he said was thank you. As he went through the doorway she sank down into obscurity. Dalney was already below.

The eggnog Henry approved of. There was a quantity for both; and, disposing of it, they moved out to the portico. The new headman was waiting; but Richard, in a sudden impulse, sent for London.

When the negro appeared on the wharf Richard Bale said, "London, I am going to fight a duel with Mr. Gawin Todd, and I want you to take me over the river."

It was easy, taking him over, the servant replied; what he'd be busy with was to bring him back. The long canoe slid noiselessly away from the land; the oars took the water together. A streak of light mounted in the east; it expanded and showed a mist hovering on the river. The mist lifted, floated away, as the brightness increased. At their back the objects of the shore grew visible, but the further bank was still formless. Richard was cold; he wrapped his cape closer about him, glad that he had the warmth of the scarf at his throat. Henry Dalney had charge of their direction, and, at intervals, he spoke to London in a low voice. The canoe drew up by a wooded point.

"This is it," Henry announced. A second canoe was beached. "They are here."

Richard Bale walked up a steep rough ascent, through bushes, to an irregular open space enclosed by trees. He studied it critically. The length ran east and west; and, at the east, away from the river, there was a break on an expanse of low sullen cloud. Above that, however, the sky was clear. Gawin Todd was standing alone, Newsome was walking shortly up and down, and Ambrose was with them. He came forward immediately.

"This is an unfortunate errand, Richard. I wish we were all out of it. A wicked destruction of the body; and, having said that, I'll say no more." They were interrupted by Newsome.

"Mr. Dalney," he called. The seconds stood together, looking up at the morning.

"At any rate," Henry decided, "we can load."

Richard's pistols were taken from their case, the hair triggers set, the powder and balls rammed in. A coin spun flashing in the brighter air, and the choice of weapons fell to Newsome.

"I shot them both," he admitted, "and there isn't a fraction of difference. Do you think it is light enough for us to proceed?"

"Perhaps after another five minutes."

The buds had multiplied astonishingly, Richard saw; the bushes and trees were tipped with vermilion and green. But the winter wasn't over; they would be killed. He was quiet, without a tremor; he had

(Continued on Page 52)

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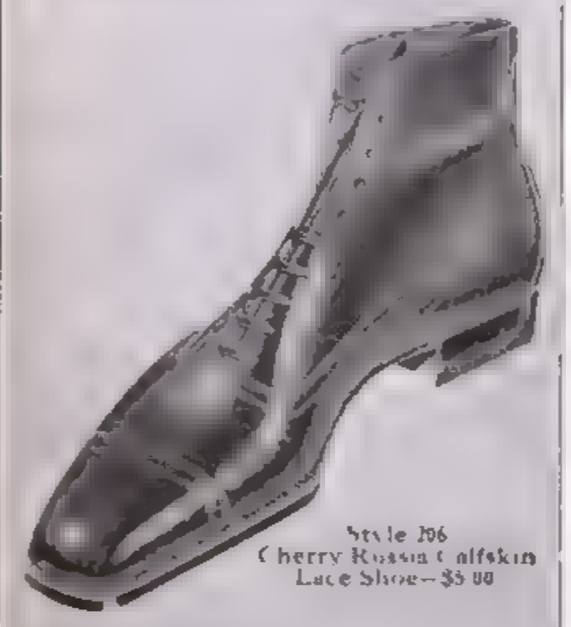

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(Continued from Page 50)

neither fear nor regrets. What would follow he had been powerless to avoid. He dwelt, for a second or so, on the manner by which, undoubtedly, he had forced this on Gawin Todd at the tavern. However, as he had in effect told Lucia, Beverley, he was what he was. For that he would apologize to no one. There was a sound of quick steps and he looked up: Todd had moved to the middle of the opening.

"I call you to witness," he said in a loud voice, "and I call God to witness, that I loathe and detest what I am about to do with every instinct I have. I was brought into it by an act of my own, and I'll go through with the consequences for the reason that I am a coward. Whatever feeling I had against Mr. Bale is gone. I have only myself to condemn."

"Gentlemen"—William Newsome spoke—"there is now enough day for firing. Mr. Dalney has won the toss for position, and he preferred to place Mr. Bale with his back to the river." Then, accompanied by Henry Dalney, he took ten deliberate steps. "Those are your places," he went on. "Mr. Bale, Mr. Todd, you will please take your positions. The cartel covering this meeting fits, we think, every possibility. The words, ready, fire, one, two, three, stop, will be pronounced, and between them you may shoot. In case either principal is able, and demands a final shot, it must be allowed. Until the word ready you may stand as you like except that the pistols cannot be in the line of fire."

Henry Dalney gave Richard a pistol and Todd took his from Newsome; but, when they reached the points where they were to stand, Dalney stepped quickly between them.

"There is an irregularity I won't allow," he announced. "The cartel directs that the pistols are to be held in the right hand. Mr. Todd's is in his left. It isn't just to have his heart exposed to Mr. Bale's fire."

"I'm left-handed," Todd told him simply.

Henry Dalney was unconvinced; he wouldn't, he insisted, permit his principal to engage in that way.

"We give you our oath Mr. Todd is incapable of shooting with his right hand," William Newsome replied. "It's my mistake and I regret it wasn't dealt with before."

"Enough, Henry," Richard's voice was low.

The seconds moved away, and Richard Bale, with a swift measuring glance, saw with exactness how Gawin Todd stood against the east. Beyond, at one side, Ambrose was watching him with a corrugated brow.

"Gentlemen," a voice said, "are you prepared?" There was no answer. The pistol Richard held, cocked by his second, was held at a patch of green by his foot. "Then, ready, fire, one, two, three ——"

The instant his arm swept upward in a short smooth arc the sun poured over the low clouds and fell with a blinding directness into his eyes. His pistol exploded impotently, and a shocking blow in the chest drove him, with a violent half turn, backwards.

Above even the racing agony of his wound he thought, "I must stay on my feet." But, with that in his mind, Richard found himself on the ground. Dalney was over him. "Henry, I tried to stand firm, but I couldn't." Ambrose was there, too, with a hand on his body.

"How—serious is it?" Richard Bale asked; then he had fainted, for he heard no reply. He wasn't concerned with the injury to himself—a dogged will possessed him to finish the duel. By God, he would get up.

"Be quiet," Ambrose commanded him sharply, but Richard moved up on an arm. "Mr. Bale is unable to deliver a second fire." It was the doctor speaking.

His lips stiff with blood, Richard said, "I demand another shot."

Exhausted by the determination of speech, his arm failed him; he collapsed on the coldness of the ground. A struggle took place within him, between his outraged physical being, alternate numbness and pain, and the tyranny of his need again to face Gawin Todd. He would collect himself for that. Henry was down beside him.

"It's over, Richard," he insisted.

"Another shot," Richard Bale whispered.

"You can't get up or stand." He coughed. More blood.

"I will—soon. Long enough." Newsome and Gawin Todd had joined Henry and the doctor; Todd was looking at him with a drawn face. "It was the sun," Richard articulated slowly; "my eyes."

He made a prodigious effort, and, from his hand and knees, actually rose; but only to collapse into Dalney's arms.

"You'll have to wait," he gasped; "in justice to me. I have a right ——"

Todd directed, "Force him to lie down. This is a crime."

Henry replied, "I am responsible for Mr. Bale; kindly retire a little with your second. Give it up, Richard," he implored him; "you couldn't hold a pistol or mark an object. Every honourable requirement has been met. Ambrose must look after you at once."

Holding himself erect by Dalney's shoulders, Richard repeated, "I demand a second fire." His vision was dull, but he found that, by setting it on a single object, he could still see. What he was intent on was a small tree in the opening. "The scarf," he spoke with an enormous difficulty. And, quitting Henry Dalney, he stumbled in a suspended falling over the rough grass to where the sapling offered him support. From far away he heard Gawin Todd protesting in a shaken voice:

"I won't! Nothing can force me into it. I tell you to take Mr. Bale in charge. If you don't I'll accuse you in the highest court I can reach."

"The scarf," Richard reiterated. Dalney had it.

"I'll show you it's impossible," he agreed.

He passed Richard Bale's black silk neck covering about his body and, carrying it beneath his arms, knotted it to a limb of the young tree.

"The pistol;" Richard's eyes were stony. Once more Newsome was before him, critical and detached.

"If he brings up his arm," he declared, "Mr. Todd will be obliged to give him satisfaction."

His fingers closed about the familiar pistol butt; spasmodically he raised his hand until the barrel pointed away from him. There was a succeeding confusion of talk.

"Very irregular. Guess at the distance. Mr. Todd will have to stand ——" He lost what followed. Then Ambrose was speaking. "In my opinion, no matter what he will pay, he is able to sight and fire. I am obliged, by Mr. Bale's conduct, to admit this against my professional inclination."

The disturbance was renewed by Todd.

"I won't shoot at him!" Henry Dalney was curt

"The code specially forbids that: no dumb firing or firing in the air is admissible in any case."

Richard Bale muttered, "Henry." No one heard him. His arm had fallen; it required a hideous power to keep hold of the pistol. He fastened his gaze on the woods before which Gawin Todd would appear. Henry returned to him and wiped off his face

"Richard, even I didn't understand the spirit in you."

William Newsome again interrupted them:

"Doctor Ambrose has decided, over our objection, that a second fire is possible; but the conditions will have to be changed. Mr. Todd will take his place at what we judge the correct distance in the front of Mr. Bale, and the shots are to be made at will, after the word present."

At last Todd appeared before him; the woods, the ground, faded; only the body of a man, a purpose, remained. A fear assailed Richard that he would miss the last signal, there was already such a tumult in his ears.

His response, however, was automatic: a double report and Gawin vanished. The pistol fell, his head drooped. Weariness, weariness more than suffering. Ambrose passed him, hurriedly, but he came back almost immediately.

"Nothing to do there, for me. Instantaneous."

He skilfully laid back Richard's coat, cutting away his linen. "I had better see it," Richard Bale thought, and he looked down. A glance was enough: he was so accustomed to wounds, to death, that he fully realized the meaning of such an injury, of the bright bubbled blood. It had come to him as it must to all men! He was staggered at the greatness of the fact settling upon him; he wondered, under the administrations of Ambrose, if that were fear A distasteful thought which he put hastily from him.

A liquid, not unpleasant, was held for him to swallow. The pain sank into an indifference toward all that had happened to him: he was comfortable rather than not; and sleepy. Green buds on the trees! But they would be black, frozen, soon. He had been fatally hit in a duel, by Gawin Todd. That old indebtedness, then, was discharged. Duels were final. Laudanum, that was it—the pleasant-tasting drink. Henry was seated beside him, and Ambrose straightened up.

Richard said: "I should like to go back to Balisand."

"The negroes are coming," Dalney replied.

London first reached him.

"The sun came into my eyes," he tried to explain to the servant, but he wasn't sure that he had pronounced the words. His negroes carried him across the clearing, down the steep bank, to the canoe; wrapped in his cape, he was settled into the stern. He was returning, as he had required, to Balisand. Henry Dalney was with him; his arm was around Richard's shoulders.

"I never believed he would do it," he managed to say. "I thought of it differently. Gawin seemed like a target to me: Democratic-Republican. Henry, I know about this, in my chest." An idea, a desire, came over him. "Tell London—the men are to sing."

The Anabaptist hymn swirled about him like audible memories; it swept out, a minor key, over the water. God's children lost in the land of Egypt.

His boatmen were the best in the Tidewater, they rowed with never a break. But London was getting old; with that injury to his arm, there would have to be a new head of the servants, taking his whisky at the foot of the portico steps. A lassitude drooped over him, but, dreading its result, yet he fought it off.

"I never thought that Gawin was dangerous," he repeated. "Henry, listen to me, I believe I was right. If I was wrong, then wrong was right for me and the end was just." He was fretted by the obscurity of what he had said, the need, struggling with his exhaustion, to express his final belief in the articles of his faith.

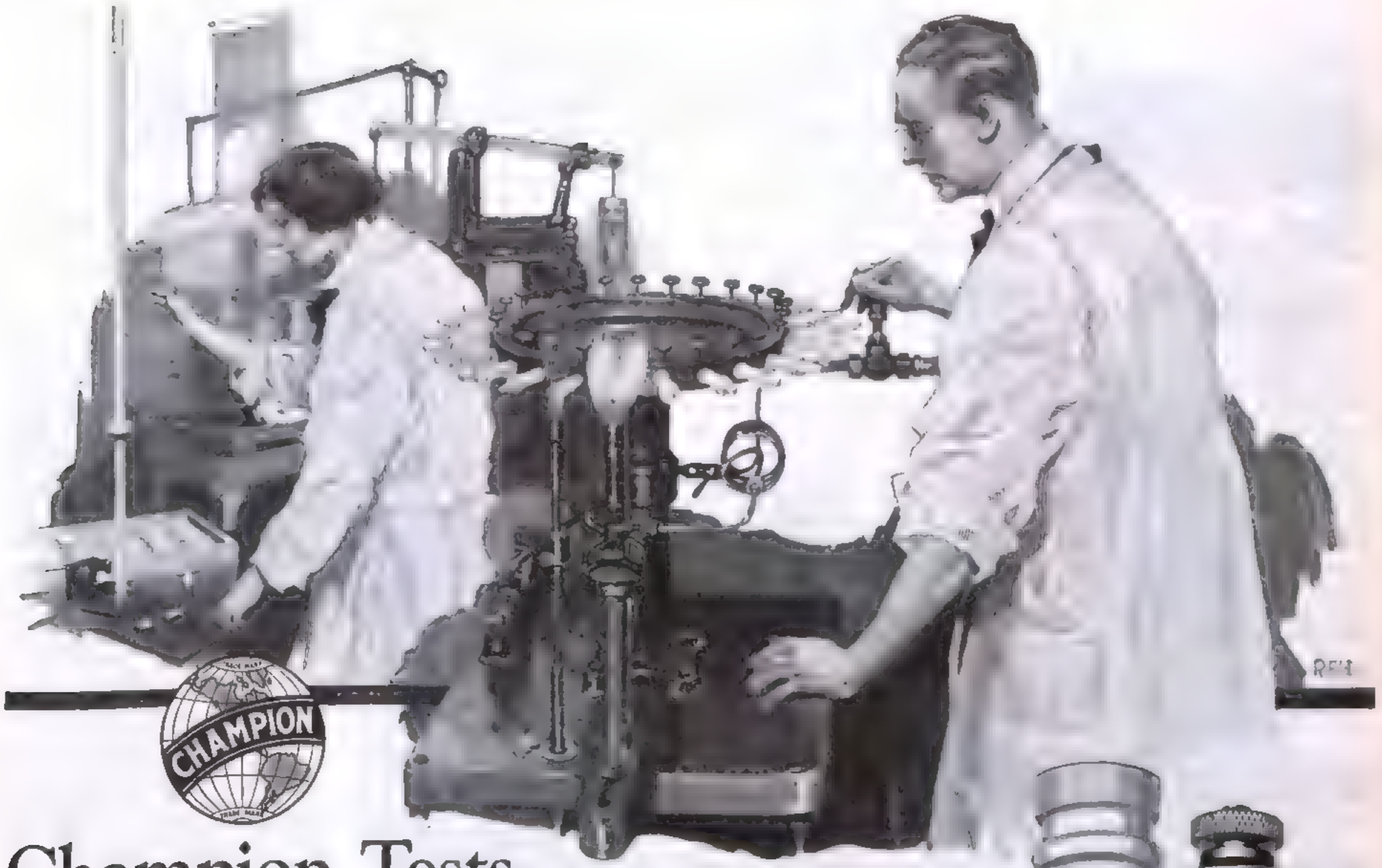
"Don't talk," Henry answered. He listened, instead, to the negroes singing salvation, relief from want and miseries and toil. They had beautiful voices.

"I mean"—his tone was very much fainter—"when they say . . . hard things about me, Lucia and you will know how it has been with the Bales. Always. I defend this—this morning absolutely. Are we near Balisand?" Soon, Henry Dalney told him, they would be there. Richard slipped further and further from reality; he lapsed into the imagery of dreams.

Yet the images were more logical than dreamlike; his thoughts were consecutive, at the sleepy ordering of his mind. Rather, his mind had been detached from the needs of his body; it was no longer utilitarian; and, through it, there was a sense of the river, broad and shining, an expanse of serene light, and of remote singing. All else was forgotten. People came and went in his mental pictures; but they only appeared as the figures of his own creation, the visible signs of what, on earth, he had experienced. He went back to his childhood, to the days when Morryson hadn't palsy and his father was alive, a man very much, on the exterior, like himself, but—secretly—gentle within. The only Bale Richard knew of with patience. But he, too, had been a decided man; his invariable courtesy, his willingness to listen to anyone for apparently any length of time, possessed an aloofness of its own. He could deal perfectly with Morryson, Richard recalled; as a younger man, Morryson had offered difficulties; he had regarded the resources of Balisand to be inexhaustible and acted accordingly—clothes and hazard, astonishing amounts of liquor and witless bets. But he, as well, decrepit with age, had raised his cane, contemptuous of result, against the invasion of his dignity and privileges.

Balisand was the same through his childhood as now: the round deep ice house whitewashed in the identical way of the present; the Cherokee roses grew in unrestrained freedom by the river; the gardens and negro quarters were identical; the graveyard, except for three comparatively new headstones, was still adorned by what flowers grew from the chance seeds carried there by the winds. The oaks were little

(Continued on Page 54)



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(Continued from Page 52)

older in the span of his years. Trees that lived slowly, a hard wood, a rough bark. The fields lately cleared, the roads bedded with fresh stone, made no difference, not in the persistent whole. The rooms stayed without a chair shifted; a table repaired, braced, was put back on the spot where it had worn the boards of the floor. Shingles were replaced, one by one, but their brightness soon merged into the quiet of the mossy and weather-beaten roof. Everything attempted was drawn back into the old harmony of Balisand plantation.

The very negroes looked always alike, a reasonable fact, since in many cases, they were the children of men and women born, living and dying, there. A small black mob was perpetually eddying about the gates, scandalously naked in summer, and in winter covered with the gay ends of nothing; the young girls sat on the doorsteps of the cabins at evening, a laughing murmur ran from door to door, broken by deeper, more serious, masculine tones; the windows glimmered with candles in the darkness. Refrains, falling inflections of song. The house servants came and went with an air of superiority, of elegance, moving disdainfully aside from the field hands.

Balisand had never, like Welfield, been celebrated for its fruit; there were no wall gardens of apricots or grape walks; the garden itself couldn't compare with the one at Todd Hundred; none of the women here had specially cultivated flowers—not Lucia; his mother had scarcely walked through the paths bordered with box; Eveline, the wife of the second Richard in America, had been herself too flowerlike to be concerned with other blooms; Camilla, who had married Francis, was a creature of drawing-rooms; Lydia had had Indians rather than mignonette to think about. But even as a boy he had lingered in the garden, inside the vine-covered brick wall with its low crowning fence. He had been a great deal alone; once for a year without a tutor; and, never very imaginative, he found a pleasure in positive colours and scents. The garden and the broadnut tree! One to linger in and the other to climb. The broadnuts, resembling the oak trees, were hard; it took a large stone to crack them, but they were sweet inside. He preferred them to softer and more luxurious fruit ——

The field hands singing; the bell for dinner!

Above all the details of the plantation there was a single binding atmosphere; no other place was quite the same. Richard was aware of this as soon as he turned from the public road into their private lane. He couldn't identify it; it escaped recognition; when, purposely, he sought its peculiar quality, it retreated, like a faint wind lost over the river. Now, however, he saw that it was in him as well as about him—Balisand was made from its trees and acres and grass and water together with what he felt toward them. It wouldn't have that effect on anyone from the outside; he doubted if Lucia—but this was in another existence—was actually conscious of it. When he stood on Balisand he was like a tree with its roots in its own, its appropriate, soil. There he was home. It was strange how men, long gone, remained; how what they were stayed in stone and wood and earth. Eveline's loveliness was a part of Balisand; the ironic silken manner Richard Bale had brought, in 1651, to America; a mask of silk worn by a soldier, was woven into its texture; a chain of lives forming the plantation and formed by it.

The best of it, Richard thought, he had inherited; the instincts and objects and traditions had come to him in their full power. In him the old Balisand, it might be said, had culminated. He was too deeply involved to hold himself lower than the rest; he couldn't be disentangled from it. All that it was he was. That he had said often, in different ways and to different people, but the meaning never varied. What others, who had no Balisand, felt, he was unable to imagine. His later service in the war, his allegiance to a beginning, a scarcely hoped for America, had had its being in his ground on the North River: his love for one had expanded by necessity into love for the larger. Balisand, his plantation, the place of his integrity and blood and happy freedom! Yes, they were inseparable, the thing and his perception of it.

What that threatened, of course, was that when he was gone, when the Bales were gone, the plantation must, in a true sense, cease to exist; it would equally overtake the country; it, too, would be no more than miles; it didn't matter how many they were or how rich. That, he discovered, but too late, was his attitude and conviction toward all the political animosity which had so often torn his equanimity into shreds. Men, like trees—he relinquished his thought. It was better to be back in an older time.

A profounder drowsiness assailed him; he was borne on a contentment like a soundless river between far placid banks. A short distance to Mockjack Bay with the sea beyond. The North River was tidal; it ebbed and returned; but the Bales of Balisand, each in his moment, went down it for ever. Into deep water. They left the oyster beds and the duck settled on the rivers in November, the terrapin in the Guinea marshes, the wild turkey and brown partridges; they left the toddy bowl and the sparkling decanters; they fell out of the hunt, leaving the high running cry of the hounds, the notes of the horn; those who danced deserted the minuets and fiddles. Down the river to the bay, like a packet making for the horizon, a sloop with the properties of Balisand on board. Dream-like images and quiet-coloured thoughts. A flickering pain restored a dim sense of actuality. Henry Dalney shifted him to an easier position; London had the immobility of a carving in black wood. He was still, Richard realized, going to Balisand.

He became more directly concerned with the present, yet he surveyed it as a difficulty from which he had been released. For this he was glad; he was, he found, at last weary of contention. Although apparently he had had so many tranquil days, Richard was surprised at the amount of fighting he had been involved in. His youth had merged abruptly into the war with England, and the echoes of that had never died. He had been always opposed to something, struggling against contrary men and ideas. It would be truer, perhaps, to say he had been contrary. But his principle was to attack the things he didn't believe in, to fight with all his resources what he hated and distrusted. However, now he was tired of it, relieved that it was over—the brilliant English guards and Guineamen and glasses of brandy where they had no business to be.

It was peaceful with Lucia; she was, herself, like a peaceful day; after, maybe, the summer was over. The summer—that was Lavinia. However, what joy was in his remembrance, the loveliness of June, was blackened by the realization that Lavinia had, in the end, destroyed him. She had been fatal to Gawin Todd; for, without her, they would never have cherished the bitterness which had finally brought them to their ultimate duel. She had always returned to him in a commemorative and blinding flash of sunlight. Yes, Lavinia had killed him; but that carried, rather than resentment, a fresh accession of serenity. It freed him: she was now, for Richard, only a dead rose.

A vision floated before him of a tree with golden apples; they were shining in the sun among leaves as green and glittering as emeralds. He broke one from a dry metallic stem; a heavenly scent clung to it; but, suddenly wise, he threw it away, cleansing the odour from his hands. It was dead, evil, enclosing a dry perpetuity of sterile seed. Lavinia.

That understanding had brought to a conclusion his last and most dangerous strife. What was left to him, Richard Bale, she couldn't steal. He had paid extravagantly for this release, yet not too dearly. If she had lived, and married him; if their love had been satisfied, she too, like Lucia, would have been happy and natural. He made an effort to see clearly the river, the canoe with his men; but the morning was so bright it blinded him. Henry spoke, "Do you want to sit up higher?" He shook his head, no. He had been sitting up, standing and riding, long enough. Richard tried to smile, and wondered if he had been successful. It was an unusual effort for him, a sombre man, to make. He hated a show of emotion, in the past; all hatred, all opposition, had left him. Henry Dalney, though, a strong man, was more demonstrative. Sailors, he had heard, under their thick storm jackets, owned a marked sentiment. He thought it to be the result of long loneliness on the sea.

Still concerned with his comfort, Henry folded Richard's cape closer around him. "I am very warm." It was the movement of his lips, more than the sound, that Dalney seemed to attend. He, too, had fought, on ships. In times of peace they were laughed at together. He wished that Ambrose hadn't given him laudanum, for it was that, he was certain, which made it so laborious for him to talk: there were some things Richard wanted to say to Henry Dalney. And he must be alert to meet Lucia. It wouldn't do to frighten her. Then, when they were alone, in their room, he could tell her, himself, the truth. She would take it marvelously. It was so warm the windows would be open on the lawn and the river; perhaps he'd stay with her until evening; and he'd ask her to dress for dinner—watch her arrange her smooth black hair with quick strong fingers.

Above all else, he wanted to reassure her about himself: it wasn't too terrible. He wouldn't have chosen it then—not, with her, for a long, long while—but time, where they were touched, mattered very little. It couldn't be divided into days and years. Fifty years more would have gone like a flash. The seven years of their marriage had been an eternity. There was a depth in love that obliterated time. He'd lie still now, gather his strength for the wharf; perhaps, with a little help, he could walk the short distance to the portico.

"I'll walk, when we get to land," he said. Henry Dalney bent lower. "Walk—on land."

"By God, Richard, I believe you'd walk on water," Henry asserted.

His mind turned to religion; he was thinking about the negroes and their implicit belief in heaven; but, at this, he cursed himself—he would rather trust to his ignoring of any God in the past than limp before Him now, with his fatal wound. What if it, the legend of an eternity of punishment or praise, were true? This was a speculation in the spirit of his peculiar and satirical and rare humour. The Bales weren't noted for humour. If it were a fact, there would be no hesitation in the disposal of him, Richard Bale of Balisand.

He tried to speak again—he wanted Henry to dip a handkerchief in water and wash his face, for Lucia; the cape would hide the other. But Henry couldn't make out his desire. He laid a band of cold wet linen on Richard's forehead. That, however, was refreshing; it served to stay the effect of the drug. He might, he felt, contrive to live into another day. Lucia would hold him against the passionate vitality of her body, in her vital arms. The children she'd send to play at Welfield; he had no anxiety to see them.

His children, except, perhaps, Flora, wouldn't suffer from their loss; they'd only understand it when they were older and he had become a memory to them. That was safely trusted to Lucia. The canoe had changed its direction; they were coming in to the shore. Richard began to be fearful of the narrow steps up to the level of the wharf; even with help, he doubted if he could manage them. They were difficult when he had been merely drunk. The sun was in his face, and he slightly and heavily moved his head.

They ought to be under the shore, but he couldn't see the bank. Where were the branches of the trees? But he wasn't impatient or rebellious; he'd be there soon. The sun wasn't so bright. He was glad of that. It was so warm that it must rain. Rain clouds. They darkened rapidly. The boatmen would hurry to get in before the storm. That was what had stopped their singing. The pain returned and he moved restlessly. Henry shifted him once more. "It's cramped, here, Richard," he explained. Richard Bale knew his canoe. Naturally, with him stretched out on the bottom, it was crowded. But it was almost time for him to sit up, to prepare for Balisand. Already the feeling of its nearness was coming over him. They would float, with lifted oars, up to the steps, and London stop their progress with a hand on the wharf. Henry lifted him higher.

Through a gathering dark he saw the familiar landing; the house was farther away than he had remembered it; Balisand appeared infinitely big and shadowy, as it had in his earliest impressions. Someone, he felt rather than saw, was on the wharf. "Who is that, Henry?" he asked. It was a long while before he heard the answer, "It's Lucia." They must be quick to reach her before the storm. He leaned forward to escape the coldness swiftly overtaking him. "I will never get there," he said with a clear voice. Then, in Henry Dalney's arms, he died.

(THE END)

First National Pictures

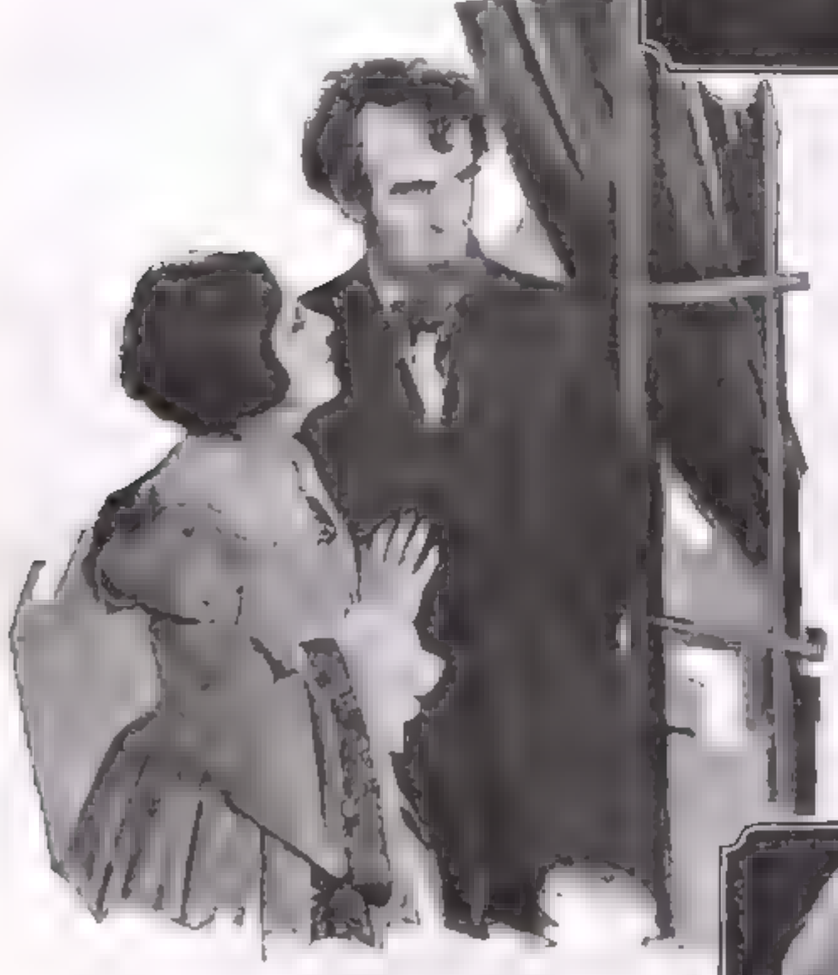
Colleen, the Champion Captivator!

WHEN a chic young actress, star of a spicy farce comedy, meets a serious young lawyer whose one ambition is to uplift the stage, a few sparks are liable to fly. And when each falls in love with the other and Cupid shoots a fusilade of arrows, things become even more interesting.

And thus we have "Flirting With Love," a new photoplay featuring Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle, adapted from LeRoy Scott's novel, "Counterfeit." Miss Moore, on the right, is illustrating the captivating smile of Broadway's champion melter of hearts.

The Story of "Single Wives"

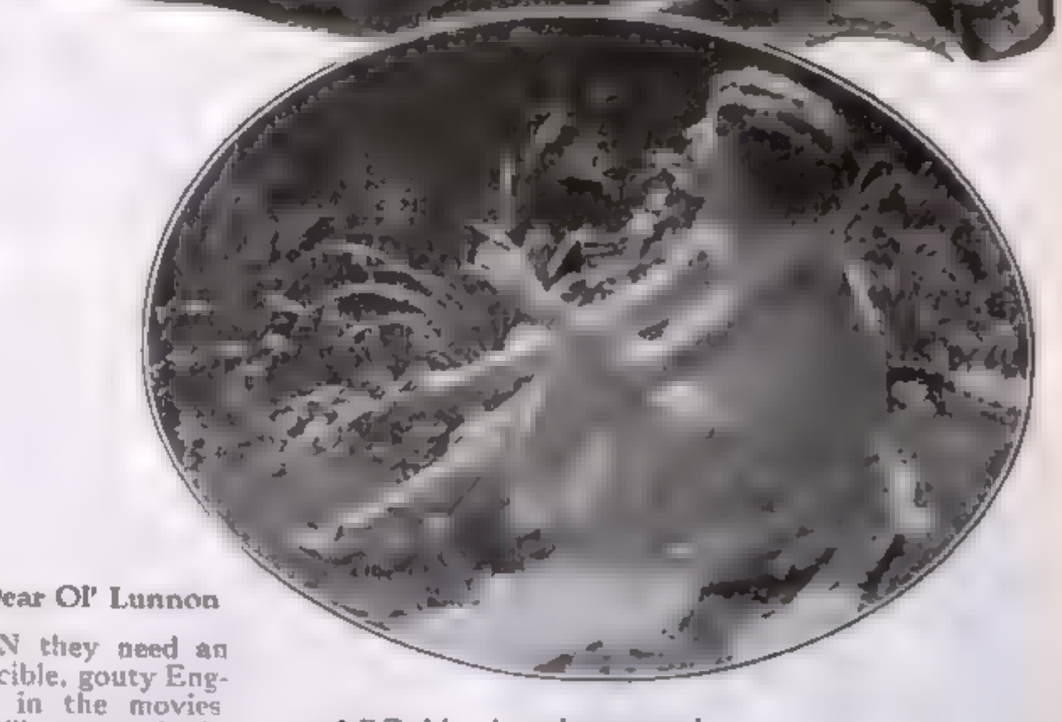
WIVES of neglecting husbands have a story to tell that is well worth the hearing, and the movies have visualized it in an exceptional way in "Single Wives," a new society drama in which Colleen Griffith and Milton Sills are featured. Above Miss Griffith is seen with Lou Tellegen, who also plays an important part.



"Husbands and Lovers"

WHEN Louis B. Mayer, producer of many First National successes, and Director John M. Stahl put their heads together—then is there real entertainment in the making for movie fans throughout the world. This time it is "Husbands and Lovers," a vivid domestic drama

The eight-years-after-marriage period is the setting of the tale, and there's a dutiful wife trying to regain her husband's waning affections—and winning those of another man instead! Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone and Lew Cody are the principals.



From a White House Window

THERE'S been many a thrilling sight seen from a White House window, but none more so than the celebration that greeted peace in 1865, after four red years of war. In "Abraham Lincoln" the screen has caught and held every emotion that surged the heart in those days—just as it portrays the sweet romance of Lincoln's early life

Was any impersonation more perfect than that of George Billings, above, as Lincoln?

The entire country has already adopted this picture as "the greatest human story ever screened." Your own local theatre will show it to you.

From Dear Ol' Lunnon

WHEN they need an irascible, gouty English lord in the movies Claude Gillingwater is the first and last choice. So here he is in "Madonna of the Streets," an adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's "The Ragged Messenger" which Edwin Carewe is producing. The story begins and ends in London—moving from the sedate haunts of high society to the squalid streets of poverty. Nazimova and Milton Sills are featured in the leading roles.

ARE blondes the exception among screen stars? There are but few of them, perhaps, but Claire Windsor is a proof of the popularity of blonde loveliness. Miss Windsor is appearing in "Born Rich," a story of the lucky few whose fortunes are ready-made and waiting. But money-spending, the story shows, is a life work fraught with many dangers.

Bert Lytell, Doris Kenyon, Cullen Landis and Frank Morgan complete the cast.

First National Pictures, Inc., presents a consistent high quality program of screen entertainment in the best theatres of the country. Questions on its pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City.

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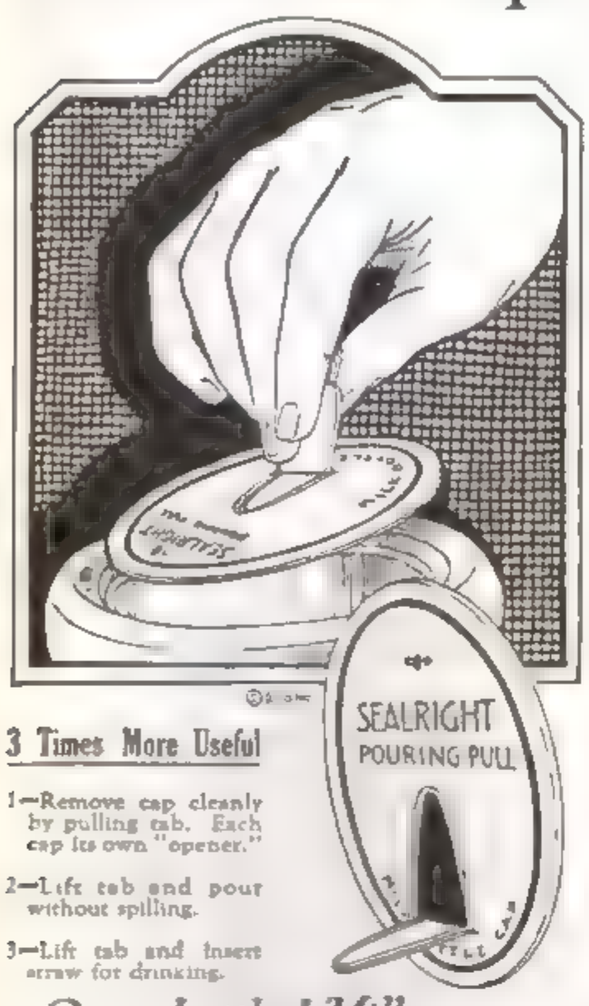

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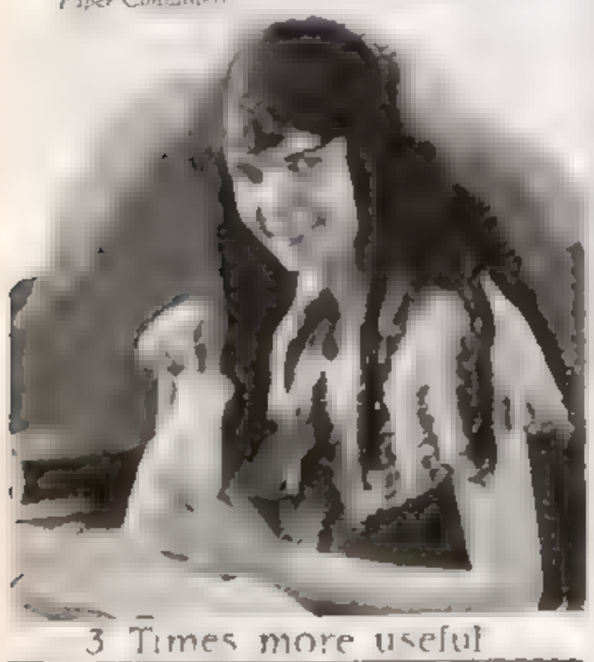

3 Times more useful

WEDDED BUT NOT ONE

(Continued from Page 19)

Olga walked over to the chest of drawers to lay down a pile of hairpins. "He is a bully," she announced.

Glenna had been in New York for five years and she felt herself experienced. "What you don't take in, Olga," she said, "is Severance's type. He is eternally intense. Everything he says, he means when he says it. Now, he saw you once, and fell. New York is filled with beautiful girls, exotic ladies, interesting women. Don't you know that some day, when you have exhausted him with your silly arguments, he may see another beauty?"

Olga waved a hairbrush. "Let him," she said haughtily. But in the place where most people carry hearts she felt a little pang of fear.

Severance never really had any doubt about her. He loved her, and he sensed that her heritage—for her mother had been French, and spinsterhood is un-Gallic—and her hidden timidities would inevitably swing her around into adjustment with Nature. Adjustment meant a place in his arms. He felt himself, as he told her, to be Nature's instrument.

"I was made, Olga, to save you from a horrible fate," he said to her a week later.

She was in a mellow mood, this day, and he had persuaded her to ride down on a bus with him to the museum, where he was reproducing on a tiny scale some of the primitive villages of his South Seas trip.

"Come in with me," he said to her when they came to Seventy-fourth Street, "and let me show you all about homemaking." She giggled and went with him.

She sat on a packing box in a corner of the big storeroom where he worked, and he proceeded with his native village. "This is to be the city hall," he said, holding up a bunch of straw.

He talked to her steadily for about an hour. He was a clever bewitcher, Severance, or perhaps he did it unwittingly; but that afternoon he presented himself to Olga as she wanted to see him, an impersonal, fierce young man, consecrated to the reproduction of that dark period which preceded civilization. Of this tiny village he told her tales and facts which made her gasp—and she was moved by its pathetic symbolism. For these pygmies, their dead ancestors and themselves alike, were the blind beginners of all modern standards and shibboleths.

He saw her rapt, snared by his words. "Olga," he said, breaking off to walk to her, "don't you see that we are made for each other? Don't you see that out of nine million women you are probably the only one who could hear me and bear to listen? You do like to hear me talk, don't you?"

She nodded, her eyes fastened on his.

"And I can listen to you. Suppose you married a broker." His hands grasped her shoulders. She shivered. "Would he know what a crustacean was? Suppose I married a Boston girl, one of those fast little tugs my mother had her eye cast upon. Don't you see, Olga, how we click?" He held her away from him and looked at her beseechingly.

Right there in the packing room, surrounded by clay pygmies and old bones and stuffed tropical birds, she went into his arms.

When it got round that they were to be married at Christmas there was a great stir. At the university there was rejoicing. Too much, said Olga.

"I am tired," she said to Severance, "of people who come up to me exclaiming, 'What a perfectly wonderful match!' I am sick of being gushed over. Why can't they let us marry incognito? 'Made for each other,'" she mimicked. "Ugh—sickening!"

Severance roared. Everything she did delighted him. In fact, each breath he drew filled him with more vitality. Events always excited him, and he was elated by a secret battle he was having with his mother, by mail and telephone, about his engagement. Immediately he had telephoned her that he was being married, and that he wished she would invite his fiancée, who was a Danish biologist, up for the week-end. Naturally, his mother, who was related to the Eliots, the Choates, the Cabots, the Leverings, the Saltonstalls—in fact, to almost everyone she spoke to—was aghast. She collapsed into the arms of her ancient butler. She had never understood Bayard; it was easy to blame his social irregularity on his father, but it was difficult to account also for his brain, his character, his propensity for hard work.

Besides, her helplessness frightened her. He was mad, but she had given up trying to bend his will. There could never be a scene with him, because he was so inflexibly good-tempered. Mrs. Severance, in a final letter, full of helpless disapproval, gave in.

She wrote Olga the conventional mother-in-law's letter, and then took to her bed, from which she got a consoling view of the Common. She regretted the day her son had ever left Boston, where the future was not much more uncertain than the past.

Olga saw through the letter, but she did not blame Bayard's mother. He was enough to worry any woman. She went up to Boston light-heartedly, through the ordeal joyously, without an inward qualm, because she was so happy. The red brick house on Beacon Street, with its curving Bulfinch front and its beautiful stairway, delighted her. The long library with its old furniture, its hodge-podge of family portraits, books, pictures, curios thrilled her. This was a home. Since her father had died, long years after her mother, she had had none.

"It is like my grandfather's house at Vedbaek," she said to Mrs. Severance.

"Vedbaek? Where is that?"

"It's his estate; outside Copenhagen, in the country. My grandfather still lives there, with his other son. I was born there, and lived there until I was seven. The room was long like this, with so many portraits and books, and colored pottery."

Mrs. Severance was reassured. She drew Olga out, and Bayard, who had been too busy arguing with Olga to wonder about her family, secretly whooped. He watched his mother reassume, as Olga unfolded herself, her mask of social satisfaction.

"My grandfather was cruel," went on Olga. "My father wanted to be a scientist, but my grandfather wanted him to be a gentleman, like himself. So they fought. My father tried, he took his wife home there; she was French. Oh, he said it was so hard for her. My mother was of an old French family, and her people thought Denmark was barbaric. She found the country difficult—she missed Paris so, and her own people. She died when I was six. And then my father quarreled again with grandpapa, and we came away. We went to New York, and then to Minnesota."

Mrs. Severance was comforted. It was horrible that her son should marry outside of Boston; but Bayard's excursion, heaven be praised, had an Old World flavor. Mrs. Severance saw the possibilities of the landowning relatives in Denmark, and the Minnesota episode might be forgotten. Certainly Olga herself, despite her obvious modernity, had a manner which even the Back Bay could not achieve. There was a stillness, a strength about the girl's body; she was on the earth, but treading it so delicately.

"She's lovely, Bayard," she said to her son when he came into her room before dinner. "And I think she will handle you."

"Handle me," grinned Bayard. "She's got me lassoed."

Mrs. Severance was horrified as he went on to detail Olga's charms. Her brain was as invulnerable as her beauty; and she had the most frightful temper. Now that she was married to him, there would be no doubt about her career. An unmarried woman zoölogist was up against it. He would cart her all around the earth, and they would accrue fame simultaneously.

Mrs. Severance looked at him quizzically.

"I hope it works, my dear—this marriage of equals."

"Works? Why shouldn't it?"

"Most marriages don't, you know, perfectly. Besides, marriage isn't a democratic experiment. Its success doesn't hang upon perfect equality. There will be times when you will want Olga to cling; and if she doesn't ——"

But Bayard wasn't listening. He had caught sight of Olga in a new violet-colored dinner gown, starting down the long stairway, and he was after her, so that he could kiss her all the way down the stairs, under each frowning family portrait. He did.

After their honeymoon, which lasted only a fortnight but was an eternity of revelation to each of them, they came back to New York, a city of new delight, because they were returning to it for the first time together. Each of them had been a casual there before, irresponsibly foot-loose. Now it was to contain their home—not the sentimentalized nest of ordinary young people, but the dwelling place of two workers who were lovers.

"I shall have to get a maid," said Olga in the taxicab. "I wonder how one goes about it."

They set up their utopia on a cross street near the university, in a flat which had been sublet to them by an anthropologist who was taking his sabbatical in Africa. His wife and children had gone home to join their mother in Peoria.

"Look here," said Olga, the first night as they washed the dishes. "When you go to Africa I go with you."

Bayard was wiping the silver, spoon by spoon, unhurried, exact.

"You do. But what could this poor man do? He hasn't any money. Can you picture a woman and four children on the Congo? We'll park out our children on the North Shore."

Olga looked at him a little disconcertedly. She resented his easy assumption of her biological end. Nature, no doubt, was lying in wait, to spoil their fluent free companionship. As she handed him a salad bowl to wipe, and their eyes met, her heart skipped a beat; she knew how much she loved him, how each second, each hour, each day, she was going to love him more. The life she had scoffed at had her trapped, yet she reveled in the thought of more and more intricate fastenings by which time would mesh her and her love together. If they could be let alone for a little while!

"Bayard," she said, touching his cheek with a damp finger, "do you want awfully to be a father?"

"Well, no," said her husband. "Not awfully. Do you? Here, hurry up with that silver—you should wash the silver and glass first, not last—and come into the living room, and I'll give you my ideas on fatherhood."

Bayard talked about everything under the sun, but she gleaned that he didn't mind children, provided they didn't run around under his feet, and provided the adult was not sunk completely in the child. Some people, he said, escaped the struggle of life by living in their children, making childish affairs more important than their own. Such parenthood was cowardly, sickening. Love for a child should never come between the love of man and woman.

"Never let me hear you say, Olga, 'No, Bayard, I cannot go to the races. My children need me.' Never! You may have nineteen children, all of whom grow up to be Phi Beta Kappas and Skull and Bones, but I would trade all nineteen of them for five minutes' chat with you. Understand?"

She did. It was wonderful to be married to a man who understood the individual in a woman.

The first months of their marriage flitted by, lost day by day in a haze of happiness. Bayard had an income, so there was no lack of money. Their home for the first few weeks was chaotic, until Bayard's mother appeared. She despised New York as vulgar, unsafe, and overcrowded with the wrong people, but she sacrificed herself for her son. Each day she came up from her hotel, and each day out of the chaos there grew a semblance of a home. Olga could cook and make beds and wash her own underclothes; but she was unable to hire a competent servant or tell an incompetent one what to do. She had to be at her laboratory at nine, and she and Bayard never came home to luncheon, for Olga at noon had to prepare specimens. Certainly Olga was undomestic and inexperienced. The planning of meals was a mystery to her. She would either order the wrong things over the telephone or rush home at six o'clock to present chops to the horrified colored lady in their kitchen.

The colored lady left when Mrs. Severance came.

"Ah nevah can tell whethah they's goin' eat mah dinnah today or tomorrow," she explained. "They is always goin' into the livin' room to talk about somethin' when they is supposed to set down to eat."

Mrs. Severance was horrified, but practical. She gave up trying to impress anything on Olga, who was eager, but unable to

(Continued on Page 55)

REAL SILK

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EVERY well-dressed woman recognizes that there is just as much art in looking her best on the tennis court or the golf links, as at an afternoon tea or the most formal evening affair.

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(Continued from Page 56

listen long because she had notebooks to correct, or a class. So Mrs. Severance unearthed somewhere out of the heart of New York a sharp-faced honest Yankee woman, to whom she consigned her son's home as if it were her own honor. She made out a budget, and told Olga to give Hannah so much money for wages and for food, and that Hannah would do the rest.

"You should be ashamed, Olga," she scolded. "You must take more responsibility. I've bought you beautiful linen with the money you gave me, but it's your task to see that the laundry doesn't ruin it. Hannah will look after the mending. But Bayard will like you a great deal better, in years to come, if you know the difference between a glass towel and a dishcloth."

Olga dismissed this warning as antiquated, and went her way, praising God for Hannah. Yet when the spring came—the furtive, early spring of New York—she began to get through her work early, so that she could leave her office at five instead of six. It became more and more delightful to step into the quadrangle, where each day the grass was greener, the trees more tipped with bursting life. It was sweet to walk home in the amber air so soon to become a violet-shadowed dusk. Sometimes she walked down the Drive and back, so that she would have less time to wait for Bayard. That young man was always late, to the despair of Hannah, but he atoned by rushing in as if the most insuperable obstacles had kept him, until that instant, away from his wife.

One night late in May, Olga sat in the big chair beside the living-room windows, waiting for Bayard. It was long past six, but his examinations were beginning, and he frequently went back to work at night. She thanked heaven she had no work to do that night.

It had been a hot day, and it was delightful to sit relaxed, cool, idle. She hoped Bayard could stay home.

Three months ago, she thought, she wouldn't have wished this so hard. But then, she was changing. No one had told her, "My dear, you're a different woman"; she felt herself a new person, a more complex uncertainty. Being married was at once simple and strange. One took on a new set of psychological and social problems, which became immediately the stuff of one's life; one discarded, one forgot, almost overnight, many things which had, before marriage, importance and solace.

Olga was becoming feminized. She came home earlier; she had a strange new interest in table linens; whenever she went out to dinner she caught herself coveting furniture, china, skillful servants; she began to wish for a house in the country. And her new clothes—what sensuous, wicked delight she took in them. After she was married Bayard had told her he hated all her clothes. "They're too darn sensible," he said. He gave her a large wad of money, despite her protests, and ordered her to buy new ones. Olga's clothes had always come ready made, from department stores; her means allowed her no other way of getting them. Uncertain, she appealed to Glenna Mackay, who took her to a friend of her mother, an Irish woman with a French trade name, who made frocks for a few of the right people, at impressively high prices. She saw the picture in Olga's corn-colored locks and slim figure.

"I'll take you for the sake of Glenna, though the Lord knows I have no time. But you deserve to look better than you do."

The results delighted Bayard, and thrilled Olga more than her academic soul a few months before could have imagined. She got at the dressmaker's shop a new set of values, terrifying, novel. There was a secret to beauty, a use for it. Thousands, millions of women were working hard to be beautiful. Thousands, millions of men were being charmed, held, beguiled. Even Bayard, who was always talking to her as an equal, had to be held. There were times when he didn't listen to her, didn't see her, forgot her. Yet in his most distant moments, when he seemed far away from her, if she touched him as she passed his chair, or brushed against him, he would finger her gown or take her fingers very hard in his. A man and woman, married, had so many channels of communication. Talking, their minds might be separated; at opposite ends of the room, a glance, a gesture made them one.

"Three months ago," thought Olga, "I didn't know this. I am changing."

Then Bayard came in upon her thoughts. He was hot and weary.

"In a minute, Olga," he said from across the room. "I'm filthy. I've got to wash."

It was fifteen minutes before he came back, bathed and changed, to take her in his arms. He fingered the chiffon of her dinner gown.

"I like this; it's like a butterfly's wing. What a funny color—like the stem of a pipe."

"Amber, you mean. Well, it is. Come along. Hannah will kill us."

As she began her salad she realized that Bayard had hardly spoken. He was hungry, but listening to her, as he was at the moment, his excited eyes contemplated something hid from her in his mind.

"What's the matter, Bayard?" she said when they had gone into the living room.

"How did you know?" he said, wheeling upon her.

"I'm a seer," she said.

"Well, you must be. It's wonderful—and awful." He drew her into his arms, and as suddenly held her back from him. "Woman, you won't like it."

"Why?"

"Because you're going to suffer. And so am I. Listen." He drew her down beside him on the divan. "It's Randall. He wired me today. He's going to Guiana on the first of July, with three others from the Smithsonian. You know, to look for bones. Well, one of the birds can't go; he's sick or his wife won't let him. They want me. I didn't say yes or no, until I saw you."

"Oh, how wonderful for you! But how awful." Three months away from her. And this was probably the beginning. He would always be going away. She must stand it. She would have to.

"If it were my trip I'd take you, God knows. But it isn't. Besides, I wouldn't let you go. A summer up at Ipswich will be wonderful for you."

Olga's heart went cold within her. Abandoned at Ipswich, with his mother and all those strange relatives of his, whose way of life was so different from her own—as if she were helpless.

"Oh, no, Bayard, I won't go there. If you are going away I shall go to Woods Hole. Doctor Canfield really wants me. I'd be so much happier working while you were away. And you could stay there at the hotel until you go. There's marvelous swimming."

"Oh, nonsense, Olga," he protested angrily. "You're not going down to that collection of fish fiends to wear yourself out all summer." Whether he wanted his own vacation comfortably at Ipswich, whether he really didn't want her to work; whatever his reasons, he ran against a wall of hurt pride in Olga.

"How can I be away from you for so long with nothing to do?"

"Good Lord, Olga, be a woman. Other women can spend a summer on the North Shore without seeking for the riddle of life."

They argued. Because they had never argued before, their words were like swords. They tried, like all inexperienced fighters, to argue logically, meeting fact for fact, then irony for irony, until finally, snakelike little darts of anger crept in. Olga was savagely indignant, because Bayard was inconsistent. Bayard was contemptuous, because Olga was so stubborn. She was positively mulish about wishing to work. And selfish. Selfish? What use would she be to Doctor Canfield unless she went in June?

"Oh, forget Canfield!"

"Why?" cried Olga. "Why forget him? You don't forget Guiana. You could be with me at Woods Hole"

"But I hate the place. And what fun could I have—with a working wife?"

"You shouldn't have married one," said Olga hotly.

Bayard shrugged his shoulders. He was thinking of the crisp girls on the North Shore, always there to amuse a man, but not for twenty of whom would he give one of Olga's golden hairs. Nevertheless, he shrugged, and she drew the crueler meaning.

"You are an ordinary man, after all, Bayard," she cried, the tears in her eyes. "An ordinary man. When my work doesn't interfere with yours, all right; when it does, you would kick it out of the way."

He was furious at her sweeping conclusions. He'd give up the trip. No, he was going. And she could do as she liked.

"Oh, go," she cried, "go, go!"

He flung himself out of the room, down the hall, and the front door banged after him

Olga cried a long time in the chair, and each sob hurt her heart. Then she sat a long time dully looking out at the dark night. Everything was over now. They could never forgive each other this irreparable hurt to their love: it was better for them to break everything off. She would go away somewhere. She cried, weakly, foolishly, hopelessly. Go somewhere—alone? How could she? The pain in her heart grew worse.

About midnight Bayard came in, and found her still there. He went over to her, and although she never moved, something gave him courage to bend over her.

"Olga," he muttered. "Olga."

She slid into his arms. "Oh, don't let me be away from you," she moaned.

She clung to him, as if to heal as much of the hurt as she could with her warm surrendering body.

The third week in September Bayard came home, and Olga was waiting for him on the pier. As he came down the gangway she started at the look of him: he was brown, thin, drawn, as if he had been dried too long by the tropical sun. She flung her arms about him, to the delight of the bystanders.

"Oh, Bayard!" she said, over and over again.

"You darling," said he hoarsely, and the bright tears shone in her eyes.

They were a strange-looking pair, he thought; he tanned, weary-looking in a worn-out suit; she fair-skinned, fresh, yellow-haired, in a new frock, and a green hat, gay like the crest of a tropical bird.

"Your mother's in town," she said, "and we're to go right to the hotel. Oh, I'm glad you're back!"

He could hardly keep his eyes off her, but he had to look after a crate of monkeys he had brought back with him. After an eternity he came back, and they started uptown in a taxi.

Mrs. Severance told her son that Olga had seemed happy. "She was lonely, my dear, but naturally she should have been. But the children"—the children were all of Mrs. Severance's clan under thirty—"grew so fond of her. She swims so well, and there was a young Englishman visiting the Sigourneys who grew even romantic. Think, my dear, over your wife! And she gained weight!"

Olga on the way home admitted the romance and the extra pounds. "It was hell, because you weren't there, and yet nice—the way hell must be—gay and full of attractive people. Those Bostonians, when they begin to melt, are nice. But never for a moment did I stop wishing that I was home."

"Home," said Bayard. "What a medieval word!"

"Wait," she said, "until you see what I have made that word mean. We have a better home this year."

They had, although at a price, which to his surprise Olga was willing to pay. This year, Sichberg, a bachelor professor of Sinology, had gone to the East and left them his flat, dirt cheap. He wanted someone who would appreciate his porcelains, his Chinese paintings, colonial antiques, Venetian lacquered chests, French lowboys, and two typewriter desks.

"It's mad, but it's wonderful," said Bayard. "But Hannah can't take care of it all."

"I shall make the beds and do the dusting. And I shall come to lunch. It simply means getting up earlier and hurrying a little. You know how we dawdle."

Bayard protested. "Look here, now, Olga, don't get all involved. Think how nice it is to dawdle."

"But we might as well be comfortable, Bayard. And when you see the space we have, and the view, you won't mind. And it's cheap."

Bayard growled that comfort was secondary. "Oh, I like comfort," he admitted, "but I want to be foot-loose, so that we can move to Zanzibar tomorrow, if we want to, in a trunk."

He worried her a little, but when they got to Sichberg's flat he liked it. Overlooking the Drive, three great rooms fronted it; one of them a library which could be shut off for Bayard's study. The living rooms, the halls, even the bedrooms, were filled with Sichberg's curios, an international mêlée, some beautiful, some merely strange. But the bedrooms were huge, luxurious; the bathrooms numerous, and there was a magnificent room for Hannah. Sichberg's papa had made the first shirt waist, Bayard explained; hence the wealth.

(Continued on Page 60

The Facts About The Greatest Motor Car Performance in America

Getaway--from 5 to 25 m.p.h. in 9 seconds
Pick-up--from 10 to 40 m.p.h. in 15⅘ seconds
Spurting--from 30 to 50 m.p.h. in 16⅕ seconds

Power--100% reserve still on tap at 40 m.p.h.
Hill-climbing--will take 6.5% grade at 30 m.p.h.
Road ability--350 miles in a day without fatigue

Easy handling--slightest effort steers and stops
Comfort--perfect balance, full-elliptic springs
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(Continued from Page 58)

Olga was moving a large porcelain duck from the top of a Colonial sewing table to place it on a radiator.

"Not so good," said Bayard.

"I shall plot everything out, so as to put things back exactly when we move out," she said seriously.

Through October and November the days flitted by, swiftly, peacefully. Bayard was absorbed, busy; he was teaching a class, and working on specimens at the Natural History Museum, and writing a thesis. In Guiana he had made friends with some Dutch explorers, and now they were in New York. He spent a great deal of time with them. He would try to make Olga go out with them, and sometimes she would. But most of their talk was unintelligible to her.

"Besides," she said, "they are too polite to me. They are married, and not interested in a woman like me. No, they'll have a better time if I don't go. It's you they like."

She was not conscious of seeing less of Bayard, because when she was alone she was so busy. She had always papers to correct, work to do; she had begun a piece of research which sometimes took her back to the laboratory; she had rearranged the curios, and she made new cretonne curtains for their bedroom. Hannah had helped her cut them, and a clerk at the shop downtown had suggested that she bind them with a colorful braid.

"They'll look French," she told Hannah. "It's the one touch needed."

She was proud, as are all inexperienced sewers. She was proud, indeed, these few months, of everything she did; proud when she gave a dinner party, and realized that Bayard was her husband, and this party was to show him off; proud when a pupil grasped an idea; proud when Doctor Canfield told her she was pretty; proud because she was so happily married. She gloated over her particular and adjusted blessings—Bayard, her work and the world.

Then one night in December, one cold night when even at six o'clock the fiery stars crackled in a crowded sky, Bayard burst into the flat. Olga was dressing, but in her mirror she saw his face as he came into her room.

"Olga!" he shouted.

She turned round to face him, startled, but still.

"Olga, we're going to Texas," he said, and taking hold of her bare shoulders he lifted her out of the chair and shook her in his excitement.

His hands were cold, his coat was cold, and she shivered away from him. "Oh, don't," she said. Her mind was fastened on what he had said. Texas, Texas—why was he going to Texas?

She knew quickly enough. Old man Wolfmeier, whose monumental tomes on Primitive Love were his *magnum opus*, as the symphonies were Beethoven's, had died at Toltec, in the southwestern part of Texas. Bayard had been asked to fill out the year, temporarily of course; he had been a disciple of Wolfmeier's, he would have to finish a year's work for the dead man.

"It's a tremendous chance, Olga. I can thank Parkinson at Harvard for it. He told them all about me. It's not the classes I care about, but the chance to use Wolfmeier's books and his material. I'm to help finish his book on the Primitive Pacific. It means that I'll get my thesis done in a year. There won't be distractions. New York's the devil for stealing your time."

Olga stood, a kimono pulled about her, listening. Her heart was disturbed, sick, but a year of marriage had put little guard on her impulsively expressive tongue.

"It's wonderful for you, Bayard, but I think ——"

"What? You'll like it. I know you will."

She knew she'd hate it, but she didn't say so. She merely shook her head. "I know the West and the Southwest and the glorious coast. I don't like them. But that doesn't matter. If it's a good thing for you to go, we'll go. But, Bayard"—and she had put her arms about him—"we won't stay there forever, will we?"

"We are too young to stay anywhere forever. I've always wanted to see Toltec. It'll be interesting to see an experiment like that in action. Theories tested with flesh. Dan McGinness is there—he's a chemist, married a Boston girl. Her family didn't want her to marry an Irishman. You know—awful row, regular stuff. He's a corker. You'll have her to play around with."

Olga had been checking her dismay, nonplused and disappointed. Now she heard Bayard, as he talked on, make everything a little worse. Not once had he said, "Olga, do you want to go? Olga, will you be happy there? Olga, is it hard for you to go away from New York?" Now at the words "play around" she made a little sound like a sob. She "playing around"?

"Bayard, I never thought ——" She broke off, looking hard at him. Neither had he ever thought.

"What, darling? What's the matter?"

"Don't you see? How can I go with you? Don't you see?" Her voice broke. "How can I give up my job—in the middle of the term? And even if I could, what can I do in Toltec? Will there be any job for me?"

Bayard, his cheeks flushed, his dark hair tousled, was brought up short, like a runaway colt. He had contemplated himself in Texas; now he tried to transplant Olga. She was envisaging that change herself, and not very happily.

"Bayard, we're so happy here. Everything is so perfect for both of us."

He admitted it. "But this chance, Olga ——"

"Yes, it's wonderful for you. But where do I come in? I suppose I should meekly stop thinking of myself, but I can't. Not so suddenly. If I give up this instructorship now, I might as well give up everything. Unless I can get something down there ——"

Each of them knew the difficulties. Toltec was not coeducational; there were few enough places for men. And she would not have Bayard intrigue her a job. She drew him to her and kissed him.

"It isn't that I don't want to go, but it upsets my life so. Don't you see?"

He saw. But, great dummy that he was, stupid egoistic man, he had not seen it until that moment. Her life had its texture, as well as his. To make matters worse, he confessed, with his usual ruthless honesty.

"Olga, what a brute I am. Not until this second did I think of you. I forgot you and your work completely. If I hadn't, my darling, I never would have bragged so."

She raised her head to look at him, her eyes opening wide, staring into his.

"Forgot me completely?"

He nodded dumbly. "Oh, my God!" he said. He saw now what he had done.

She gave him a hard little push. "Go away at once, Bayard; go away at once." She raised her hands against him, and pushed him, and he went, leaving her alone in the room.

For Hannah's sake she came to dinner, but all evening she sat in a big chair, silent, hurt, brooding. So the end of their world had come again. Bayard, of course, felt worse about it, because his heavy-handed masculinity had smashed everything. Why hadn't he kept still? Yet he was nothing, unless he forgot, at times, everything but himself. Life exacted that of a man. But ——

"Olga," he dared—anything was better than her disdainful, unhappy contempt—"Olga, you know I didn't mean that. You know if I did, it didn't matter."

"Matter? No. I suppose it doesn't matter to you." She smiled coldly. "I don't want to talk to you until I know what to do."

Most of the night she lay awake, lying still in her bed beside his, so that he would think she was sleeping. But he was playing the same silly game, too, and he was quite as unsuccessful in his deceit.

Two nights later, when they sat silently at dinner, Olga brusquely asked, "When do we go to Toltec?"

He shrugged his shoulders. She had hardly spoken to him for forty-eight hours. "Why should we go? It means nothing to me. I won't make you unhappy."

She leaped out of her chair, ran around the table to him. "Bayard, how can you! Oh, I never meant that. Of course, you're going."

They had a tremendous reconciliation immediately in the living room.

When she told Doctor Canfield that they were going to Texas, that old man was obviously displeased. She was tremulously happy, sad as she was at leaving, because he so evidently didn't want her to go.

"Oh, Mrs. Severance, this is too bad. I can't see what I'll do with those youngsters in Section B." He had never seen so deft a microscopist as Olga. "Hands like yours very rarely go with a brain." Besides, he disapproved thoroughly of Bayard, not as a young man but as a scientist, and as a husband.

"He should stay here, Olga"—he always ended by calling her by her first name—"and not go jumping about every time some other man dies. Besides, he may get sidetracked down there in that great, flat country."

"But we shall be near the mountains—almost in Mexico."

"Doesn't make it any better. Besides, it isn't fair to you. You'd better come back here this summer." Olga could have hugged him. "Well, I can't plan anything until I see what Bayard wants to do."

"No you're married now. And I introduced you; and if it doesn't work it's my fault."

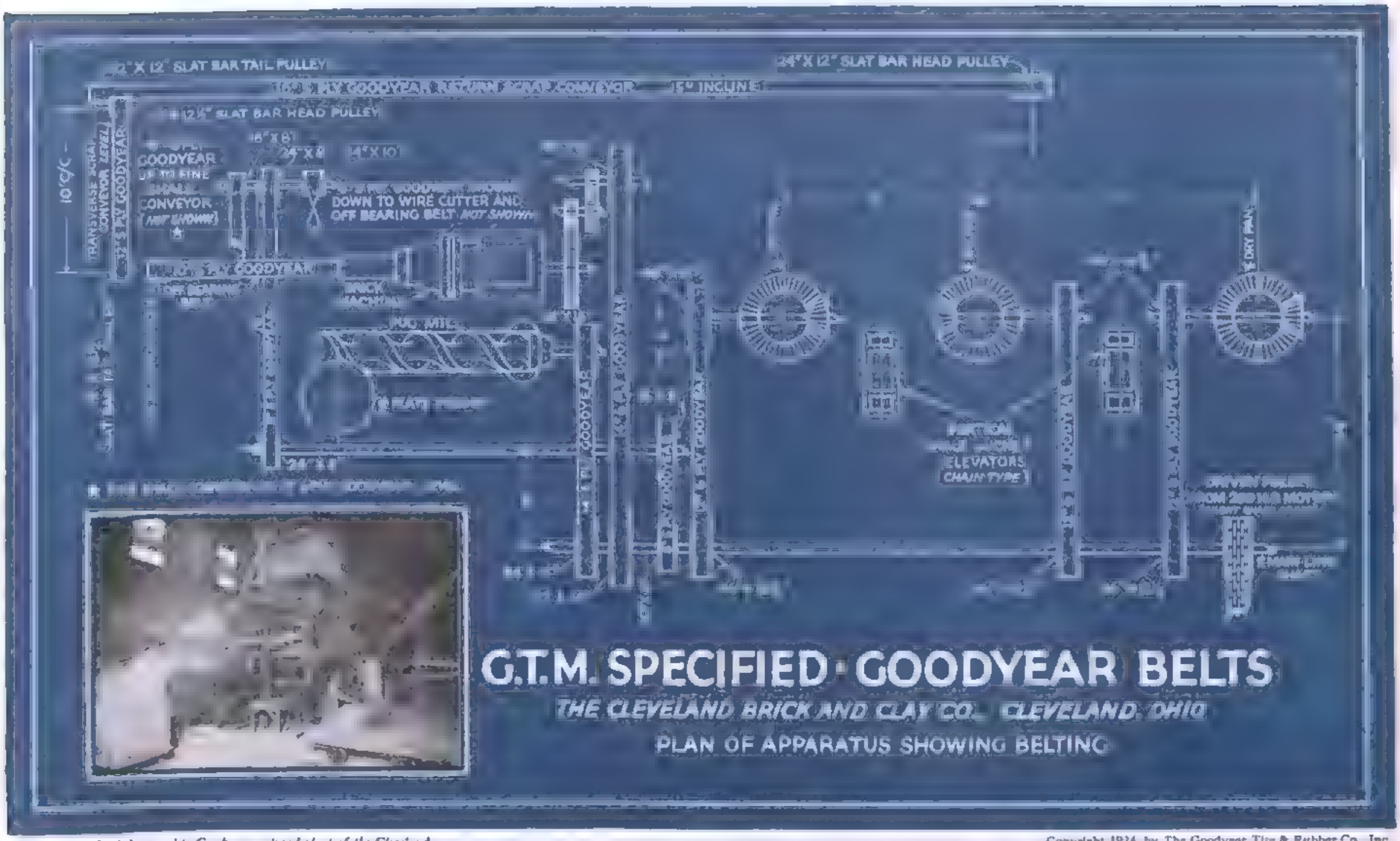
"But it does work—with a little tinkering now and then. You know—like a car. You don't approve of Bayard," she added severely.

"I don't approve of any anthropologist. They're never happy unless they're chasing around the earth. And I don't approve of husbands as caretakers for intelligent wives."

Olga hastened to correct him. "No, you're wrong. I was upset at first; now

(Continued on Page 62

Local Idiot—"How Many Miles Do You Git to the Gallon?"



Blueprint sketch of the complete Goodyear-equipped plant of the Cleveland Brick & Clay Co., Cleveland, O.; with inset photograph of brick machine

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When the new plant of the Cleveland Brick & Clay Company was being completed, four years ago, with strictly up-to-date equipment in every particular, the Plant Superintendent insisted on belting that would give the maximum efficiency, economy and service. He wanted belting on which they could standardize and thus enjoy all the production advantages of lower belt cost. His problem was to find the *right* belt for every job.

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"That offer impressed me," says Mr. C. A. Hendershot, the Superintendent. "I had never used any rubber belting—in fact, regarded all belts as pretty much 'just belts'—but here was a manufacturer who looked on belts as important equipment for efficiency and economy, and was willing to devote valuable time to finding out facts about my plant for my benefit. I told them to go ahead."

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In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

(Continued from Page 60)

I'm interested. Everyone says he should go. He'll have everything to work with. And something may turn up for me."

"Do you want a letter to the biologists?"

Olga shook her head. "No, it's Bayard's career we are making. I'd rather lie low until I look over the ground. Perhaps something will develop by next fall."

"You should have children," said Canfield gruffly.

"I should," answered Olga, "and I probably shall. But in the meanwhile ——"

Canfield told her as she went away, to come to him for help if the world ever abused her.

The millionaire miner who had endowed Toltec Institute had believed that all good things came out of the earth, including knowledge. For geologists, chemists, engineers, all the scientists—even the biologists, of whose evolutionary theories the millionaire's wife had disapproved—Toltec was a happy playing field. In these stark modern buildings so blatantly silhouetted against the blazing sky of the Southwest, tremendous intellectual adventures were undertaken. It was a paradise for professors.

Olga knew well enough, as did Bayard, that her husband was only a temporary young substitute dragged in until a fitting successor to the dead and glorious Wolfmeier could be brought down the next term. Yet she knew the six months at Toltec was an enviable chance for him.

Bayard, himself, was a bit intimidated by his classes. "They're sore, Olga. Most of them are older than I am. They didn't come here to listen to me. Two Dutchmen left yesterday. I don't blame them. I should be studying with them."

This was a week after their arrival, and they were sitting in a hotel bedroom.

"That's just what you should do, Bayard," she said. "Turn all the classes into seminars, and let them run themselves. They can work on their stuff, and you on yours. Conferences, my dear, conferences; call your classes conferences; that word solves everything in America."

Bayard grinned. It was an answer, and he found that it worked. Olga knew that one word had not solved everything for Bayard. He would get around his recalcitrant classes, even as he got around her. His energy, his interest, his enchanting intensity would hypnotize these students eventually. He was never unnerved; no matter how hard he worked, how much he fussed, he pursued tenaciously his own intellectual ends. Each night, regularly, he worked on his thesis. And she was alone a great deal.

Sometimes they dined out, after they had moved into a house, and the wives of the faculty, a strange, diversified set, had called upon Olga. At one of the earliest of these dinners a stocky middle-aged man with grizzly eyebrows sat beside her. He was Doctor Simmons.

"We're fellow scientists, Mrs. Severance, I hear," he said. He was the straightforward kind who dispose of their soup before turning to a dinner partner.

"Who told you?" said Olga, startled. For the first time in three weeks she remembered her lost career. She thought of the million inconsequential necessities which had swamped her since she gave up her job. "Who told you?" she repeated.

"Canfield," he said bluntly. "Wrote me some nice things about you. Used to know old Can in London. Said some fine things about your work, Mrs. Severance."

He looked at her curiously. How could this pretty woman, in a frock his wife would never have had the taste to choose, be of any use in the laboratory?

"That was nice of him," said Olga. "I hated to leave him. But my husband ——"

"Yes," said Simmons bluntly. "You're married, and you can't do as you like. Your husband won't run around America to suit your career. I wish I could give you some work. But I'm drowned by young men—you know, all the young men who used to be brokers, now want to be scientists."

"I believe you," said Olga. "They're my enemies. I hate them all."

"You don't honestly mean that."

Olga tried to explain how she felt about men, but it was hard to generalize, because Bayard belied most of her accusations. Doctor Simmons snatched the talk away into pure idiocy; half-listening, she thought of Bayard. Certainly he was dominant, egoistic, ambitious. He took her for granted; never since coming to Texas had he mentioned her work. Yet she herself had forgotten it, absorbed by furniture and rented houses.

"No, Mrs. Severance," Simmons was saying, even more gruffly, "let matrimony get you, and the intellectual spasm will end. Let it end. Your face is far more startling than any fact you might discover."

Olga was amused, yet a little rasped.

"You are thoroughly biological in Texas, aren't you?"

"Texas," said Simmons, "is a large slice of the world. Monogamy in Texas ——"

He was enjoying himself immensely. Olga put on the pose of eager attention. Probably that was what she was made for.

For two months she rather enjoyed domestic idleness. Never before had she had leisure, even if she gave a large share of it to housework. But she liked their life in the low stucco house with its garden of tumultuous flowers and the little patio at one side, where they could have their meals when the summer came.

The country, too, in which Toltec was set excited her senses. Never had she seen such blazing skies, such clear sunshine, such violet color. The Middle West was gigantic; this Southwest was theatrical, diverting, like an ever-changing spectacle. The sky, the blur of blue against the horizon where the mountains began, the chaotic wild flowers, the mesquite patches on the plains, the noisy, feverish border town—all these excited her senses. It was a foreign, picturesque, tropical world, yet American in its preoccupation with money, its mania for size.

Bayard bought her a horse, and she rode about the country, and at rare times he rode with her. Also he put her up at the golf club, which had been built more to boom the town than to honor the game. She found herself whacking the ball around the artificially difficult course, under the tutelage of a homesick Scotchman.

"It's a good chance for you to get your strokes," Bayard said. "You won't feel such a fool when you play at home."

There was something in what he said. The days grew warm, and her Northern blood made her helpless against the heat. She began to look forward to the time when they would leave for the North, for the long temperate New England summer. That summer promised ecstasy—if they could be together. She waited, fearful for her hopes, lest Bayard should dash them with a plan. May had come, and his examinations were three weeks away: he was absorbed only in his thesis and the collection of material for summer work.

"Three hours a day at Ipswich will do it," he said to her one night.

"Oh, really. Then we will be there?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

"Why, yes. Why shouldn't we be? We're going to have the farmhouse. Don't you remember what mother said?"

"Yes, I remember. Of course." She didn't add that she had never dared believe it. "Oh, Bayard, I shall be glad to get away from here, won't you?"

"Well, yes," he said, frowning a little, and getting up to walk back and forth across the living room. "I don't much like this heat. But I like to work here. This place is not incrusted by years of habit. I'd like to stay here and run down into Mexico next winter, and then into Yucatan next summer. Do you hate it awfully, Olga?"

She shrugged her shoulders listlessly. "I don't hate it. I don't exist here. I am only a wife living here in this little house. I don't like the rôle. I don't fit in with all these other wives."

"Well, I suppose you'll get used to it after a while." If he nettled her a little she hid her feelings. He went on. "But I don't believe I shall stay. They haven't asked me. We might go back to New York. Or anything might happen. It's just my rotten luck to come to this place where it's so hard for a woman to get a job."

"I'll never get anything here." She had never told him what Simmons had said to her. She told him now.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Oh, I don't know. It didn't seem to be important. And I don't know that it is to you now." She wanted him to protest, insist that he cared for her work, that he hated this place where he fitted and she did not. Instead he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Foolish," he said. "Sooner or later something will turn up. I will go somewhere where they'll give you a job as soon as they see you."

"But don't you see, it's all so chancy?" She broke away from him. "It depends so on you, where you go or what you do. I have no continuity in myself. There is nothing for me to do—but love you."

"I am too modest to think that that is enough for you. It would simplify things so if it were."

"You wouldn't like it," she said.

Unfortunately he had to leave her to meet a group of students in his office. He was always, she thought bitterly, leaving her. Men were always leaving women for the work that was their mainspring. Women had no mainspring if they had no children. At least she had none unless she had work. There was no work for her in Texas, and heaven only knew where Bayard's thrusting ambition might take them next!

She could not blame Bayard; he could not stop being the man he was, to rearrange life for his wife. Besides, she knew he was more to her than any job. The French blood in her veins impelled her, at times, to forget her old self, to submerge her own ambition in his. But her father had been a Dane; underlying this tempting softness lay his stubborn, moody individuality. Why should she be the one to surrender? Why should her whole life change? She wanted to stay herself, although married; to be more herself than ever, because of that marriage, as Bayard was.

The very next afternoon Bayard came home early. As he came into the living room, where she sat in a low chair, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a telegram. Something had happened. Olga in a thin white frock, her hair coiled away from her forehead as if the very weight of it wearied her, rose to meet him. She seemed fragile, thinner, yet ineffably softened, as if the intense heat had melted the protective reserve she wrapped around her Northern soul. Never had she seemed more delectable to him; never had he realized so his power to hurt her.

"Olga, do you know what's happened?"

He was afraid to tell her. She was so completely his that his excitements elated her, as if they were hers.

She came close to him. "What?"

"The museum wants me to go to Africa for a year. Next August."

Her face went white as she laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, Bayard. Who else is going?"

He reeled off a list of men some she knew, some she had never heard of. Each one had an allotted job. The biological assistants, she knew, were smart young men, no better trained than she. Yet she forgot herself as she thought of Bayard, the head of his section—a great thing for him. And it meant an escape from Texas.

"Oh, if I could only go!"

Bayard took her in his arms, as if to tell her he wanted her.

"I haven't said yes, yet. Do you think I'm a brute?"

"I want you to do what you want to do. I don't see how I can live without you but I can." She knew how she could. She would arm herself against these interruptions. "I shall go back to work."

"Oh, Olga, I wish you wouldn't."

"Yes. I must now."

"In the fall. Well, I should think that might be a good idea. I may be gone all year."

Through Olga's heart ran a stab of jealousy. He had all the chances. His cool acquiescence in her work as a stop-gap for the time when he was not with her, irritated her. Her irritation, as they argued, grew to anger.

"I'm going to work this summer, Bayard."

He wanted her to spend the summer in Ipswich. He would not be leaving until August, and he could have week-ends with her.

"No, Bayard, I can't do that. I'm rusty already. Doctor Canfield asked me to come and I think I'll pack and go at once. You will be finished in a fortnight, and you can come up after me. You can say I couldn't bear the heat. I can help Canfield correct papers, and then get to work on his book."

She did not really want to go without him, but having said so she began to believe she did. Bayard's insinuation that she should go when it pleased him, that her work was not very important, and could be taken up any time, maddened her.

"Besides," she said, "if I can't get work with him I must get something else for the fall." She was planning her life to live without Bayard.

"Olga, I wish you wouldn't do this. I don't want to think of you slaving away."

(Continued on Page 65

When Night Falls, Turn on Daylight

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Coupe - - 2695 fully equipped
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(Continued from Page 62)

"But I can't go on living this half life, when you're not with me. Oh, Bayard, can't I go with you?"

"I'd never feel free for a moment. I should be worrying about you. Stay with me until I go to Africa."

"Then what will happen to me?" she cried. "Then you'll persuade me to stay with your mother. No, I must look out for myself before you go. You won't help me."

"You'll leave me alone here for three weeks?"

The tears ran down her cheeks. "You're leaving me alone for a year."

"Didn't you think of this when you married me?"

"No," she sobbed. "I didn't think of anything. I must have been mad."

She didn't mean this, of course. They quarreled again. As she sat alone in the darkened room after Bayard had gone out of the house, she accused herself of having made an impossible marriage. Yet Bayard had called her selfish, wayward, cruel, when she wished only to equip herself to bear separation from him.

Why did they anger each other so? Why couldn't they differ without coming to these irrevocable divisions? Why was she hurt, unhappy, yet stubbornly resolved to go to New York, from which lonely city one word of concession from Bayard would keep her?

Sadly enough, it did not come. Bayard from that night on was cool, gentle, acquiescent. He helped her pack her things and put her on the train. As he kissed her good-by his arms crushed her, yet he thrust her from him as if he fought a desire to stay on the train with her. So he could let her go, she cried in her berth. So she could leave him, he thought, as he walked home to his barren club, under a tauntingly lovely sky.

Doctor Canfield had plenty of work for her, and if he doubted the tale of her health he hid his skepticism. He never asked about Bayard.

"With you I can live through this summer school," he said. "As soon as we clear out these kids you can begin on my book."

He was writing a textbook, for which Olga was to prepare specimens, make microscopical drawings and correct proof. She went to work in a large square room on the third floor.

"It's cool there," he said, "and you won't be bothered."

Obviously her return had elated him. She warmed herself in his approbation, even as she buried herself in the work. Each of them was shelter against the gnawing loneliness and misery of her nights.

She had gone to live alone in a small furnished flat on One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, from one window of which she could get a glimpse of the river and the western sky. Each night she came home, bathed and ate a cold supper, then she would sit and think about Bayard. He had written her in two weeks only three letters, hurried affectionate scrawls. She had written him almost every other day. Yet there was a constraint between them. Each of them had been wounded, and neither of them would bare that wound on paper.

Early one morning in the third week a telegram woke Olga from her sleep. Her heart thumped as she tore it open. Perhaps that very night —— She saw herself meeting him at the station.

No, she would not meet him. "No answer," she called to the boy, and leaned forlornly against the closed door.

He wasn't coming home yet. "Parker and I going for a month into Mexico. Writing. Africa postponed until September. Love."

That last word mocked her. Love? Love would send him North immediately to be with her. She sat down on the floor in her nightgown, put her head against the wall and cried.

Tears are followed, in some heart cases, by an interval of calm. That afternoon, after a hot, unhappy day, Olga suddenly took herself in hand.

"I'm a fool," she thought. "What Bayard has done is only what I've done. If I'd stayed there in Texas I could have gone with him. I've chosen to work when he's away; instead I seem to spend most of my time weeping."

He must come to her eventually, before he sailed for Africa. Meanwhile, she had to keep to the course she had chosen.

She telephoned Glenna Mackay and went to dine with her. Glenna, the dark, the cool, the sure, had fallen in love with a wholesale textile man; yet was afraid to marry him because his tastes were not artistic. "But I adore him," she admitted.

"Glenna," said Olga sagely, "you must decide. It's cruel to dally." As a sage married woman she gave advice. She talked about Bayard; the mentioning of his name brought him closer.

"How can you bear his being away?" asked Glenna.

"It's perfect hell, but a scientist doesn't flourish in a home. I knew that when I married. I'm not badly off. Think of poor Mrs. Peary. Or Mrs. Darwin."

"Why don't you go with him to Africa?"

"I may," said Olga.

"You'd better," said Glenna. "I wouldn't trust my husband to those dusky vampires."

Olga went home, feeling better. She saw Glenna often after that, met the textile maker, and didn't like him.

"What do I care?" said Glenna. "One woman's man is another woman's poison." What did Glenna care? She was happy.

Olga wasn't. Yet as the weeks went by and hot July faded into stifling airless August, she worked too hard in the daytime to know what she felt at night. Bayard's coming was inevitably nearer. Since he had gone into Mexico he had sent her only a postcard from El Paso. She had stopped writing, for she was a score of letters ahead of him. Yet all day, at night when she was with Glenna, and always before she went to sleep, she thought, "A day nearer to my husband."

One afternoon when she had been working steadily for two hours she put down her pencil and stood up in her chair, her face drawn with fright. That—she had never thought of that! Her stricken heart sent her running out of the room, down the hall, and into the main office, where Doctor Canfield stood, smoking a cigarette between classes.

"What's the matter?" he said to her. She had clutched his arm.

"You don't suppose Bayard's killed, do you?" she gasped. "If he'd been lost or anything, I'd have heard, wouldn't I?"

"Nonsense!"

He reassured her. The newspapers would hear it. Someone in Toltec must be hearing. He would wire down for her that night; and she went away, soothed.

So that was why she was thin, why some days she did not turn out work. Severance was a brute, whereas he himself was a fool for having ruined this girl's life by marriage. The worst of it was that she loved him.

The next morning Olga came to Doctor Canfield, alive with happiness.

"Oh," she said, "you were right! Look!" It was a telegram, dated the previous day. "Out at last. Coming home in a week." Well, the man was human, after all. Olga went upstairs to her room, where she accomplished the best morning's work of her separated summer. That fact, when she realized it at noon, made her smile.

Two mornings later, around eleven, Canfield sat in his office. He heard quick steady footsteps coming down the hall, and he saw the doorway darkened.

It was Severance, hot, tired, not very clean, but Severance, handsome and undimmed.

"Hello there, you old rum hound!" he shouted, and he beat the biologist on the back.

"For God's sake," said Canfield, rising. "I thought you were dead. What are you doing in town?"

"Two things. First, I'm looking for a microscopist to go to Africa, and second, for a wife. Have you got either?" He was thin and haggard.

"I've got both," said Canfield. "Sit down, sit down. Have a cigarette. Tell some bedtime stories about bones. What do you want a microscopist for?"

"I don't want one. They're no good to me. It's Scott. Had a young man signed up, but the darn fool eloped, and his wife won't let him go. Scott wants some sexless creature who cares more for a microscope than any woman."

Canfield nodded sagely, as if he knew all about these things, turned his head away, passed one hand across his mouth as if he were thinking. He was. But some thoughts provoke a grin.

"It happens, Severance," he said, in his precise, edged little voice, "that I have the person for you. A little knocking about the world with other men would do this young person a world of good. I'm lending you the best microscopist we've got. That is, if—er—he—er—accepts. You better go up and discuss it."

He rose quickly. Severance rose too. Canfield was leading him out.

"This is luck, Doctor Canfield. This lets me off. This kid should jump at the chance. What's his name?"

"Levin," said Canfield neatly.

"Jew?"

"No, Russian."

"Well, science knows no flags." He started off, and then as if he had forgotten something turned back. "But say, where's my wife? That's what I really came after."

"Does she know you're here?"

"No; I'm surprising her."

"You're a brute," said Canfield. "But I suppose she loves you for it. Now, go up to Room 334, and when you come back I will have sent for your wife. She's somewhere cutting up cold ectoplasm."

"Right," shouted Severance, halfway up the stairs.

Back in his office, Doctor Canfield took down his panama and walked quickly out and down the stairs. He had started something which other people must finish. He would feel safer under another roof.

Olga was putting little dots on a section of epithelium when she heard a knock.

"Come in," she called, her head down over her drawing.

The light shone in Severance's eyes as he came in the room.

"Is Mr. Levin ——"

The yellow head at the table raised itself, the gray eyes fixed him impersonally for one cruel second.

"Olga!" he shouted.

She was running to him. Knocking over a chair, colliding with a table, he met her halfway. He had a fleeting fear that Levin might be in the room—Levin perhaps her associate. The fear went as he realized that he had now what he had long wanted.

She was crying. "I thought you'd never come back," she said. "Oh, I should have died. When did you come? Why didn't you wire me?" She asked the inevitable questions, patting him, pounding him, clinging to him.

"Olga, you'll never leave me again?"

"I never will. But why didn't you wire me?"

"Because I didn't know your home address. You only put it on your first letters. And those got burned up in a leather coat that fell into the camp fire. When I got to El Paso and found that you hadn't written for three weeks I was crazy. I came straight home. I thought you were dead."

"I thought you were dead; until Doctor Canfield said you couldn't be."

"Why couldn't I be?"

"Because the newspapers would know—if you were."

Bayard laughed and drew her close.

"I'm not dead. Canfield doesn't know everything, but he's right about that."

"Did you have a good time, Bayard?" she asked hopefully.

"Marvelous," he said. "But come on. Let's go home. Where is our home?"

She had had a rotten time, but she had forgotten all that. She took his hand. "Come on, then."

He stopped.

"Good heavens, I forgot! I've got to see Levin. Then we shan't have to come back again."

"Levin? Who's Levin?"

He explained, but Olga shook her head dumbly. "There's no such man."

He insisted.

"Doctor Canfield said so?"

He nodded, looking at her.

"And he sent you here, to this room?"

"I swear "

"To find Levin?"

"To find Levin."

Olga began to laugh and laugh and laugh. She laughed at Bayard, and called him a stupid, and ran down to Canfield's office, but he was gone.

"Oh," she said. "Isn't he a duck?"

Upon Severance's Puritan soul the joke dawned slowly.

"But why," said Severance, "did he lie to me?"

"Because he wanted to tell you something, and he couldn't—without lying. Don't you understand?"

The idea permeated Severance slowly but effectively. He bent down over Olga and took her face in his calloused hands.

"Well, Mr. Levin, I suppose you're coming to Africa."

Olga nodded most deliberately. "I should say I was!"

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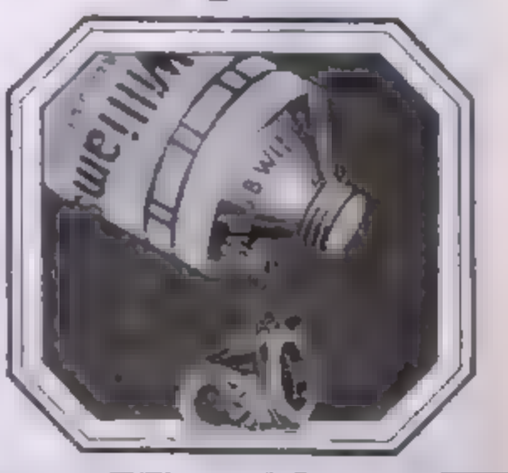

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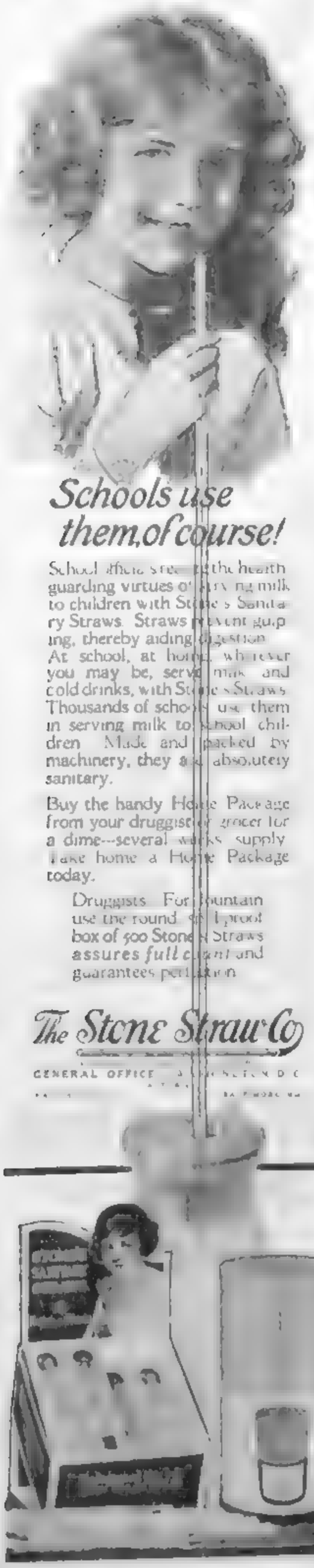

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GENERAL OFFICE ... CHICAGO, U.S.A.

WINNIE AND THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR

(Continued from Page 23)

"Well, yes; that watchman must have been christened Rebuffem Smith, Miss Winnie. I sent in a polite card; but Mr. Pollard sent it back with regrets. And here's me, Miss Winnie, with a thousand-guinea fee waiting for me just as soon as I can get evidence that Mr. Pollard is wasting his money on some pipe dream—er—some wildcat fancy that would certify him for a mental home! A simple little thing like that, Miss Winnie. And down there at Malverstoke they are as close as clams—closer, in fact; not a whisper, not a peep, from a soul in the place. And yet there's stuff—material—by the railway truckload pouring into the place more or less; and all consigned to Mr. Pollard. And he's got a pay roll of chemical and scientific fans—men, I mean—that'd make any ordinary country squire's bank account turn a handspring into the bankruptcy court. Yes, Miss Winnie. It's a worried man talking to you now. Why doesn't Mr. Pollard get quietly on with his squiring? He's a plain squire anyway, and is known as such. Why not 'tend to the cows and things like an ordinary human squire, instead of squandering his money hunting for the elixir of life or something? If he got up in the morning and milked the cows and plowed the land, Miss Winnie, I guess he'd get more elixir that way than he's likely to invent, don't you? What he wants in his park is cow houses and pigpens and chicken runs—not factory-size laboratories."

And Mr. Jay ceased, wiped his brow and looked insulted.

Winnie smiled a little sweet, sympathetic smile and rose.

She knew now why the gentle George's car had so conveniently broken down and why he had hurled himself through the night upon her hospitality. He needed her.

The small town of Malverstoke was not more than twelve miles away. Mr. Jay had not sought her help earlier because he, like many better men, saw no reason why he should share a heavy fee unnecessarily.

Winnie had heard of Mr. Pollard of Malverstoke Park; more, she had seen him riding on the downs; and better even than that, she knew that he was an acquaintance of May Fasterton and a friend of Lady Lessingham.

She knew that he was reputed to be wealthy and studious. Not at all a dashing sort of person. He had once dashed a little, but now he was getting on in years and had lost himself in his studies.

But naturally she had never heard that he had relatives so deeply interested in his wealth, and so keenly anxious for its health and preservation that they were ready to pay a high figure for evidence that would lead to the restraint of Mr. Pollard's evident flair for separating himself from his money and afford him an opportunity of learning the elements of economy in a mental home.

She floated across to the heated Mr. Jay.

"I think perhaps I could help you a little, dear Mr. Jay. You see, I know Mr. Pollard slightly; he is a sort of neighbor of mine when I am at March Lodge, isn't he? And if he is really squandering money which morally he should keep reasonably intact for his heirs I think that he ought to be—checked a little—in quite a kind, gentle way."

Mr. Jay recovered himself with rather surprising quickness.

"Ah, Miss Winnie, that is yourself speaking! Your friendly, forgiving, kindly little self! I've got to confess freely that there's more than a touch of sentiment in my share of the business. I'm not thinking so much of the fee—nuh, nuh—not the fee so much as of the poor old half-pay officer and his delicate son who will be the losers by Mr. Pollard's folly—unless he can be steered to where he won't really need a whole lot more money than his trustees can comfortably allow him."

"Half-pay officer!" echoed Winnie, her eyes vivid, and a sudden new interest on her face. "Ah, but that is what dear daddy was—a half-pay officer. Only daddy had commuted his half pay! And he, too, was not treated kindly by those who should have left him a large income! Please, I think I'm very interested in what you are telling me, dear Mr. Jay, if you don't think me prying and—and—inquisitive!"

"Nuh, nuh, not at all, Miss Winnie. In fact, I'm asking for your help. And if you'll allow me to say so, I should regard it as a privilege to be allowed to make the suggestion that we cut up the fee on a fifty-fifty basis—that is, five hundred guineas to you, five hundred to me—just as soon as we can prove that this Pollard is a weak-wit not fit to have the handling of that money!"

And George H. proffered a large mottled hand—excitement always made his usually white hands go mottled—to clinch it.

For a second Winnie's cool slim fingers lay in his.

"It is so odd, don't you think, please, that we are so often able to fight shoulder to shoulder, Mr. Jay—in the battle of life?" she asked.

"The battle of life, yes, yes, Miss Winnie," said Honest John fervently.

He lighted a cigarette with the air of a man who deserved it, and tacticked himself across to the stimulant tray with which the March Lodge hospitality had decorated a table by the big armchair.

The siphon hissed.

"Yes, Miss Winnie," continued the gentle one over his shoulder, "I shall always be the first to maintain and the last to deny that the sun was shining in the dead center of the sky when we first met! It is a privilege to have the honor of your acquaintance, Miss Winnie. No true friend to England would claim that she's quite what she used to be in the matter of loose and fairly easy money. But there's still some left, Miss Winnie—and some of it is ours."

Winnie's smile was sweet, but perhaps a little mystified.

"Ye-es, dear Mr. Jay," she said slowly.

"Colonel Arthurton and his boy, Archie, will worship you, Miss Winnie, if you can help make them sure of getting even a little of their just due!" said Mr. Jay, and liked the sound of that so much that he repeated it. "A little of their just due!" he resonated, and reseated himself.

"And now, with your permission, Miss Winnie, I'll just run over the facts and leave them—in your possession—to—um—do with as you will."

Winnie curled up on the big settee and fixed her blue eyes gravely and attentively on her agent.

He, relieved of anxiety, explained so well that when, not more than a quarter of an hour later, they said good night, Winnie knew precisely what the gentle one had so elaborately maneuvered to explain was required of her.

It was apparently quite simple. She needed only to get enough proof that Mr. Gervase Pollard was weak in his wits to satisfy the legal adviser of Colonel Arthurton. She could do this in any way that seemed fit to her, and when she had done it five hundred guineas enlisted forthwith under her personal banner, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, till mischance or miscalculation did them part. It seemed easy.

Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror, duly consulted, was the first to admit it.

III

WINNIE, returning fresh and radiant from a glorious gallop over the downs at early dawn, found that Honest John Jay had already left for London, and so she breakfasted alone, for May Fasterton, as she truthfully claimed, rarely ate food at night—night with her being from about eleven P.M. to eleven A.M. And Sandra Lessingham, naturally, hardly cared to risk exposing her lovely neck to the chilly air of nine A.M. Indeed, from the day that the great sculptor Tchpstin had raved—at about ten guineas per rave—over this gracious stalk of her very charming head, she had never really exposed it to the rigors of an unsunned world except on the occasion when the Lessingham mansion in Sussex caught fire—when she conveyed it to the steward's house at three A.M. through a bitter frost which, fortunately, busied itself so intently in painting dainty chilblains on her tiny pink toes that it must have overlooked her ivory neck.

But Winnie did not mind. She wanted to think over the five-hundred-guinea commission which gentle Mr. Jay had maneuvered so elaborately but clumsily to offer her. That there lurked a joker somewhere within the heart of the fair fruit of the fee—like a wrigglesome grub somewhere under the satin skin of a juicy peach—Blue Eyes was very certain indeed. For Honest John Jay was not a man remotely likely to pay anyone five hundred for what he could do himself at the same price.

So she played at that dear old puzzle, Find the Joker, all through breakfast. But, good at puzzles though she was, she had not solved the secret of the joker's hiding place by the time breakfast was over.

"Of course I see that Colonel Arthurton must feel very anxious indeed," she murmured as, chin resting on her hands, she gazed absently across the garden. "And I think that if poor Mr. Pollard really is a little fidgety in his mind it is right that he should not be allowed to spend money foolishly—for it is always wrong to spend money foolishly." She sighed a little. "But it seems very strange, I think, that neither Colonel Arthurton nor Mr. Jay can find out enough to prove whether Mr. Pollard really is squandering his money. And I am quite sure that dear Mr. Jay had tried very hard to do so—before coming to ask me to try."

Her quick mind flashed back to the two or three occasions on which she had actually seen Mr. Pollard—a pale man with a lean face riding a magnificent bay hunter across the downs.

"He rides very fast and looks—very high-strung," she told herself. "But I don't think that either of those things is an indication of an ill-balanced mind. And to try to invent a way of making diamonds isn't so very, very foolish. I would like to be able to do that. Perhaps it was a little—optimistic to try to invent an elixir of life, if he really did try; but, after all, there are already quite a lot of people who advertise an elixir of life—MacDrappie's Scotch Whisky, Maverick's Blue Label Meat Extract, Hawker's One Dose Cough Cure—oh, lots of things are announced in the newspapers every day as elixirs of life! So that is not a sign of weak intellect!" she smiled. "On the contrary, I think—considering that Mr. Hawker is said to be a millionaire."

She rose.

"I feel quite sure that there is something a little odd about it all and I shall try to persuade May or Sandra to call on Mr. Pollard," she promised herself, and went out to cut roses—a garden delight which no right-minded woman can resist.

"And, after all," she whispered to a Mrs. Abel de Chatenay, "I expect it will all come right in the end. It is just a—a slight misunderstanding, somewhere, I feel sure."

She was right there. It was probably nothing much, merely one of those little misunderstandings from which she had so frequently expressed, with slim soft fingers, the juice, leaving the rind for—for—oh, anybody who wanted it—Honest John Jay, for example.

When presently, with an armful of roses, she returned to the house, Winnie ordered an early lunch. She was quite sure that both her friends would be very ready to take a little jaunt across to Malverstoke Park, there to enjoy tea at the house of Mr. Pollard, and to inspect his laboratory—in spite of the watchdog Rebuffem Smith.

She was right, of course. Sandra Lessingham remembered that she had once thought Mr. Pollard one of the most interesting-looking men she had ever seen, and thought it would be rather jolly to see if he still looked interesting; while Lady May languidly said that on the occasion when Mr. Pollard had been presented to her—some years before at Ascot Races—he had impressed himself on her as a man of marked talent. He had, it appeared, shown her, after two and a half seconds' mental arithmetic, six serious mathematical flaws in the betting system she was using at that period, and twice that number of less serious calculations.

Kindly May, guessing that her dear Blue Eyes wanted to see Mr. Pollard for strictly business reasons, was obviously ready to make the effort to motor twelve miles to Malverstoke and back that afternoon.

If Gervase Pollard was surprised to receive an afternoon call from such a dazzling trinity as Miss Winnie O'Wynn, Lady May Fasterton and Lady Sandra Lessingham, he concealed it quite creditably, though Wide Eyes soon found herself in possession of a notion that he had forgotten both May and Sandra. But he placed Winnie at once.

"Even if we have not met before, Miss O'Wynn," he said, his tired gray eyes lighting up a little, "we are not strangers. I have often admired that beautiful little

(Continued on Page 68)

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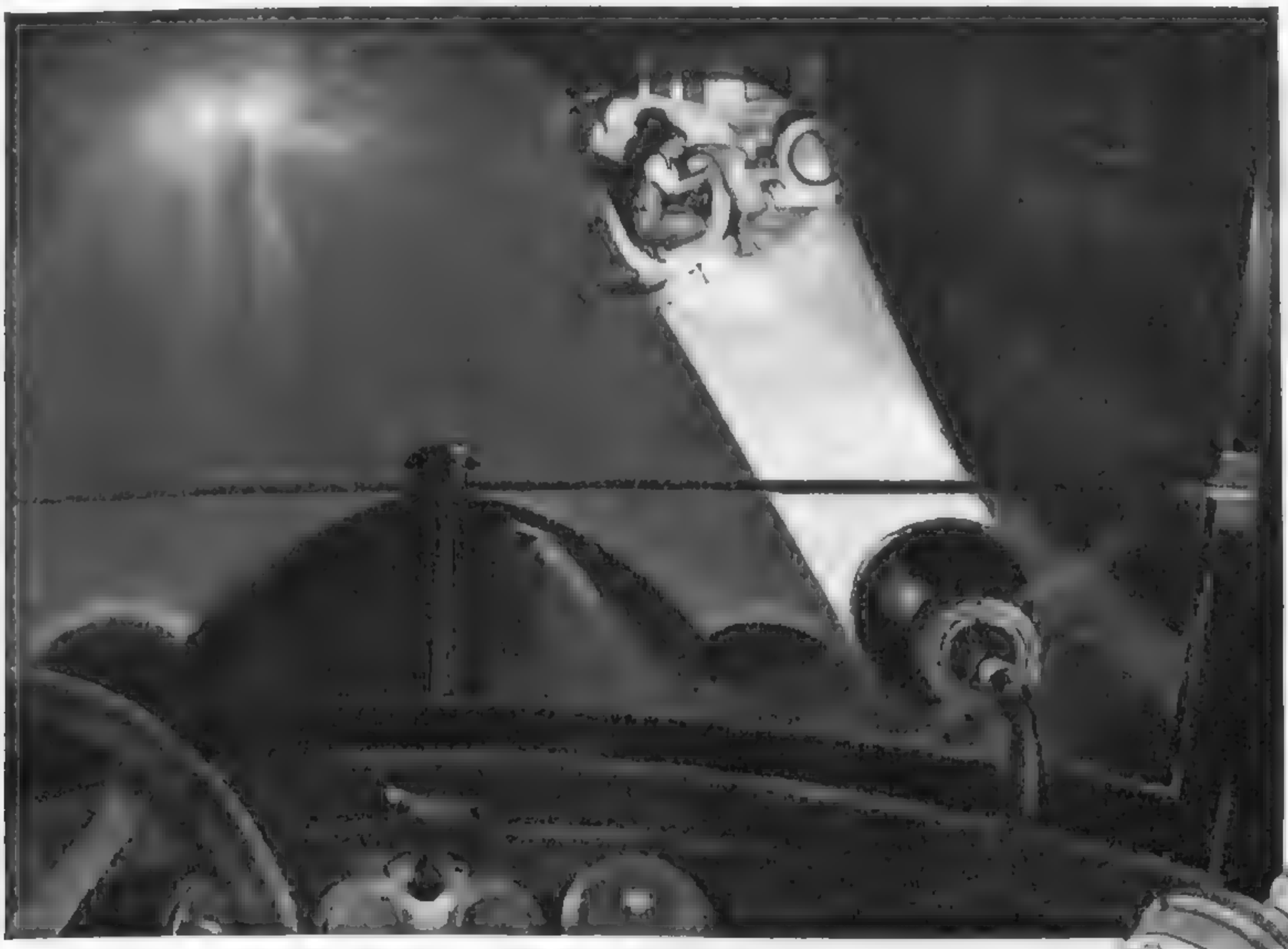

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(Continued from Page 66)

Arab I see you riding sometimes. You ride a good deal, don't you?"

They were on the terrace before the house, facing the wide park.

"Oh, yes, as much as I possibly can," admitted Winnie. "I love it. I have often seen you on the downs."

"Not so often as I should like."

"But you have all the time you need—both of you," chimed May Fasterton. "If I were as fond of riding as you people I should take all my meals in the saddle, and a lot of my sleep. It has always puzzled me why people who are passionately fond of doing things don't do them at once so long and so often that they get absolutely tired of them. Then they'd never want to do them again—and that is another unnecessary luxury finished, another heavy expense stopped, another step toward the simple life taken."

She laughed gayly, taking a quite foolishly expensive cigarette from her gold cigarette case.

Pollard smiled, looking at her as a business man may look at a perfectly beautiful humming bird.

"You believe in the simple life, Lady Fasterton?"

May waved her cigarette.

"I do. It is the only kind of life that is hard to achieve; so hard that nobody achieves it."

"Nobody?"

Pollard seemed to find May refreshing.

"How can they? Take Winnie. She has to earn her living, poor darling! If you imagine that there is any possibility of a child so perfectly lovely as Winnie earning her living and enjoying the simple life, you are mistaken. Her life is so frightfully complicated that only a blue-eyed little genius could possibly live it. Or take Sandra—how can one with such a glorious neck as Sandra hope ever to live the simple life?"

Sandra nodded.

"That is so true, you know," she agreed, sighing. "A classic neck like mine is such a responsibility. I assure you, dear Mr. Pollard, that, grateful though I should be for it, yet there are times when it is so troublesome that I could find it in my heart to wish that it was just an ordinary everyday neck."

"With a large, black, fan-shaped beard growing at the top of it!" shuddered May. "Don't you find life very complicated?" she continued.

Pollard shook his head.

"Oh, no. I work," he said.

May's eyes signaled admiration.

"Do you? How ingenious! What do you do? Farm, fish, hunt, golf, race or just drink?"

Her gay laugh took all the acid out of it. May apparently felt in form. She had these wild moments. Indeed, as she frequently claimed to Winnie, "Even if I am the neglected wife of one of the wealthiest wasters in the peerage I have a right to play the fool sometimes!"

"No; mainly I spend my time in research work," smiled Pollard.

"And do you ever find anything?" continued May.

"Not yet"—Pollard hesitated—"but I am near it—a great discovery."

"It is a profound secret, of course?"

"Oh, no." Pollard's reply was absent. His fine, lean, clean-cut face was set toward the big plain building, vaguely factorylike, that made a brick-red blur through the trees away across the park.

"Oh, no, Lady May," he repeated. "I am trying to discover the secret of perpetual motion!"

He said it as a man repeats an observation he has often made before.

Winnie's eyes widened and went deep. She was watching Pollard's hand—nervously closing and opening, quite unconsciously. For all his quiet, composed and easy social manner, the little one had suspected that their host was what is quite frequently called a bundle of nerves—though Winnie had thought of it as rather a complication of live, taut, overstrung, vibrating wires.

"Oh," said May Fasterton softly, in a different tone, and threw away her cigarette. "But I have heard—haven't I—that perpetual motion is an impossibility!"

Pollard turned to her, smiling.

"I have been told that all my research has been after impossibilities."

Winnie spoke softly.

"I think it must be most fascinating to seek for the really difficult things," she said shyly. "I—I think I read in a newspaper once that you had almost succeeded in inventing a method of making diamonds, Mr. Pollard."

"Diamonds!" The Ladies May and Sandra sat up.

But Pollard only laughed.

"Ah, Miss O'Wynn, I once had to combat that particular libel—industriously spread by interested relatives, I fear. As well as an amusing charge that I was engaged in attempting to solve the secret of the transmutation of metals—changing lead into gold, and other romantic achievements."

"But, please, you were not really doing that?"

Pollard's face grew serious.

"No. I was engaged in a long series of experiments with atoms. Perhaps you have heard of the atomic theory. It was a failure—a costly one." He sighed.

"I hope that the research you are conducting now will be successful—to make up to you for your disappointment."

As he turned smilingly to thank her she saw that his eyes were intensely bright—almost too bright.

"But it is a shining," said Winnie to herself, "not a glitter! I think he is much more likely to prove a genius than a—a—than the kind of unbalanced man dear Mr. Jay and Colonel Arthurton hope to find."

Then it was tea time, and May and Sandra began to lure the conversation back to less severe subjects than atomic theories, perpetual motion, and so forth.

Mr. Pollard did not appear reluctant to follow their lead. Winnie, sitting a little silent and reflective, thought that he was like a man who was seizing eagerly a brief opportunity to enjoy a complete contrast from his daily rounds—or to forget, for a little, things he wished to forget. He engaged quite gayly—for a person who understood atomic mysteries—in the feathery chatter, gossip and jests of the two butterflies. And because he was a man who in the days before his retirement to the countryside had taken his share of social diversions, and knew many of the people May and Sandra knew, the time went quickly.

Several times they were interrupted by a haggard, bright-eyed man in overalls who approached the house from the laboratory—evidently an assistant.

Pollard never hesitated to excuse himself at the instant he saw this man coming, nor to leave the terrace and hurry to meet him. The two would talk urgently for a little—Pollard making quick, nervous gestures as he spoke. Then the man in overalls would nod and return across the park, while Pollard came back to his visitors.

Once, after such a conference, a deep sustained hum arose from the direction of the laboratory—a low, heavy, irresistible boom that rose slowly to a higher pitch.

"Only a big dynamo," explained Pollard lightly to Sandra, who had looked for a second as though she fancied that it was a big fierce bee coming to sting her beautiful neck.

Then, presently, they went off to the billiard room to inspect a toy which Pollard had invented—a new steeplechase-race game in which the dozen little horses, ridden by midget, gayly enameled jockeys, did not race on the flat, but took jumps in the course of their mechanical contest—hedges, rails, ditches, wide water jumps.

It was not yet perfected, explained Pollard. Although it would work, it possessed a fault or two, difficult to adjust—the same little horse won too often, the electric magnets were too precise in their working; things like that. Pollard was faced with the unusual difficulty of having to introduce uncontrollable irregularities and uncertainties into a machine mainly actuated by exact and extremely precise forces.

But it was a new toy, and May and Sandra, fascinated by the gallant little steeplechasers, instantly went a-racing.

Winnie was the only one to whom it occurred to wonder why a man who was so intensely and expensively engaged in seeking something really big, which he called perpetual motion, should have wasted his time with such a toy, pretty, amusing and popular—when he perfected it—as it would be.

Pollard must have sensed this, for he came across to Winnie, who had moved back to a deep window after a race or two, leaving the others to amuse themselves with the toy for a moment. This was simple enough, for May had fallen in love, she said, with a pink-and-pale-blue jockey on a crimson horse, and was most anxious to match him for real money against Sandra's selection—a tomato-colored jockey on a pinto pony.

"Don't you like my little toy, Miss O'Wynn?" asked Pollard quietly.

"Oh, yes, please; very much indeed," said Winnie. "Only ——" she seemed to hesitate.

"Only ——?" he pressed her, rather eagerly.

"Only, you see, it seemed to me—I don't pretend that I understand such things very well, but it seemed to me to be such a pity to bother about just toys like those pretty little electric horses, when you might perhaps need all your—your—genius for your big invention!"

His tired eyes dilated.

"My big discov—invention!" he echoed.

"The—the perpetual motion, I mean, please. I may not be very clever at things—but of course I know that perpetual motion has been sought for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years," said Winnie shyly.

"Oh, perpetual motion. Yes, it has," he said rather vaguely. He paused, seeming to hesitate, then spoke with a queer quiet passion. "I understand what you mean about that—toy, Miss O'Wynn. And of course you are right—partly. But it was necessary; indeed, it is still necessary that I should hit on some popular idea that would make money. The steeplechase game would be just the thing if I can perfect it. You see, I need more money for the perpetual-motion research! I must have it." His hands gripped nervously. "I must, Miss O'Wynn, for I am on the very edge of success! The very edge!"

His voice was vibrant, and a thrill of the sudden fierce excitement which he could only partly control communicated itself to the keen-witted girl at his side.

"But—but I have heard that you were very rich, dear Mr. Pollard!" she said, low voiced. "Do you mean, please, that you have spent all your—riches—on the research you spoke of?"

He smiled rather grimly.

"Miss O'Wynn, nearly two years ago I saw a gleam of light—like a man looking through a long, long tunnel. I headed for the light, and money ceased to mean anything at all. It was necessary to spend. I spent. Today I am like a man who has reached the daylight at the end of the tunnel and finds an iron-barred gate locking him back in the gloom of the tunnel—for lack of a file."

He hesitated a second, then faced her again.

"Why I lay my burdens on your little shoulders, I don't know. You are different, you have been somehow sweet. Miss O'Wynn, I need at least fifteen thousand pounds to perfect my big thing—to stave off awkward pressure! And ten years ago I had two hundred thousand pounds. The way of the inventor is hard, you know!"

"But, please, your friends—relatives!"

"Most of them believe or pretend to believe that I am of unbalanced mind, and hate me for what they call squandering the money which some day might be theirs or their children's!"

"But, please, could you not secure the sum you need by—by mortgaging a part of the profits of your invention? Aren't there financiers who deal with just that kind of difficulty?"

He shook his head in a short, stiff, almost savage motion.

"No. Mine is a one-man invention." His eyes shone. "I've given ten years of my life to it, child, much of my health, and the whole of my fortune. I have—suffered. I will risk nothing, reveal nothing. It is a—bitter streak. Stubbornness. Mine is a one-man invention. I would not reveal an atom, not one hint, of the actual idea of my invention; and there is not a soul who will advance me fifteen thousand pounds on trust!"

His face was working, but Winnie, cool as cream, watched his eyes, and again she decided that these were shining—not glittering. She meant, of course, that the light in them was sound and sane.

Something stirred strangely within her, like the darting flicker of a sharp lambent flame. She thrilled. It was no ordinary excitement, not even a manifestation of her always-wonderful intuition. Years after, she came to believe that it was a flash of pure genius. Whatever it was, it moved her to an act of which she would not have believed herself capable.

She leaned forward, her eyes like stars, her slender fingers on his sleeve.

(Continued on Page 70)

"I fink you'll be better to-morrow"

Very grave is "Doctor" Dan. Perhaps he is recalling those days when mother reached into her medicine cabinet for a certain oft-used bottle. . . . "You'd better take castor oil, I fink," he diagnoses solemnly.

"O-o-o-o!" The patient registers relapse. The doctor rallies to the crisis.

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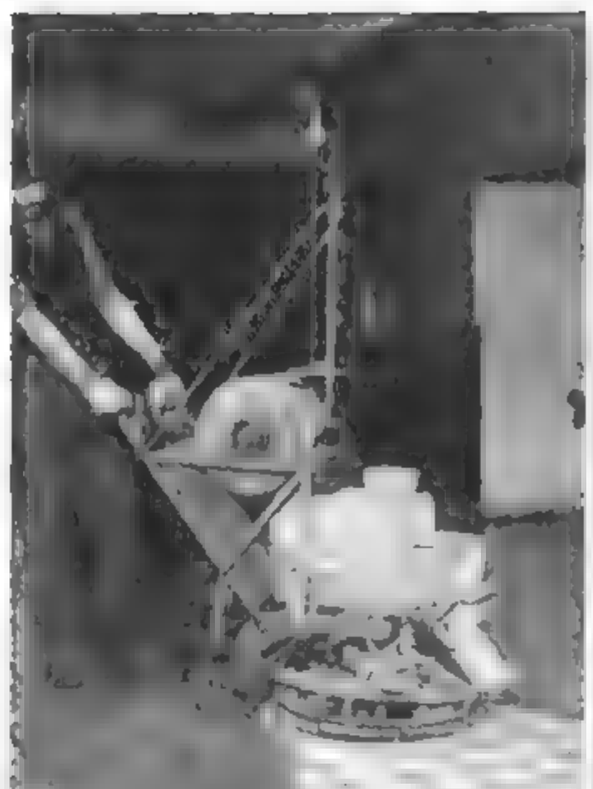

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(Continued from Page 68)

"Tell me, please, Mr. Pollard—could you—would it be possible to complete your invention with fifteen thousand pounds?"

He scowled, thinking, then nodded.

"It may be complete at any moment—but probably it will not!"

"I will lend you fifteen thousand pounds, Mr. Pollard, and ask no questions!" said Winnie.

"You, child! But you're gambling!"

"I am the daughter of a gambler, Mr. Pollard," she heard herself half whisper. "Only—daddy backed horses and I back men!"

He stared strangely, and Winnie, rather pale but wholly composed, noted with a curious mechanical precision that his eyes had reddened at the corners a little—in the way that the eyes of those severely handled by life are apt to redden, without tears, at an unexpected kindness.

"I will accept that offer, you beautiful little thing!" he said. "You shall have one-twentieth share of the profits of my invention."

One-twentieth!

Winnie felt a sudden chill. She was more accustomed to 90 per cent than one-twentieth. She preferred percentages to fractions.

The voice of May Fasterton fluted across to them.

"But the magenta horse with the pale-green jockey always wins, Sandra darling! Oh, very well, one more race!"

Winnie and Mr. Pollard stared at each other—each seeming a little shocked.

Then, like a ghost, the man in overalls from the laboratory appeared, breathless, at the open window.

His face was white, he panted as though he had been running, and Winnie saw little beads of perspiration on his face. But his eyes were blazing.

"It's Number 37, sir!" he gasped; "a thousand hours—and she's lapping it up like a dog laps water!"

He flung a grimy hand over the sill. Pollard reached for it with a sort of hunger.

Then the man in overalls was gone and Pollard turned to Winnie.

"I—I rather think, Miss O'Wynn, that you have made yourself a very rich woman in the last five minutes," he said a little unsteadily. "I am very glad!"

"But, please—but what have you invented?"

"A form of perpetual motion!" he said, stubbornly uncommunicative, but smiling. "Something that was bound to come."

Then they both turned to greet the steeplechasers.

"It is a very jolly race game, dear Mr. Pollard," said May gayly. "Because the same horse always wins—which does away with the worrying uncertainty of course."

She broke off, eying Winnie.

"Why, you are quite pale, child!" she said, and turned to Pollard. "Winnie is tired, and I think we must go now. You have been charmingly kind to us and ever so patient, and we have all enjoyed ourselves no end, haven't we, Winnie?"

"Yes, it has been very pleasant," said Winnie, and rose.

It certainly was pleasant to realize that she really was wide-awake—and not in dreamland. But May had spoken no more than the bare truth. Winnie was quite oddly tired. And, because she had not yet learned that genius has its reactions, she wondered why. But her blue eyes were as wonderful as ever and her smile as sweet.

She did not talk much on the way home; she was too raptly listening to the low song of the motor gears.

"A very rich woman—nn—nn—nn—very rich woman—nn—nn—nn ——" they went, with a sort of eternal drowsy content.

IV

IF IT was with less than her customary demure aplomb that Winnie entered the office of the gentle Mr. Jay at about twelve o'clock on the following morning, she managed to conceal that fact with complete success.

The gentle one, apprised by telegram, was expecting her, and instantly proceeded, as was his breezy way, to assure her that he had never seen her looking so lovely, so radiant and so fair.

"Me, I look into the glass every morning, and I sigh just a little bit heavier every time I look, Miss Winnie," he said frankly. "Anno G. Domini is hard on my heels—and, unlike yourself, I'm not so radiant as I was, Miss Winnie. Few City men are, believe me—not with business scraping the rocks at the bottom every time she moves—like a water-logged windjammer, ha-ha!"

He moved chairs back and forth very attentively. But his eyes were glassier than ever—for he was excited. He guessed that Winnie had got what he described as results already—but he hardly dared to ask her what they were.

"She's chain lightning when she really darts her little harpoon, as I know only too well," he was saying to himself as he fussed about her, "but if she's got results already I—I wonder there ain't an odor of red-hot friction in the air; yes, sir."

Aloud he purred that on receipt of Winnie's telegram he had telephoned to Colonel Arthurton and that ill-used half-pay warrior's legal adviser.

"It all turns on what the solicitor—Barbeman—says to what you have to tell us, Miss Winnie."

He paused a moment, staring at the sweet face, perhaps a wee bit paler than usual, before him. But Winnie volunteered nothing more than a smile, and the gentle one continued.

"There's not a shadow of doubt, Miss Winnie, that the old colonel and Barbeman have pretty well got the skids on Mr. Pollard already ——"

Winnie's eyes widened.

"Oh, please—'skids'?"

George H. smiled with a species of indulgent apology.

"I'm sorry, Miss Winnie—Greek to you, of course. What I mean to say is that they have piled up a pretty considerable heap of evidence about this man Pollard's state of mind already. And if you've got—er—what I should call good news for us today, why, I think I can venture to declare that there's a sweet—a very sweet—little—um—solatium—honorarium—in fact, a right royal rake-off waiting for us two—um—old campaigners, Miss Winnie! Yes, indeed! I'm expecting the colonel every minute; every second, in fact."

He eyed her anxiously. Winnie caused her big blue eyes to shine upon him.

"It is so good and kind of you, dear Mr. Jay, to think always of me—of my share of any—honorariums—that may happen, and I am so grateful to you for that. So many people nowadays seem to think only of themselves—to be quite selfish, and not to care at all, don't you think so, please?"

"They do that," agreed Mr. Jay. "It's a shame—but it will never be denied by me. Never. Er—Miss Winnie—how did you get on? Have you found out anything about this Mr. Pollard's latest way of squandering his money?"

Winnie nodded.

"Oh, please, yes," she said softly "I know exactly what he is trying to invent—to perfect. It is a very difficult thing to discover; I think—it ——"

She broke off as the door opened and a clerk announced the arrival of Colonel Arthurton.

With him the old soldier brought two others—his son, a pale, languid youth with something vulpine in his chilly close-set eyes, which warned Winnie at first glance to mistrust his languor; and his lawyer, a short thick elderly gentleman, with a fat rubicund face which might have looked quite jolly if his eyes had been less like green flint.

Colonel Arthurton himself was not much in the way of good looks. He was too yellow and dry-skinned, his eyebrows were too fierce, his scowl too deeply engraved, and the whites of his eyes were too suffused with the signs of petulance, irascibility and liver. He had, under a white mustache, the very widest, cruelest mouth Winnie had ever seen. It seemed to shut liplessly like a snake's. His voice was shrill and querulous. Winnie did not take a violent fancy to him nor to the twain at his heels.

The gentle George effected the necessary introductions with his customary fluent ease, and, noting with half an eye corner that his little star client was by no means enraptured by the new arrivals, got to business at once.

"Well, gentlemen," he began in his bluff and breezy way, "as I had the—um—confidence to prophesy, Miss O'Wynn's gifts have succeeded in a few hours where my own talents, such as they are—ha-ha, such as they are—failed in a few days. I have the privilege to inform you, colonel, that we are in a position to tell you exactly what form of—um—wild-goose chase Mr. Pollard is now engaged in wasting his money on."

The three hungry-eyed sharks leaned forward as one man. The old man tilted a snappy little bow toward Winnie.

"Yes, yes, very creditable, young lady, very creditable," he said, and leered a little, like an enamored cottonmouth, as he eyed her.

George H.'s eyes grew glassier as he caught the leer, and he went on quickly.

"Miss O'Wynn will tell you herself," he stated.

And Winnie was quick to do so.

"I had tea—with two friends—at Mr. Pollard's yesterday, you see," she smiled. "And I think that was a little inconsiderate, for Mr. Pollard and the workmen in his big laboratory were very busy. The—the chief man—assistant—kept coming to report things, and Mr. Pollard told me a great deal about what they were trying to invent. I am sure, please, you won't think I am saying it unkindly, but poor Mr. Pollard seemed to me to be very—high-strung."

The lawyer leaned forward.

"High-strung, hey, Miss O'Wynn? Now, please, in what way? What made you think he was high-strung?"

Winnie reflected.

"Oh, he seemed—odd! Different. It is hard to explain, please. His eyes were extraordinarily bright!"

"Restless eyes, eh? Darted about, perhaps? Glittered, no doubt? Uneasy sort of stare."

"Yes—I think that is how they would seem to an ordinary person, please. In a way," admitted Winnie.

"The man was jumpy, Miss O'Wynn—disconnected? Moved his hands a lot? Talked—well, queerly, eh? Come now, what do you gather he was inventing?"

He was handling her very nicely. Winnie thought so herself.

"Oh, he told me that. I was there when his foreman came; and, even if he had not told me I heard, please, what the foreman said! Mr. Pollard told me that they were engaged in inventing perpetual motion!"

She heard the sharp intake of the colonel's breath, caught the low chuckle of George H. Jay and the soft whistle of the fox-eyed son.

But the lawyer leaned forward, smiling more and yet more blandly.

"Ah, yes, yes, yes. Perpetual motion; very wonderful idea, very," he purred. "And has he been successful—did he say that, Miss O'Wynn?"

"Oh, not yet; I don't think he has quite invented it yet. But once the—the foreman came running with an item of news which seemed to please Mr. Pollard," came the low, demure, ingenuous voice.

"Yes, yes. And did you accidentally overhear what the foreman said?" pressed the lawyer gently.

Winnie smiled.

"Oh, please, yes; and it seemed to sound so very—odd—I thought. He said—something like—'It's thirty-seven thousand hours, and she's lapping it up like a dog laps water!'"

The lawyer nodded.

"The foreman said that? What did he mean, do you think?"

Winnie shook her head rather sadly.

"I—somehow, please, I am sorry to say it sounded rather—rather absurd. As if it could not possibly mean anything. I don't understand inventing very well, and perhaps I ought not to say it, but it sounded just—insane."

"Insane—yes, yes. And that's all you heard?"

"Oh, yes; quite all, please."

The lawyer turned to Mr. Jay.

"And you say that material—metal, wood, sealed cases, and so forth—is daily arriving at Malverstoke railway station consigned to Mr. Pollard?"

Mr. Jay, a little flushed at the tips of his ears, smiled.

"Well, perhaps not daily; but you can take it, Mr. Barbeman, that a good many tons of expensive stuff have been consigned to Mr. Pollard in the past year. I spent a festive evening with the station master," he added significantly.

There was a little pause as Barbeman reflected, broken by the querulous question of the colonel.

"Well, Barbeman, well?"

The lawyer spoke.

"Capital!" he said. "Capital! Far better than I dared hope for! I had not expected—perpetual motion!"

"Why, the man must be as mad as a hatter," said Mr. Jay.

The lawyer was chuckling.

"Yes, it will do, colonel; it's enough! With what we've already got, this fresh

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

guide to his mentality should be enough! We can go into that ——"

Mr. Jay beamed and drew out a drawer in his desk like a man drawing a knife

He drew from it a check which he handed to Winnie.

"I am proud to have the privilege of paying you this on account of your fee for a very sound, very brilliant accomplishment of a difficult task, Miss Winnie," he said. "It is for two hundred and fifty guineas, on account."

His glassy eye fixed Mr. Barbeman, who in his turn and wholly without hesitation produced a very tolerable slab of paper money.

"This is five hundred guineas, colonel; the sum in advance of his fee which Mr. Jay stipulated he should receive this morning should the preliminary information of his—um—young lady client—prove satisfactory. I think it should be paid to him with, of course, the stipulation that Miss O'Wynn proceeds to gather what further information she can concerning the"—he smiled lipfully—"ah—researches into the mysteries of perpetual motion by Mr. Pollard!"

The colonel scowled, gnawing at his venerable mustache. Evidently the operation of detaching himself from fair money was painful in the extreme

"That, of course, is understood," said Mr Jay urbanely

"You think this perpetual-motion phantasy will top off our case against Pollard, hey?" asked the colonel.

Barbeman pursed his lips, nodding.

"Very well," said the colonel.

Mr. Jay took the money and put it in the drawer.

Winnie softly closed her little bag over the check and looked up, bright-eyed and smiling.

"Please, do you mind if I say that I am very glad I have been able to help a little?" she cooed in a voice so sweet, so soft that it was like music.

Though gentle Mr. Jay did not appear to find it so, for he stiffened suddenly, and his eyes went strangely dull.

"Of course, I do not know anything of what the—the exact object of your inquiries about poor Mr. Pollard are, but perhaps I ought to tell you something which has occurred to me," she continued.

"Yes—yes?"

Mr. Barbeman looked at her in a fatherly manner.

"I only wanted to say if you do not mind, please, that I think it would be a very good investment if you or Colonel Arthurton cared to lend Mr. Pollard part of the fifteen thousand pounds he may possibly need to—to complete his invention! You see, he has used up all his resources—and he is desperately in need of money to complete it!"

Four men arose stiffly like men enchanted as she spoke.

"Used up all his resources!" snarled three of them in unison.

"Oh, yes; he told me so! It seems so sad that for the sake of just fifteen thousand pounds he should fail, don't you think so?"

"Used up all his resources!" the colonel echoed again, glaring. "What d'ye mean by that, hey? D'ye mean that the stupid fool has run through his fortune—the very fortune I am fighting—spending money like water—to protect?"

He was white with shock and fury.

"Oh, yes," chimed Winnie; "he told me so. He has spent every penny he ever owned, and, I think, please, a good deal more; and I know he would be most grateful if he could raise—'raise' is the right word, isn't it, please?—fifteen or twenty thousand pounds more to help him to success!" Her blue eyes shone expectantly on the colonel and his legal adviser.

But the ex-warrior hardly seemed to see it in that light; and it was easy enough to understand his point of view. Convinced that Pollard still had a great deal of money, he had just permitted himself to part with five hundred for information which had seemed most valuable, information which the shrewd Barbeman himself said would round off their case for safely locking up the Pollard money till it should come to the colonel or his son. And now, on the very heels of that information—and payment this ingenuous blue-eyed child added, in effect, that there was no money left to lock up. He turned to Mr. Jay, grinding his teeth most unpleasantly.

But Barbeman was before him.

"This very disconcerting information completely—er—revolutionizes the whole matter," he said smoothly, albeit with an anxious eye. "I can only advise that you withdraw from the whole business, colonel cancel the matter, so to speak, from the beginning. Mr. Jay and this very able young lady naturally, in view of the developments, will wish, and rightly, to return the preliminary fee they have been—paid—um—by mistake"

Honest John cut in quickly there.

"Pardon me, my dear sir, I—and I speak for Miss O'Wynn—naturally will not wish to do anything of the kind. Quite on the contrary; oh, quite!"

"You mean to say you'll try to keep that unearned money?" snarled the colonel, and Arthurton Junior whistled his long low note of surprise.

His goaded parent whirled on him.

"Stop that infernal noise! D'ye think this a time for tootling, you fool?"

Mr. Barbeman spoke with raised eyebrows

"You are joking, Jay, of course!"

"Far from it," returned the gentle one. "That money was paid for the best information obtainable concerning what Mr. Pollard was working on. The information has been supplied, can be corroborated if necessary, and the matter, as far as we are concerned, will close with the depositing of the money in our respective banks in the ordinary way. I can say that I—and undoubtedly Miss O'Wynn—commiserate with you that later information—supplied free, mark you!—should not be quite palatable; but that is not our affair—nuh, nuh, by no means. I—we—did our work, have been paid the cash and—er—we thank you for the cash. That, I believe, is all. I am sorry your plans appear to have been upset, but your plans are naturally not Miss O'Wynn's or mine, and, if I may speak candidly, I am not particularly anxious to be associated with your plans. They struck me as being, if not shady, at least not quite up to the high standard to which I—er—endeavor to keep the tone of this office."

And Mr. Jay locked his drawer and arose, not without dignity, to close the interview.

"Ha! Scound——" began the colonel viciously, but Barbeman interrupted.

"Careful, colonel; please. Mr. Jay will hear from me in due course. Let it rest so for the time being, I beg! We had better leave now."

But Winnie broke in.

"Oh, but, please, won't you wait until I have explained?" she besought gently. "You see, I think I shall be able to—to—turn your disappointment into something very different."

Mr. Barbeman signed to the colonel to steady himself, and faced her with a smile as sincere as a dogfish's

"More information still?" he purred. "Ah, you are a young lady of many surprises, I see. What do you wish to tell us?"

Winnie's eyes fell for a moment. Then she began to explain.

"After Mr Pollard had confessed that he was sorely in need of more money I did a very impulsive thing," she said, with a very convincing air of confession. "You see, there is something rather nice about Mr. Pollard, and I was so sorry for him. In spite of his—nerves—somehow I believed in him; and so in an impulsive moment I was so sanguine that I agreed to lend him the fifteen thousand pounds that he needed in return for a twentieth share of the profits of his invention when—when it is invented!"

They stared. Mr Jay sat very still, his face quite expressionless.

"That is such a lot of money—nearly all I have—and I saw, when I came to think it over carefully, that perhaps I had let my sympathy run away with me. For I don't know at all exactly what Mr. Pollard is seeking except that it is some kind of perpetual motion."

She hesitated, then faced them bravely, and continued, her voice very low:

"And I have been thinking, please, that perhaps you would all like to share with me in the possibility of making a fortune if Mr. Pollard invents perpetual motion. I don't understand these things perhaps so well as I should, but it seemed to me that if Colonel Arthurton took three thousand pounds' worth of the fifteen thousand pounds, and Mr. Arthurton took another three thousand, and Mr. Barbeman three thousand, and you, dear Mr. Jay, another three thousand, that would leave me responsible for three thousand pounds instead of fifteen thousand, and, of course, we should

(Continued on Page 74)

BUILDING A BUSINESS

"IN THE last forty years we have built a great business," said the vice-president of a big corporation. "Charley and Mac bought that corner and built up a good business," said Aunt Carrie, the family chronicler. "We built this business in the early days," said the owner of a cross-roads general store.

The vice-president, Aunt Carrie and the country storekeeper are plain, matter-of-fact people, not given to flighty talk or figures of speech. Yet they use, in every-day conversation, one of the most imaginative and fanciful phrases in our language—and everybody, in business or out, knows what they mean!

For everybody knows that stores and factories, banks, warehouses and terminals are but the outward, material symbols of business. Back of each of these there rises, shadowy and vast, the great structure of the real business. Based on good-will, bound together with consumer and dealer contacts, cemented with fair dealing, this invisible structure rises slowly behind every honest enterprise.

The actual value in money of this invisible, intangible business is tremendous. A great soap company values this structure at double the sum of all its physical properties. A motor-car manufacturer lists it among the first of his assets. A confectioner in a small town sold this invisible property for three times what his stock, building and fixtures brought him.

The master builders of to-day know that this invisible property can be planned and erected as definitely as a structure of concrete and steel. For advertising creates good-will, not in unrelated units, but in the mass. It fosters, and even commands, fair dealing. It establishes the confidence of dealer and consumer alike, not by hundreds, but by millions. And advertising, like any other form of creative energy, works best and produces most when under experienced direction and intelligent restraint.

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(Continued from Page 72)

all be sharing—sharing"—the sweet voice faltered—"sharing whatever there is to share!"

It was a fair offer. But it was odd to note how the listeners received it.

Mr. Barbeman raised his green and flinty eyes to the ceiling like a man about to pray; the colonel's son whistled liquidly; the colonel gave utterance to a short yelp of sardonic mirth.

But gentle George H. Jay sat very still, as graven images sit where put.

"Mr. Pollard himself said that the—the—investment would make me a very rich woman," urged Winnie a little anxiously. "So—so—won't you join me?"

"Join in presenting fifteen thousand pounds to a rainbow-chasing visionary in search of some kind of perpetual motion!" snarled the colonel. "Good Lord, child, no! Cer-tainly not!"

Mr. Barbeman shook his head slowly.

"Er—Miss O'Wynn, have you no friends—relations—trustees—um—legal advisers to help you take care of your money?" he asked concernedly. "You are throwing it away! The proposal you make is—comic, young lady, comic!"

He rose.

"One moment, gentlemen," said gentle Mr. Jay importantly, unlocking his drawer. "It has pleased you to reply facetiously to my client's kindly proposal. I may claim to know her a little better than yourselves, and I want you to see my reception of her proposal. I, too, am a hard-headed business man, Mr. Barbeman, but I do not find anything comic about that proposal."

He took the wad of bank notes he had just received and proffered them—a little lingeringly—to Winnie.

"Five hundred guineas, Miss Winnie—nuh, nuh, call it pounds for even money's sake." He peeled off five five-pound notes. "All the loose money I've got—to spare. I hand it to you, Miss Winnie, for one-thirtieth share in your loan to Mr. Pollard. Old George is shoulder to shoulder with you, Miss Winnie!" he said, and gave quite a creditable imitation of a carefree smile—considering that he had just staked five hundred on the chance of a man inventing perpetual motion. It was rather wan, that smile, and there was a sort of sadness in his glassy eyes.

"I—I ought to warn you, dear Mr. Jay that I am not concealing a single thing. It—it really is a risk, you know!" she told him, her wide eyes frankly on his.

"That," said Honest John leadenly, "is all right. I've got to tell you Miss Winnie, that I've sworn an oath that the first investment you offered I would take—yes, sir, Miss Winnie—and that goes if you offered me a share in a gold-brick factory! Happy about it, I'm not; confident, I won't swear I am; but I care not. That goes, Miss Winnie. I'm putting that five hundred on you. I'm betting it on you—not on perpetual motion!"

Winnie was charmed.

"Oh, thank you, thank you so ——" she began, and the colonel turned to the door with a grunt of disgust.

Barbeman smiled maliciously at the gentle—but anxious-looking—George H.

"If that little transaction was staged to impress us—to lead us on to follow your example, Jay, I fear that it has missed fire rather badly; rather ——"

He stopped abruptly as the door opened and a very beautiful lady indeed floated in—over, as one may say, the feebly protesting body of Mr. Jay's head clerk.

It was May Fasterton.

LADY FASTERTON swept a languid glance over the Arthurton trio—rather subtly conveying a vague wonder that the caretaker had not swept the offices more carefully that morning—and turned to Winnie, proffering a note.

"This came to March Lodge for you from Mr. Pollard this morning, child," she said. "But you had flown off to town apparently at dawn. It is marked 'Urgent, Private, Most Important,' as you see. And it seemed to be less imbecile to bring it with me when I came up, two trains later, than to leave it at March Lodge. They told me at your flat that you were here, and, quaintly enough, I had sufficient intelligence to motor round here with it in case it had any bearing on any of those intriguing little business transactions you so frequently seem to commit in alliance with Mr.—ah—Jay!"

"Oh, May, thank you so!"

Winnie opened the note, flushing gloriously from sheer excitement.

Her quick eyes flashed down the sheet, and her flush deepened as she looked up to Mr. Jay.

"But I—I don't understand—I —— Please, Mr. Pollard says my share—the investment—is worth a million—perhaps many millions!"

She passed the note to Mr. Jay, whose ears had turned bright scarlet.

Honest John did not snatch the letter—but if he had reached it to him a fraction of a second quicker he might have dislocated his elbow.

"A—million!" he croaked. "And I had just sense enough to get in fair and square on the ground floor!"

He sopped up the contents of the note in a second.

"But, please, dear Mr. Jay, what does it mean? What is it that Mr. Pollard has invented?" asked Winnie.

Mr. Jay touched his bell.

"A new storage battery, he says. A miracle. But let us keep our heads," he stuttered. "Let us be self-possessed, Miss Winnie," he urged, flushing, paling, trembling, his eyes blazing, his nostrils dilating, his Adam's apple pistoning wildly.

"Send in young Evans," he commanded, and a weather-browned junior clerk appeared.

"You're up in this electricity, Evans, aren't you, hey, Evans? Understand the volts and things, hey?"

"I've done a little to it as an amateur, sir."

"Yes, yes, my boy. Well, tell us now, if a man invented a brand-new kind of storage battery which would hold practically as much electricity as you cared to shoot into it—so much that a storage battery the size of a steamer trunk could be made to hold enough electricity—watts, he calls it—to run a torpedo boat across the Atlantic and back—well, now, would that be a big thing in the electrical world, Evans?"

The eyes of Mr. Evans bulged.

"A big thing, sir! There isn't an inventor in the world wouldn't give his head to do it! Why, why, Edison—Edison, sir—would raise his hat to that man—and what he doesn't know about storage batteries you don't need to waste time hunting for, sir! It was bound to come—but it wanted some finding!"

"Yes, yes, my boy; but what's it worth?"

Evans shook his head.

"Anything a man liked to ask for it, sir. It would be priceless—like a diamond that weighed half a ton. Excuse me, you don't mean to say it's been done!"

Mr. Jay seemed to enlarge in stature as he answered.

"My boy, not only has it been done—but Miss O'Wynn and I are part proprietors of it! Thank you, Evans—that will do! Oh, show these gentlemen out, Evans."

He waved a very important hand

"Morning, colonel! Morning, Barbeman. There's no need to gnash your teeth at my client, Miss O'Wynn, and me. You were offered a large share in this fortune—this fabulous fortune—by Miss O'Wynn for the paltry sum of three thousand pounds each—but your courage was not at home."

"Yes," snarled Barbeman, "and where was yours, you five-hundred-pound piker?"

But gentle Mr. Jay was above that sort of thing.

He had a solid thirtieth of Winnie's twentieth; and if her twentieth was worth even a million, that made his thirtieth of her twentieth round about thirty-five thousand pounds.

Why wrangle about a pound or two with a low-life like Barbeman?

"Show them out, Evans!" he said crisply. And Evans showed them.

Mr. Jay offered a large tremulous hand to Winnie.

"I want to say—I want to say that I am very much moved—very deeply touched, Miss Winnie," he uttered hoarsely. "If I'd had the pluck of a skinned rabbit it would have been a rich man talking to a rich woman. I congratulate you with all my heart, Miss Winnie. You deserve it, every last penny of it. Little—may I say 'friend o' mine'? little comra ——"

"Need we be hysterical? Is it necessary to be—sloppy?" came the cool, amused, scornful voice of Lady Fasterton.

Honest John wilted forthwith. But Winnie restored him with a wonderful smile.

(Continued on Page 76

Fleet of 9 Saved $4000 So They Bought 5 More

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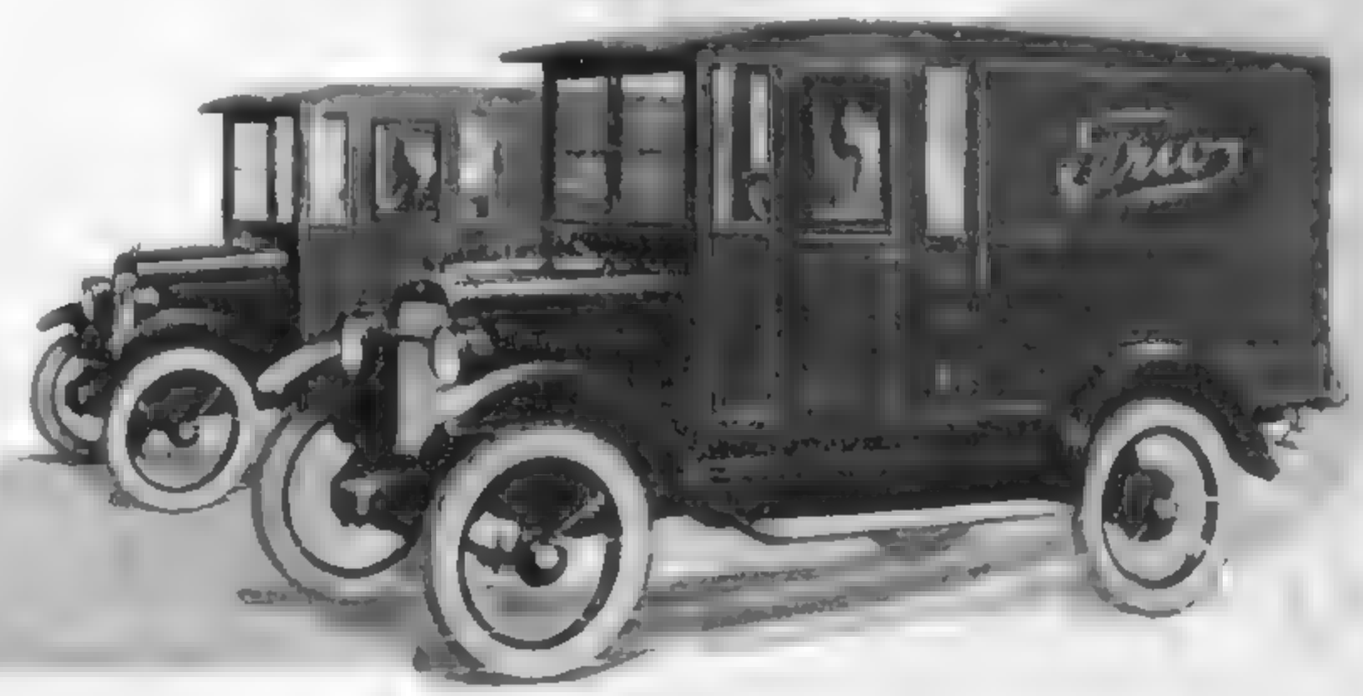

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The fact is that the most careful inspection of the coat will seldom tell. The finest of materials do not always make a raincoat really waterproof.

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That is why hundreds of thousands of men are wearing "U.S." Raynsters today.

"U.S." Raynsters are made with all the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world. Every inch of a "U.S." Raynster is backed by layer on layer of high grade rubber—every seam is reinforced.

"U.S." Raynsters are made in every different raincoat style—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart top-coats in tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. But all "U.S." Raynsters have one characteristic in common. They're built to *stay waterproof!*

The "U.S." Raynster label is on every coat. It will pay you to look for it.

Our little booklet entitled, "A Scotchman Started It," will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Raynsters

Reg. U S Pat Off

(Continued from Page 74)

The door opened and the grim head of Mr. Barbeman was thrust in.

"Take it," said Barbeman aggressively, "or leave it, Miss O'Wynn, but, remember, no man, woman or child can afford to sneeze at cold, hard ready money. Listen! I'll give you five thousand pounds for a fiftieth share of your twentieth! Take it—or leave it!"

It was the only way to conduct this forlornest of forlorn hopes.

Mr. Jay made a gesture of pure derision but, most amazingly, Winnie stayed him, facing Mr. Barbeman with her sweetest smile.

"If I refuse, Mr. Barbeman, I feel that I shall make an—an unfriend for life. And life has been so good to me that I feel I would not care to have one single unfriend. I will forgive you for the things you said—and sell you the fiftieth share of my share you ask for!"

"Nuh, nuh—nuh, nuh! Why throw it away, Miss Winnie? I'll buy that fiftieth if you must sell!"

Barbeman was in the office instantly.

"Oh, no; you've had your chance, Jay!" he snapped. "That's a bargain, Miss O'Wynn. I'll send my check and an agreement for signature round within a quarter of an hour!"

He grinned at George H., smirked at Winnie, and had the naked nerve to ogle May Fasterton. Then he departed. He was a hard-shelled solicitor, haymaking while the hay was fragrant.

Mr. Jay gazed reproachfully at Winnie.

"Why—throw it away, little lady?"

Winnie's eyes were like sapphires as she answered, "Dear Mr. Jay, it was pure intuition that I offered to lend Mr. Pollard that money. I knew nothing, nothing at all! Something—some instinct told me to do it, and I did it! For the first time in all our business affairs I risked money on an uncertainty—and I was very, very sorry I did so. And now just such another impulse told me to accept Mr. Barbeman's offer."

Her sweet voice sank.

"For, you see, I have a—a terrible presentiment that something will happen to destroy our great hopes! Something ——"

She shuddered a little, her face suddenly pale. "I—somehow, I feel it in my heart, dear Mr. Jay. Perhaps you think that so silly of me to be weak—but that is how this great Niagara of Good Luck appears to me. Too big—it's too big to be true!"

She drew a shivering breath.

"You are tiring Miss O'Wynn, Jay. How dare you pester her?" said Lady May icily.

"Please, no, May; just one minute, dearest," protested Winnie; and continued "So, if you like, if you care to, Mr. Jay, you may sell the fraction of your share necessary—to—cover your five hundred, which would make you safe in any case! I will buy it and pay you for it out of the money received from Mr. Barbeman!"

She may have looked a little faint, but her wits and generosity were still working.

The gentle one hesitated—hung fire—wavered. Then, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, he set his jaw.

"No, Miss Winnie. Thank you, thank you; but I can't switch and swing, can't dodge back and forth, hem and haw forever. It's man or mouse with me this time, Miss Winnie! All or nothing! Thank you again, thank you; I'll stand pat!"

So they left him—standing pat—as brave as a real lion.

Nevertheless, he recalled the electrical lad Evans and put him through a cross-examination concerning storage-battery capacities that dizzied the youth as well as himself.

Mr. Jay desired literature on the subject and borrowed the only electrical book Evans had in his desk—a volume entitled Your Electric Lighting Set, a Plant for the Small House; or, Lighting Your Home for A Farthing an Hour. Evans showed him an evilly executed picture of some cells.

"Those are storage batteries—of a kind sir!"

"Ha, yes—of a kind—the old obsolete kind, ha-ha." Mr. Jay waved spaciously. "All these fellows had better get off the market while there's time, poor devils! That's all, Evans."

But he called Mr. Evans back yet again, chilled by the specter of an idea that rose for a second before his mind's eye.

"Er—I take it, Evans, that this battery business is safe! What I mean, what I want to get at is—there is no chance of trouble, is there? Here's a man playing about with this electricity—jamming the volts and vampires—no, ampires—hey?—watts, then jamming Lord knows how many of these watts into a space that never before in the history of electricity held more than a mite of the quantity. D'ye see that? What I mean, Evans, it looks to me as if there's about the equivalent of half a million flashes of forked lightning in this battery I'm speaking of—and I guess if anything happened—if it kind of got loose any way see? I guess I don't want my investment struck by that amount of lightning!"

But with the airy confidence of one who had no money invested in the lightning battery himself Mr. Evans assured his employer that a man who could catch electricity -lightning -and conduct it to its cell this way, was undoubtedly man enough to keep it in its cell.

"In any case, sir, even if he couldn't, even if it got loose it would all flash to earth—just as all electricity and lightning must do."

Mr. Jay nodded.

"Yes, yes, of course," he muttered. "It all goes to earth—sure. But—I don't want it to take my investment along with it. I got enough buried already!"

But though he did not know it until three days later—that was precisely what happened.

It was on Tuesday that Mr. Jay risked his five hundred on that form of perpetual motion represented by the Pollard storage battery.

And it was in the evening papers of Friday that he read of the fearful accident which, that midday, had blotted the Malverstoke laboratory out of existence in a sheet of blue flame and left the park looking as though a prairie fire had swept it. No lives had been lost, for the accident had taken place at the hour of the midday meal. But Pollard, who was just setting out for the laboratory, after lunch, had been caught in the skirts of the colossal spark which for reasons unknown to him had leaped from the overcharged battery like a vast lightning sheet, and had narrowly escaped with his life.

Mr. Jay bore up under that, believing that what Pollard had done once he could do again—with greater safeguards. But there he erred.

It was from a brief interview with Winnie that he learned the bitter truth. Pollard's high-strung nerves had been snapped by his experience. He would never touch electrical research again, never. And he had forgotten what he had known; that appalling spark had rocked his very soul, half ruined his memory.

"I think perhaps you won't find that hard to understand, dear Mr. Jay, for, please, don't you agree that there is something strange and and incalculable and deadly and sinister about even a tiny spark even the little spark from a plug in the motor? It flickers and is gone," said Winnie. "Mr. Pollard was frightened by a spark that seemed much more deadly and terrible than a great exploding shell and his secret is lost. But he will have some money to live on—for he thought of just the little thing he needed to perfect his racing game—the jumping horses—the very evening we left after taking tea with him! I am so—relieved because of that. But for that, don't you think, please, dear Mr. Jay, that it would have been too sad?"

The gentle George H. looked down into two blue eyes.

"Humph—yes—too sad. Much too sad," he agreed. "Er—was Barbeman's check honored?"

"Oh, please, yes. It was quite in order."

"Splendid!" said Mr. Jay. "Splendid!"

But when, after she had gone, he worked it out, he found other adjectives for it all.

"Let's look. She took a twentieth share which actually cost her nothing; she did not pay cash, and after yesterday there was no need to. But Barbeman—in partnership, no doubt, with his friend the colonel—paid her five thousand for a fiftieth of what she got out of the invention in other words, for nothing -and I—I—George Henry Jay—paid her five hundred for exactly the same—nothing! So she gets five-thousand five hundred, and I get mine as usual—nothing!"

He flushed.

"She was right! My five hundred—five hundred of the very best—like the damned electric spark—'it flickers; just flickers and it's gone!' Yes, sir! And I stand pat on that—every time! Hey? Money? It flickers and it's gone! But not to earth; no, not to mere earth if she's anywhere around!"

billiards

a gentleman's game

"..... he sang at my lady's harpsichord, and played backgammon, or his new game of billiards, always having a consummate good-humor, and bearing himself with a certain manly grace that had its charm and stamped him a gentleman."

—*William Thackeray in Henry Esmond*

Stamps one a gentleman

PATIENCE, good judgment and self-control, the inner characteristics of a gentleman, are developed to a fine point by the game of billiards. And, still further, the man who plays billiards acquires even the very physical qualities that stamp one a gentleman—poise, bearing and a certain manly grace.

The game itself is so interesting and so keenly competitive that it appeals to the man who loves sport for sport's sake. It makes one forget personal worries and inspires good humor. In truth, a billiard table fairly radiates cheer and good fellowship. And the proper environment that is always associated with modern Brunswick equipped public billiard rooms has made them social centres that attract the best citizens of every community.

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for

Kitchen-Bathroom-Automobile-Office-Factory

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PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

Continued from Page 27

At once the figure of the negro spoke up, saying, "Good evening, Pat."

"Good morning, Sambo," replied his fellow.

"But why do you say morning?" demanded the black fellow.

"Faith, and didn't I just wake up in that box?" retorted the other with a true Irish wit, at which many of the crowd laughed heartily.

Now followed an exchange of repartee, somewhat brutal at moments, in which the Irish figure invariably scored off his opponent. And there was a conundrum, I remember, the Irish figure asking the African, "Noah was a great believer in a fruit diet, was he not?"

"Why do you think so, Pat?" countered the other.

Crisply came the reply, "Sure, and did he not stock the ark with preserved pears [pairs]?"

Great merriment was aroused by this, and I myself was so overcome that I joined in it and was laughing heartily when Mr. Jackson leaned over the back of his seat, pretending to search for something, and in low, gruff tones said, "Don't laugh, you poor fish [guy, bird, bozo]. You don't understand a word of this. Get dignified again." Instantly I realized the justice of his rebuke. My laughter would spill many of the beans, and I instantly recovered my look and manner of aloofness.

The exhibition of voice throwing concluded with Sambo repeating the song Mr. Jackson had already sung, and very well the darky seemed to do it, though first there was a laughable scene created by the Irish Patrick, who objected to the song, and when his insulting interruptions proved unavailing declared that he would not listen. "By jabbers, if that negro is going to sing you must put me back in the box," he said in comical dismay, and this was done before the song was had.

With Sambo also restored to the box, Mr. Jackson became serious and delivered his affecting tale about the panacea he was prepared to offer them. Dramatically he told how he had saved the life of the famous war chieftain of the Ugwalallas, who in gratitude had imparted to him the secret compound of life-giving herbs which would so wondrously relieve human suffering.

Then motioning me to stand up and throw off my blanket he continued, "And now, friends, I call your attention to that noble red man who has secured permission from the Great White Father at Washington, D. C., to accompany me on my visits among you. Regard him closely. By means of this wonderful potion which I am putting within the reach of one and all at a purely nominal price he has retained his vigor to the advanced age of one hundred and eleven years, as proved by his tribal records, which any doubter is free to consult in the archives of our national capital. By his daily use of the famed Aga-Jac Bitters, Nature's own remedy, he has retained the strength of his native pines, and while yet but of middle age he had the distinguished honor of shaking hands with our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. Now, good people, I shall try to prevail upon this noble specimen of manhood to address a few words to you in his native tongue, as he speaks no other. In his own simple way he will tell you how the Great Spirit guided him to the life-giving herbs. I am a rough man, friends, and perhaps I have forgotten the prayer I learned at my mother's knee; perhaps in this modern time of scientific disbelief I have lost a bit of my childhood's faith; yet I am not ashamed to say to one and all of you that when this simple-minded savage tells how the Great Spirit guided him to this marvelous discovery I put away all my skepticism and believe as he believes—as you, good people, would have to believe could you understand his eloquent words."

At this the speaker turned deferentially to me and uttered the strange sounds we had agreed upon, to which I replied in the rehearsed syllables.

"The old chief consents," announced Mr. Jackson, turning again to the crowd; and then, impressively, "Lay-dees and gen-tel-men, Chief Ugwalalla!"

After which he sat down and I recited the Vedic hymn which had so delighted my companion. I think I am justified in saying I did this dramatically and with telling effect. I knew I held my audience as well as I know when a history class is attentive. When I in turn sat down, amid a respectful silence, Mr. Jackson rose.

"And now, friends, in offering you my small remaining stock of the famed Aga-Jac Bitters at the merely nominal price of a dollar a bottle—and where on God's green footstool could you obtain such value for tenfold that contemptible sum?—I wish to announce that, not content with this, I shall also present to each and every patron a gift that is alone worth five times the entire sum. I am enabled to make this superb offer by reason of the fact that I am merely an agent of the manufacturers who wish to introduce it to a select few in order to create a public demand. I refer, friends, to the world-famous European sensation which is already throwing the ladies of our land into frenzies of delight—none other than the exquisite perfume known the world over as Joy-Charm, which will transform milady's boudoir into a vale of rarest blossoms and render her own fair self irresistible to those she may wish to attract. Remember, friends, with every bottle of the famous Aga-Jac I present free gratis and without price a full two-ounce flask of Joy-Charm —— Thank you. Thank you, sir ——"

For before he had fairly concluded his stirring message, the speaker was busy handing out bottles of the famed bitters together with minute vials of the equally famed perfume, receiving in exchange silver dollars which he tossed carelessly into a box on the seat beside him. But even while thus engaged, his hands moving with lightning rapidity, he did not fail to keep up a running fire of comment.

"Have your change ready, gentlemen. Give those back of you a chance to purchase the world's little wonder potion. Here you are, sir, thank you; and you, madam, though I perceive you have no need of Joy-Charm to enhance your charms. Thank you —and you—here you are, sir. One moment, don't forget your change ——" And so on, while the silver coins clinked incessantly in his cash box.

When, after a period of this busy commerce the buying seemed to slacken and those on the outskirts of the crowd betrayed a tendency to stroll off, Mr. Jackson again took up his banjo and sang a ballad which stayed them, a descriptive ballad of a frightful holocaust in which many lives had been lost. It began:

In this world of care and trouble
Many accidents have occurred.
I will sing to you about one
No doubt you all have heard.
It was in Fall River City
That people were burned and killed,
In a prison manufactory
Known as the Granite Mill.

The simple pathos of the thing held his auditors to the end, the singer becoming finely dramatic in his rendition of the more striking stanzas, as where,

They were sliding down a rope
But when they got halfway down
The burning strands they broke.
Crash, crash, they fell upon the ground.

And more than one auditor, I could see, was deeply affected when he touchingly painted another scene where a fair young girl stood at a window and called upon her mother to save her "as she fell back into the flame." The conclusion, I thought, seemed ill-advised, running as it did:

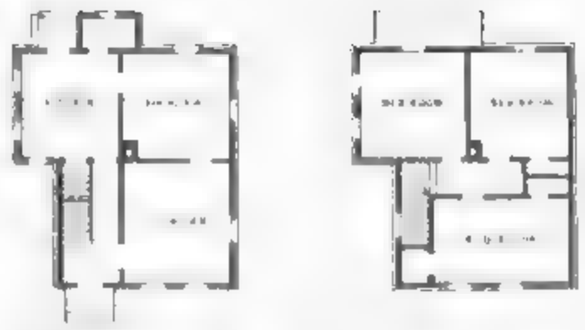
There is one more thing that I will say.
And say it with a will:
Try to escape if a fire breaks out
In another granite mill.

Yet the audience applauded heartily, seeming not to resent the advice that they try to escape from any burning prison in which they might be confined.

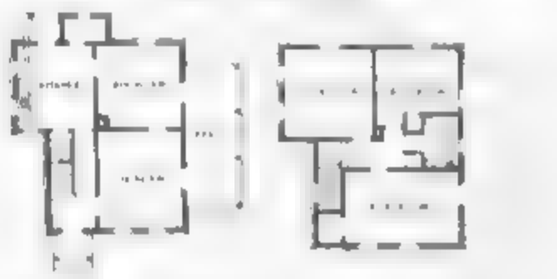
Concluding his song, Mr. Jackson again urged the famous Indian panacea upon the throng, and now, when a lady purchased, he had a way of handing her two vials of the rare perfume, saying cordially, "This for you, madam; not that you require it, but I am anxious to dispose of these few remaining flasks and so discharge my agreement with the manufacturers. All I ask is that you frankly tell your friends about this rare essence which within thirty days from now will be selling in your city for five dollars the flask."

(Continued on Page 81)

The house, as it originally stood and as it has been remodeled, is described on Page 2 of the Barrett Book



Old House Plans: Second floor to right, first floor to left



Remodeled House Plans: Second floor to right, first floor to left

Don't abandon the old house—
Make it modern and attractive

Thinking of moving? Can't put up with the discomfort and old-fashioned ugliness of your old house any longer? Wait

Before you take the final step, examine the plans and illustrations above—carefully. See how one plain, out-of-date type of house was transformed into an artistic, twentieth-century home. And note that a few well-planned changes accomplished this at small expense.

You can work the same sort of miracle in your old home. It's solidly built throughout—constructed with old-time integrity. Remodeling will give you the happy combination of old-fashioned construction, plus modern good taste. And remodeling need not be costly. Send for the Barrett Book. In it you'll find page after page of practical sketches and soundly economical plans.

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You can get a copy promptly by writing The Barrett Company, enclosing ten cents in stamps.

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Barrett ROOFINGS

White Trucks—First in Retail Delivery

Operators of the largest retail delivery fleets have finished with the era of "shopping for trucks." They buy dependable, low-cost transportation in White Trucks. Their experience is yours to profit by—at no cost.

You need the truck which eliminates guess.

Successful store executives realize that delivery is the last point of contact with the customer. All the good will a store wins through quality merchandise, fairness of price, courtesy of sales people, can be blasted or added to by delivery. The character and performance of White Trucks assure final customer satisfaction.

You need the truck that pleases your customer and makes money for you.

Seventy-two leading department stores operate fleets of 10 or more White Trucks each. These 72 fleets total 2,142 White Trucks. Department store service puts a delivery truck to the most rigid test—all hours, all roads, all weather, frequent starts and stops. Yet no trucks have their performance records more closely kept and watched than department store trucks.

You need the truck that will meet every test.

Not just one, not just one hundred—but hundreds of White Trucks in retail delivery service have each run from 100,000 to 300,000 miles. In one store's fleet of 155 Whites there are 42 which have each exceeded 100,000 miles.

You need the 100,000-mile truck.

At Christmas, during big sales, whenever the peak seasons pile their excess of work on the delivery departments—then White Truck dependability stands out as a priceless asset. The roughest roads, the longest routes, the day-and-night grind under peak loads serve to emphasize the White Truck's sturdy ability to keep rolling.

You need the truck with peak season dependability.

In every other truck-using industry, as in retail delivery, White Trucks give the *most money-earning miles*. All models earn their way—whether they deliver a spool of silk to milady or help dig a two-acre hole in which to plant a skyscraper.

You need the truck that meets your requirements whatever they are.

Hundreds of fleets of White Trucks are at work daily. Hundreds more stores operate single Whites. The same economy of operation is noted in the single White as in the fleet. And where a single truck constitutes the delivery equipment White dependability becomes an even greater factor of value.

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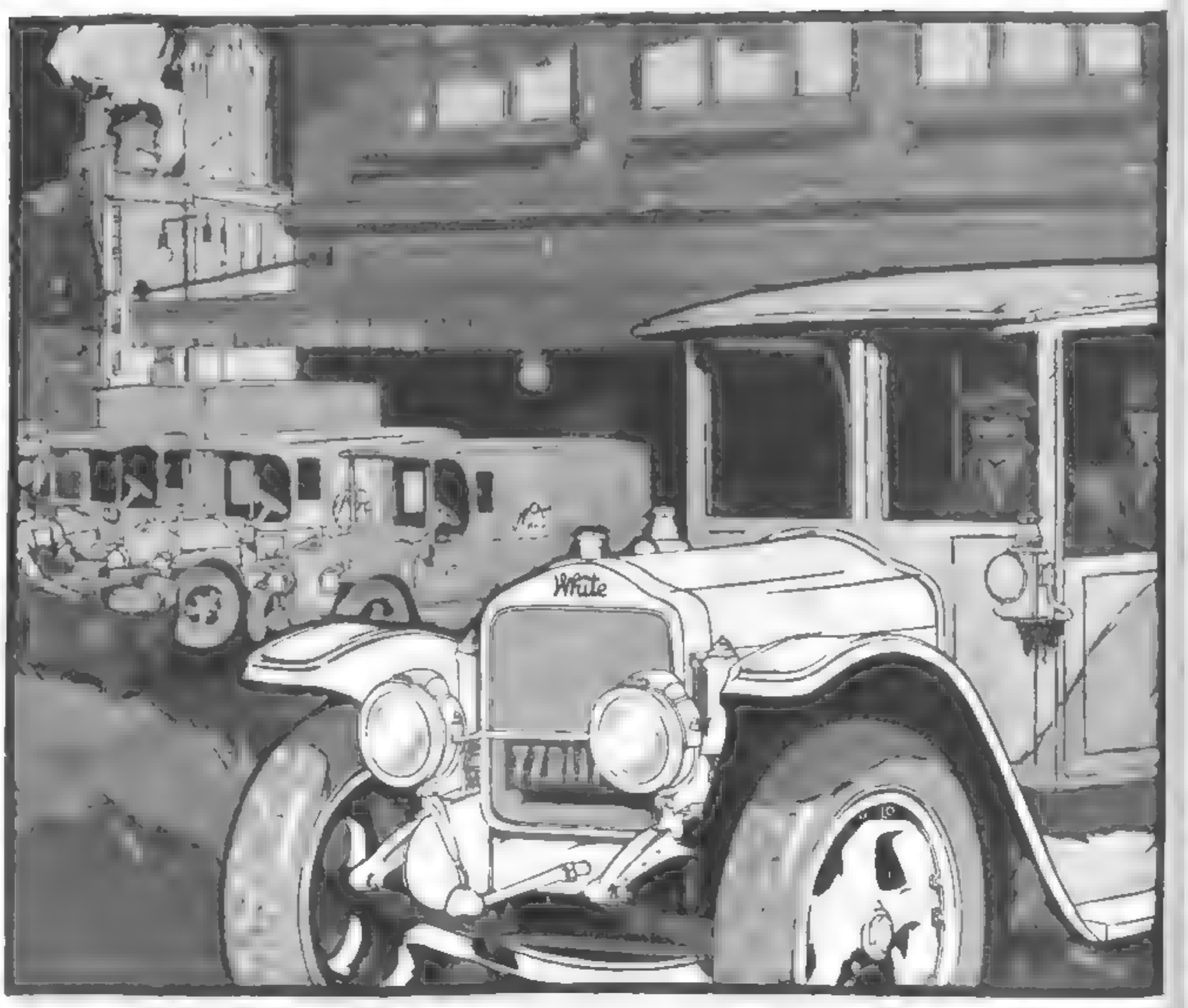
White Service
Assuring continuous, sustained transportation everywhere.



Millions of packages at lowest per package cost

WHITE TRUCKS have set the low cost per package mark in retail delivery. A fraction of a cent saved per package becomes a tremendous item on millions of packages delivered. Low cost, absolute dependability and proved long life in miles and years have maintained for White Trucks their leadership in the retail delivery field.

This leadership, long held, is being strengthened daily by new customers tired of experiment, by repeat orders and by standardization of more and more delivery fleets of White Trucks by department stores, bakers, bottlers, laundries and kindred businesses.

White Trucks—all models, everywhere—can be depended upon for the *most money-earning miles.*

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 78)

This stimulated the crowd to new buying. When a slack time again ensued the speaker announced, "Friends, as an especial treat to you I am about to request our venerable red brother here to perform for you the sacred medicine dance of his tribe," and turning to me he repeated the mystic phrases he had before used.

I was not displeased at this interlude, because the night air had become chill. I threw back my blanket, descended from the car, grasping a rattle fashioned from a turtle shell inclosing pebbles, and did the dance I had rehearsed, keeping chiefly in mind that I stood on a heated stove top and must lift my feet rapidly. Also I chanted the guttural accompaniment agreed upon.

When I had finished and was again in the car Mr. Jackson said, "There, people, you see this old man, one hundred and eleven years of age, dancing with the vigor of youth, and all because of the world's little wonder potion of which I have only a few bottles remaining. Who will be the lucky purchasers? Don't crowd, please! Have your change ready!" Thus a few more sales were made, after which Mr. Jackson bade them a good night and we were presently speeding back to our rest camp.

Alighting there my companion grasped and warmly wrung my hand.

"Chief," said he earnestly, "I have to hand it to you [felt compelled to compliment me]. You are certainly the goods [the real gazukus], the best Indian in the state. You even had me going [impressed]. Stick by the show and watch the jack [kale] being pushed at us."

I was indeed pleased by this tribute, nor did I neglect to tell the man how impressed I had been with his own display of talent, especially in the science of ventriloquism, or voice throwing.

"I don't exactly hate myself in that line of work," he ingenuously confessed. Meantime he had kindled a small fire and placed on it a coffeepot from one of his chests. While this was heating he counted his money. "Forty-two iron men [dollars]," he cried at last; "only thirty-two of which are profit, however, because those bottles cost money. Therefore, old bean [chieftain or sachem], you are sixteen plunks [kales] to the mustard. Not so bad for a start, eh?"

"I, for one, consider it excellent," I said; and indeed, reckoning time and energy invested, it was so far in excess of my ordinary stipend that I felt my previous years had been frittered away.

VIII

ALTHOUGH sixteen jacks to the better, I reminded myself, after we had gone to rest beneath our rude shelter, that this income could hardly continue, because our stock of the bitters and the costly perfume had been depleted on our first evening. What was my delight then, the next morning, while assisting to pack our belongings, to observe that I had been mistaken. We were still amply stocked with the world's little wonder potion and with the vials of rare essence. Indeed the bulk of our heavy load was composed of these precious stuffs.

Breakfast over, which my companion skillfully prepared at his small fire, we were early on our way, and I took the first opportunity of mentioning this threatened shortage, only to learn that it had been a point in the selling talk, as it is termed. I saw it to be based on a sound psychology, and said as much.

"Trust old Sooner," returned my companion. "Nature's own remedy par excellence will not fail us. I have three thousand labels, the bottles can be had along the way, and there is always the river." I took him to mean that the potent medical herbs could be found in any wooded glade, and should the manufacturers of the perfume wish him to distribute more of their rare product before raising its price they could ship him additional lots.

We were now speeding over an excellent road and Sooner—as I now familiarly called this sterling fellow—referred again to his forethought in providing supplies. "I never got short of stock yet," he explained. "If one thing gives out there's always another. And furthermore, that day I found you was the first time in twenty years I been caught without a get-away stake [means for removing from one place to another]. Only once they had me skinned [impoverished] that was when I got into Frisco after my first big killing [financial coup] with Noweka the champion snake eater. I'd been playing the sticks [an athletic game] a whole season and couldn't wait till I got across the bay to begin peeling the roll. I reckon I was the only man at that time ever opened wine on a ferryboat. The trip was only half an hour, but I got enough grape-fuss flowing to meet some pleasant pals that took a keen interest in me and my roll and the busy little rock that sparkled on my chest, and, goody, goody, these staunch comrades knew where an easy stud game was going. I walked right in and walked right out again the next morning—from chicken to feathers in nine swift hours. But I ain't been nicked [injured] yet any more."

I doubt even now if I got all the values of this catastrophe, several of the phrases puzzling me in spite of my swiftly increasing knowledge of the vernacular. I gathered, however, that Sooner had been taught a good lesson by some sharpers who fleeced him, and had since become a smart egg [wise bird], though presently he caused me a new confusion by remarking, "Yes, sir, once bit, twice shy! The scar of that first vaccination is still showing on my carcass as fresh as the day I got it."

I saw that I must have misconstrued his first speech, which, though plainly worded, had been curiously tricky and elusive, and contented myself with remarking that vaccination, in spite of the fanatics who denounce it, is an excellent precautionary measure.

"Yea, bo! [yes, sir]," agreed Sooner warmly, and fell silent as we sped over the fruitful landscape.

Early that afternoon we reached a considerable city where we halted for our midday repast and to replenish the stock of provisions for our gypsy encampment, and shortly thereafter crossed a lofty bridge spanning a stream of great width which Sooner told me was the River Mississippi. I surveyed with interest the mighty Father of Waters, which flows through this productive scene, and learned that beyond its farther bank lay Iowa, traditionally hospitable to such as we. The rolling land devoted to agricultural pursuits still continued and we passed prosperous-appearing farmsteads and many attractive hamlets where we would have lingered but that we still felt some fear of pursuit. "Fat picking!" Sooner would murmur as we hurried on, meaning that the land was fertile.

Readjusting my wig I felt a new exultation. Many miles already from the stuffy confines of Fairwater, I still forged west to where the Rocky Mountains would presently burst on my view in all their mighty grandeur. I felt, indeed, as a true red aboriginal must have felt in the days gone by as he fearlessly urged his horses and oxen out to the trackless plain and on toward the westering sun. For me, as for him, a new world beckoned to thrilling perils and happy escapes.

As on the day before, we sought a camping place by the way, this time entering an open gate and following a faintly worn road across a field to where a growth of willows indicated a stream. On a grassy sward beneath these we were setting up our simple ménage when we were approached by the owner of the land, an elderly, dour-looking person in the costume of an agriculturist, who stoutly demanded a compensation. Sooner showed himself at once the fellow's superior in courtesy, and presently drew him to a confidential chat at the rear of the car, where our stock of the world's wonder potion was carried. Faintly I could hear him there extolling the merits of our remedy, and after a bit the fellow withdrew, bidding us both good day with a marked amenity, in striking contrast to the gruffness of his original accost. Sooner resumed his tasks, humming lightly, pausing only to gaze off to where our landlord climbed a distant fence and demand of me, "Did I say they were good or did I say they were bad?"

"You said they would skin pretty," I replied, easily recalling his metaphor.

"Well," he continued, "this one is probably the hardest-boiled [least sentimental] gink [guy or person] in the whole state. First he had the nerve to ask one buck [a kale] for this camp privilege. And after I done my song-and-dance [apple-sauce] about the bitters and offered him a bottle at half price he turned me down cold [refused in a determined manner.] No, sir, he wasn't easy. He wouldn't consider nothing less than two bottles at half price. So I had to give in, and here's his dollar"—flicking this in the air and catching it cleverly again. "A heart like flint, that old train robber. I told him so. I told him that kind hearts were more than cornets or even saxophones. But he wouldn't melt. He had us at his mercy and knew it. I hope his mortgage falls due this very week."

It seemed to me, however, that we had done very well with the rustic, because I understood that the little wonder potion could be advantageously sold even at fifty cents a flask. But my friend continued to mutter at intervals that he had been held up by a bandit.

Having consumed our evening meal I donned my Indian habiliments, looking forward with real zest to the dignified rôle I was to play. Sooner having meantime arranged his stock, his banjo and the chest holding his marionettes in the front compartment, we set gayly off. This time our hamlet was a treeless town with straggling wooden edges that reached into the abutting fields, yet here, as on the previous night, we were accorded an enthusiastic reception after Sooner had found and shaken hands with the police officer. And this time I schooled myself to betray no amusement at the laughable speech and antics of the marionettes. I sat withdrawn in dignity during their excruciating performance, an object of profound interest, I was not disagreeably aware, to many of the crowd packed about our vehicle.

The sale of our staple proceeded in a most gratifying manner, each flask being accompanied by a gratuity of the perfume which my friend had been employed to introduce.

While awaiting my turn it occurred to me that I might try another language this evening to see if I could not increase the gruff sonority which had so pleased Sooner. Therefore, when I had been introduced, I arose, allowed my blanket to fall from my shoulders and, with all the manner I could summon, launched into a familiar bit of Cæsar. Hardly had I achieved three lines of this when I was disconcerted by a burst of the coarsest laughter and saw that the offender was an overgrown youth of unpleasant aspect who stood near my rostrum.

Too late I divined that my speech must have been intelligible to him—some lout of a high-school pupil who should at that moment have been conning his own Latin at home. Only for a moment was I embarrassed, however, and with a renewed fervor dashed into the Vedic hymn which had already served me so well, noting, as I did so, that the rowdy's face settled at once into lines of baffled incomprehension. Having finished amid a respectful silence, I sat down, relieved that my wits had been about me. I saw that I must not venture to submit the prose of Cæsar—probably not even Greek—as the tongue of the American aboriginal.

When the time for my dance came I was again grateful for the chance to exercise in the night chill, and entered into the movements with a right good will, grunting ventrally in time with the measure beaten by Sooner on the resonant head of his banjo. When I had finished, a gink or bird in the forefront of the crowd that had circled about my dancing place extended his hand, saying "Hello, old top" [chief].

Seeing that a courtesy was meant I accepted his hand, exclaiming gruffly, "Why, why!" as Sooner had instructed me.

"But why not?" responded the fellow.

Not knowing what reply to make I remembered my other speech. Drawing myself up with dignity I responded, "Ugh, ugh! I am a heap big chieftain!"

At this I was again offended by that coarse burst of laughter and the same loutish bird—as he stood to one side I had not observed him—now rudely cried, "Like h——l you are! All Gaul is divided into three parts, is it? Well, you have at least two of them."

There followed exclamations of delight and shouts of merriment from the bozos standing about, so, after repeating in a tone of rebuke my simple announcement, I stalked to the door of our car and entered it with, I am sure, a real dignity. My friend Sooner, having observed the contretemps, though he did not comprehend it, seized his instrument and with admirable presence of mind burst into a noisy and ribald ballad of amour among the lower classes which at any other time I should have thought in wretched taste but which, I was now glad to note, diverted attention from me. Meantime, the bumpkin who had exercised his impudent wit upon me, accompanied by the hick who had shaken my hand, left the crowd and walked to the farther side of the street, where they stood regarding me with what seemed a gleeful malice.

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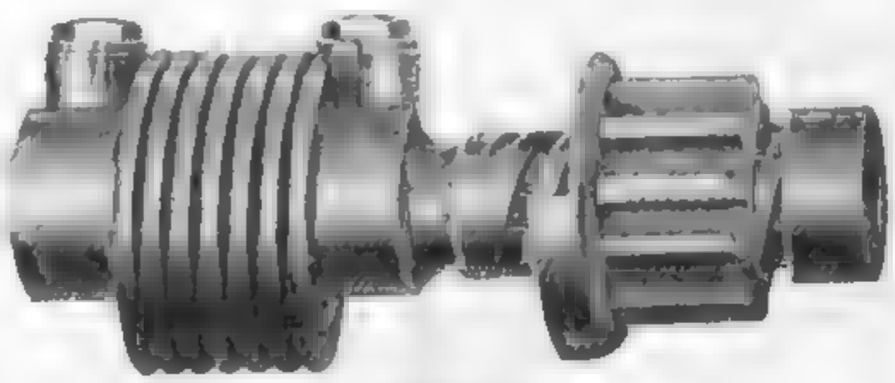

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Our session was soon at an end, and glad I was to be free of this disquieting scrutiny. As Sooner, having disposed of all the wonder potion that seemed to be needed here, was rearranging his boxes preparatory to our departure, I glanced up again at the lout and his fellow, and my consternation may be imagined when I say that with them now stood none other than the detective, Bertrand Meigs, his foolish face clearly defined by one of our lights. He was still wrapped in the ulster as I had last seen him. As I stared in an attitude that had stiffened, the bounder pulled from his ulster pocket the rattan stick to which was attached the Fairwater pennant, and waved this at me, dancing meantime with every symptom of lunacy.

Sooner had not observed the fellow and I resolved not to tell him, until we were beyond the village, that we had been trailed. As we left the lighted street, and I would have spoken, he began hurriedly to question me about the indignity I had suffered in the crowd. I explained that I had incautiously tried a bit of Latin that was understood, and also repeated my speech to the hick who shook my hand, whereupon my friend exclaimed:

"Well, you old bonehead [one of strong character]! Didn't I tell you to say 'How, how!' What did you want to go and say 'Why, why,' for? And never say 'I am a big chieftain.' You might as well say you are a big cheese, for all it would fool anyone. You certainly pulled a bloomer [faux pas] there, Chief."

Somewhat vexed, I retorted that the mistake of "why" for "how" was a trifle that might have befallen anyone. I admitted my error, however, in venturing Latin, and promised not to repeat it. Having disposed of this matter and, seeing that my friend was again in good humor, I said, "I will wager you can't guess who stood on the curb as we left that hick town."

My friend meditated significantly before he replied. "Since you put it in that arch tone of voice I'll wager you a round sum that I can guess—our detective friend."

"Right you are!" I cried, and I related the circumstance of my observing that he had joined the young rowdy who understood Latin.

"Wouldn't that have your goat!" retorted my friend in deep disgust. "Say, that cunning little rascal has got a smell-dog beat a million. Now, I suppose, we have got to take another run-out powder. Well, of all the ——" Here his language became coarse in the extreme and I should have preferred not to hear it except that my friend revealed so intriguing a fertility in epithet.

Back at our rest camp I supposed that we would take our running-out drug at once, and I believe this to have been Sooner's plan, but after he had made a pot of coffee, which we drank in moody silence, he suddenly declared that we would remain. "It's no use talking," he went on, "that bird must be all curdled in his cupola [mentally weak]. If he's out to make a pinch, why don't he? Why loaf up and wave his silly flag like a chucklehead [dolt]? If this wasn't kind-to-animals week I'd go back there and peel his rind off [injure him]. But listen, Chief, I got a better way. Maybe this old bean ain't running sweet! I won't tell you now, but you can go to sleep and feel safe. Once more tomorrow night this skeesicks can wave his little flag, but never again—or else I got rats on my rafters [power of deductive reasoning seriously impaired]. It's foolish for a couple of grown men with a life work to let a nitwit like that dutch up the best route in Iowa, the sportsman's paradise. Just keep your eyes open tomorrow night, and don't scream nor anything when you see how I light the fuse under the old mill. This lad is going to have the time-tables turned on him, that's all." Sooner seemed well pleased with himself as he concluded this speech, and I was obliged to be content with it, for he refused me any details of his plan, and we retired to our blankets.

After a sound night's rest we were up early and once more crisping over the highway, my friend still rather fatuously, I thought, beaming self-approval for the ingenuity of his plan to discomfit the unspeakable Meigs. Rather to my surprise he did not hasten through our village of the night before, but stopped at several shops along its one street, making various purchases in a leisurely manner, and telling those who greeted him, as well as the shop people, that we should that night give our entertainment in the town of Cray's Point, some fifty miles distant. Also he inquired of several street loungers the best road to this place. When we had gone on I shrewdly reminded him that our pursuer would doubtless, because of this loquacity, trace us to our next stopping place without difficulty.

"Now wasn't that careless of me?" he replied. "I sure forgot myself, what with one thing and another. Do you really think he'll hear from these people what our town is?"

"It will be most natural for him to inquire," I retorted, and then, recalling his sharp manner with me the night before, I added, "You surely handled a bloomer there, my friend."

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "That's right, give me the raspberry [ridicule him without mercy]. I deserve it for once. But maybe he'll forget the name of the town, even if they do tell him."

"He will probably write it down," I said, but forbore to chaff the good fellow any more, and our day was pleasantly spent, chiefly in my telling him something of the history of this world in which he lived, he being frightfully ignorant of facts known to every intelligent schoolboy. He seemed grateful for my efforts to enlighten him, but declared at last that even if he could run through history nigger-wild [unerringly] it wouldn't keep the hot meat behind his gums, and he would be wise to persist in his present line of endeavor.

Reaching the neighborhood of our town at an early hour, we passed a long, restful afternoon in a parklike vale where we had our evening meal and where I changed to my costume. We were not to camp overnight, it seemed, but to go on immediately our performance was over. This seemed to be a part of my companion's great plan over which, at frequent intervals during the day, he had chuckled in apt but uncommunicating delight.

When all was ready we drove into the town; Sooner followed his now familiar course of looking for the police officer, whom he presently found in a relaxed attitude before the doorway of a resort named the Pastime Pool Parlor. Instead of shaking hands with this person from the car as was his wont, however, Sooner left his seat to engage him in a closely confidential chat some distance off. The officer was a large man with a roughish yellow beard; I noticed that his heavy hands were also profusely haired. My companion seemed to be explaining to him something to which, I could see, he listened from the first with deep attention, and he presently began to cast sharp glances up and down the street.

I then perceived Sooner's plan, which I at once acknowledged to be ingenious: He would have requested this officer to warn our familiar nuisance that he must cease annoying us under pain of suffering arrest and perhaps incarceration in the town's prison. I doubted, it is true, if the mere waving of a college pennant at us would constitute so grave an offense, but as to this I was sure that Sooner's knowledge of the underworld exceeded my own.

Before I could inform my friend that I had probed his design our car was in place at the head of the street and the first twinkling chords of our banjo were charming an eager throng to our side. I noticed, however, that the police officer had followed us to our station and was now standing within an adjacent doorway watchfully scanning the faces of those who gathered.

Our performance smoothly ran its course, the sale of our stocks was gratifying. And my own work received its due of respectful admiration, for not again did I commit the error of reciting too-common Latin or fail to emit a guttural "How!" when a villager greeted me. Although the officer had kept stolidly at his post our detective had not appeared. I began to believe that he might indeed have forgotten the name of the town, even if he possessed the wit to inquire it. But then, as almost the last bottle of the famed Aga-Jac was being exchanged for a silver dollar, I saw Sooner erect himself from his courtly selling attitude, stiffen rigidly as he stared ahead, then raise his hat in an apparently meaning gesture.

The officer, as if reading a signal, stepped from the shelter of his doorway, and at the same instant Bertrand Meigs, who had entered from a side street, paused directly before him. I saw his foolish face contort in its grin. I could even see the pocketed hand clutching the stick start to emerge. But the pennant this time was not displayed, for the officer had gripped the arms

(Continued on Page 84)

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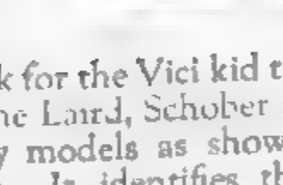
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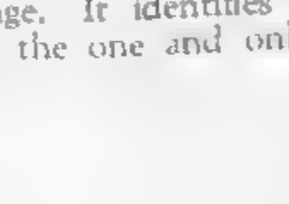
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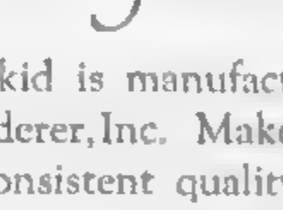
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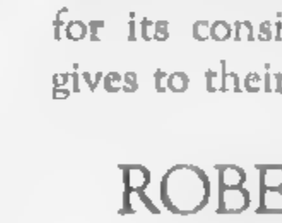
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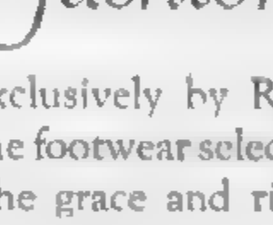
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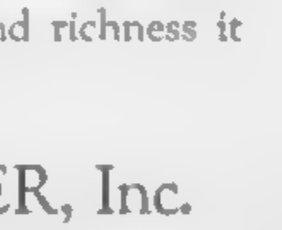
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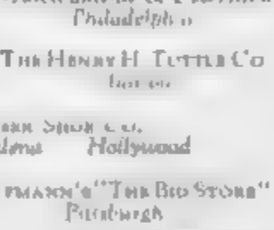
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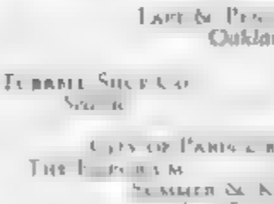
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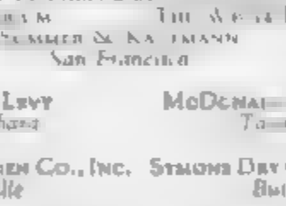
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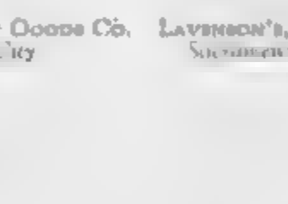
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THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER

(Continued from Page 82)

of the offender from behind. There was a very slight scuffle, some words of shrill protest from our weak-minded pursuer above a growling of threats from the burly captor, and at once the two were surrounded by our own crowd.

For a moment I could see nothing of the captive. Then at the stern command of the officer a way opened through the throng and I saw Bertrand Meigs, his hands manacled behind him, led off in the clutch of one of those large bearded hands that grasped his collar.

Yet even as he went in this ignominy the fellow's mania was unquelled. His eyes were on me, who had stood up the better to observe him, and as he passed he shouted passionately, "For the honor of old Fairwater!" I concluded then that his malady must be incurable.

Sooner Jackson turned as the prisoner was borne away, followed by our late audience and patrons.

"That, ladies and gentlemen," said he blandly to me, "concludes my part of the evening's entertainment. I thank you!"

IX

ONCE again we flitted while the world about us slept away the hours of darkness. We must make hay while the sun shone, said Sooner. "I handed your little playmate a knockout [a surprise] back there, but I won't be keeled over to see him waving his do-funny at our next stand. Talk about a leech—when a leech gives up, that quince [sap] is just taking hold."

"He is undeniably persistent," I agreed.

"Nobody better deny it in front of me," retorted my companion grimly. "You'd think he couldn't make anything but a lemonade out of what I slipped him back there, but you can't tell. He's the only one of his kind. I bet when they fleshed that lad they threw the mold away. I wouldn't give as good as track odds, even now, that he won't drive us out of the world's ideal hunting ground where game is so thick it ain't hardly a sporting proposition."

"It was a good raspberry you inflicted upon him, at any rate," I rejoined, "or was it a quince you spoke of?"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed my companion loudly. "That is not really for me to say, but I told the umbrageous Sherlock Holmes [a famous police officer] that his man was Chicago Slim, wanted for holding up a mail car out of Milwaukee last week and gunning the express messenger."

"But they will soon find out he isn't," I suggested

"Sure, but they'll take their time doing it. They are going to be very, very careful, because I also said that a reward of five thousand dollars is offered for this crook. If you think they'll turn him loose in the morning after a good talking-to you are grievously in error, my dear Watson. With so large a sum as five grand at stake the rural constabulary are painstaking; they will never act too hastily in releasing this desperado. For at least a week his friends may find him in that same little coop should they wish to pass gifts of fruit and sweetmeats through the bars. Meantime we will have once more left a blind trail. Of course the poor fish [demented person] ought to be in some good booby-hatch [hoosegow] where the nut-sharps [alienists] could watch him, but that would take time. One can't always be choosers."

I was delighted, indeed, to learn that we should have a week in which to lose ourselves in the wilds of this hunter's paradise, and though I saw that my friend was still low in mind I felt that we would at last be unmolested in our gainful pursuit.

The night wore on as we put the miles behind us, and again I romantically watched the sleeping world awaken to its age-old tasks in relation to tillage. Again, too, I rejoiced that I was no longer a thrall. My friend and I were a couple of carefree hedonists junketing across a world where in every covert the game abounded.

That afternoon we lay by for a few hours of refreshing slumber, then continued in another night-long progress, Sooner believing it unwise to stage a rabbit drive, as he now pithily described our evening labors, so close to our incarcerated annoyer. The next day, however, having achieved a considerable distance, he declared the good-hunting signs to be irresistible, and our evening was given over to the relief of human suffering in a thriving village whose good people proved most agreeably responsive.

And though we both became apprehensive as our little play neared its end, there was no sign of the leech. Plainly, as Sooner remarked, we had outsmarted the fellow, and not any longer need we pass, out of prudence, so many towns where the hunting was unrivaled. Nor, any longer, need we drive sleepless through the black night. When on the following evening we completed our work with no disgraceful interruption, Sooner became more buoyant than I had yet seen him, and declared that our future was unclouded.

"We hold Iowa in the hollow of our hand," he declared. "While grass grows and water runs we shall be busy adding to our collection of noble heads to be mounted in the trophy room at Rinktum Castle." Thus would he often sport with the metaphors of big-game hunting. "Furthermore, old comrade, I am a bit tired of sleeping out on the pampas or staked plains at the mercy of prowling dingbats and the venomous tree-climbing gumdoodle whose bite is fatal to man and often to his self. And I crave boughten victuals instead of a delicious home-cooked meal consisting of two bananas and a bottle of milk. Tomorrow night we shall be pampered by slaves in a certain palatial hotel de luxury I know of that has real beds and hot biscuits and oftentimes preserves. Come, what say you, good Señor Ashtabulaohio?"

"I, for one," I cried, entering into his spirit of gay badinage that yet masked genuine emotion, "shall not object to mingling with the ginks and yaps once more if we can discover a suitable boozing ken or hoosegow."

"Goody!" exclaimed my friend. "And don't let me forget to have your tapestry trimmed—I mean the edelweiss," he added, seeing me nonplused, and pointing the words with a gesture to indicate that he meant my growing beard. "I'd shave you again myself, but the sight of blood often maddens me beyond control. Two days more of this fine growing weather and you could play Uncle Tom without a make-up."

Hereupon, in one of his baffling moods, he began to bay in deep tones after the manner of an angry dog, breaking suddenly from this to exclaim in the high, distressed voice of a woman, "Merciful heaven! The river is choked with ice!" Such was his way at these times, and I had long given up trying to fathom his meanings or follow the tortuous windings of his agile mind, though I could divine that his intention was far from serious.

On the morrow, as promised, we reached our next town at midday, where we found an excellent inn, the Continental Hotel, a faded structure on the main street, of but slight architectural significance. Our rooms seemed sumptuous, however, after so many nights in the open, and such was the cajoling manner of my friend with the girl who served our meals that we were regaled with the inn's best.

She, indeed, could hardly do enough for us. She was rather a well-favored young woman of queenly bearing, profusely jeweled and with abundant hair of the purest gold, and she had at first assumed with my friend a hauteur quite repellent. His courtly manner, however, and his manifest admiration for her beauty of person soon won her approval, and she brought us several delicacies, at my companion's suggestion, not offered to the bums about us. At the conclusion of the meal he rewarded her with several vials of the costly perfume we carried and caused her to laugh heartily by saying that I was the original Uncle Tom who had been hiding in a swamp for sixty-three years now the coming August.

"Ain't you mine, body and soul, you black rascal?" he demanded, turning to me, and himself replying in the deeper tones of an aged black—"No, no, master, my soul may belong to you, but my body has been incorporated under the laws of Iowa and you don't own a dollar of the stock."

The girl again laughed at this arrant nonsense and promised that we should have the tenderest steaks for our evening meal.

Later at a barber's I was shaved, Sooner warning me not to tell the fellow my life story and also suggesting that the thatch be shorn, by which he meant that my hair was to be cut.

Our performance that night was quite up to our hopes, the town skinning handsomely, and we rejoiced at fresh proof that we had thrown our pursuer off the scent.

Our hotel in the following town was rather like the last though naively named the Palace, and again my friend wheedled the dining room maid into extra effort by lavish gifts of the perfume and his tricks of flattery. Here also our evening's entertainment was cordially received. By this time we had ceased to be apprehensive of our sleuth.

On the morrow we breakfasted at a late hour and in a leisurely manner, having no great way to our next town. We then proceeded to the garage where our car was stored, had its oil and gas replenished and were off for another delightful day in the open, my companion and I both in the highest spirits. To the very fullest we were now enjoying this life of seeming vagabondage that was yet inspired by a serious purpose. We drove slowly the length of the main street, receiving the stares of hicks and yaps, and turned into a shaded avenue leading to the highway.

And, as we made the turn, Bertrand Meigs from the far curb waved his pennant full at us in a sort of battered triumph. His ulster was across his arm, his jaunty straw hat had suffered damage, and his loud suit of checks was in sad need of a pressing iron. His collar was not fresh and his cravat sat awry. Altogether he was unkempt and had too plainly not been well looked after during his captivity. But his pennant was flaunted full in our faces and I suffered a moment's pang of compunction. Truly there was something gallant in the fellow. He had been cruelly rebuffed, roughly misused, I did not doubt, yet would not give over his idiotic pursuit.

Sooner flinched when his glance caught the pennant, his joyous exuberance of the moment before going instantly and leaving him in a state of collapse. He tried to curse, but his effort was feeble. The man seemed really at a loss for words as he drove on, like an automaton now, his dulled eyes fixed ahead. I was the first to recover.

"Dash it all! Perdition take the fellow!" I broke out, forgetting myself in the first exasperation. My companion, pricked doubtless by my own violence, recovered something of his spirit and stopped the car. Two blocks back Meigs stood on the corner, and when he saw us again waved. I reminded myself that at least he had not performed his lunatic dance.

Sooner spoke briskly. "It's like this. That bird needs handling [remonstrance] if ever a bird did. But I go do it, and where am I for thirty days, maybe? Also it would have you running for the end book [unprotected], because whatever this bird aims to put over on you he'd do it while I wouldn't be there to look after you." He leaned out to shake a fist at the figure, and received a jaunty flirt of the pennant in answer. As we drove on he added, "I could also go back and have him pinched again, but what good does that do? He don't stay pinched. What this problem demands is strategy. I got to think."

"Hang it all!" I burst out again. "It seems as if we have the very fiend to deal with." I could not confide my full fear to Sooner, which was that presently Bertrand Meigs would be joined by Mrs. Copplestone, with whom, I had little doubt, the weak-minded fellow would have communicated. I earnestly hoped my friend would think to some purpose.

"If we could only," I said, "apprise those in control of some near-by booby-hatch ——" But I was sternly gestured to silence. My friend was thinking intensely, and for the next hour remained preoccupied, merely permitting himself now and then a coarse expression in disparagement of our tormentor.

At length he brightened, saying he had received an inspiration but would keep it on the griddle for a time, it being his rule of life not to act impulsively. During this interim he chatted of other things, telling me several anecdotes about himself to illustrate his superior powers of ratiocination under pressure.

"I ain't never lost a battle yet," he confessed, "where cold thinking would win. The only trouble now is that this bird is highly crazy and no rule of strategy can be depended on. He won't play by rule. But trust the master mind. That bird is going to carry the curse of an aching heart before many days."

Once more my friend became immersed in his problem, and for another hour was silent except for confidential asides to himself. By the growing confidence in the tone of these I saw him at last to believe that he had baffled our hanger-on.

"Yep, I got it," he announced with quiet certainty. "It's a grand idea. It's the new plush ulster of ideas [logically sound] if I do say it myself. It's kind of desperate and requires a lot of brain work. But that pinhead is going to get his. In about a week or ten days he's going to wish he hadn't gone against the claw and fang of Nature's wildest animal which is peaceful when not annoyed but poison if pestered—meaning me."

"Will it take so long?" I asked, fearing the fellow might in that time betray my whereabouts.

"The longer the better," replied Sooner. "But you'll be safe from the start, and when you see me again I'll be wearing that snake's hide for a hatband."

With these mystifying words I was forced to be content, for my companion again became uncommunicative. After a bit he halted at a crossing and consulted a road map he carried, so that I fancied his first device would be to change our hunting route. Going on, he took a road that led us close by a railway track, and presently far ahead I could see a town much larger than those we had been accustomed to entertain.

He now drove slowly and began to scrutinize certain pedestrians we passed or who loitered along the railway line. These I recognized as tramps or vagrants. Several such he accosted and engaged in conversation; once he left the car and went to where a group of these shiftless fellows had made a sort of camp near a bridge. Here he chatted for some time and I saw him closely survey two of the chaps whom he caused to stand up. He returned and we drove on.

"This is a delicate part of the job," he confided to me. "One false step might ruin all."

I did not ask questions, but now I guessed his plan, which, as he had remarked, would be a desperate one. He meant to select from among these ne'er-do-wells one with sufficient criminal enterprise to put Bertrand Meigs beyond the power of molesting us; perhaps to send a bullet crashing through his brain—a dose of cold lead, as one of Letfingwell's adventure stories had it—though I hoped that this extreme measure would not be found imperative. It seemed to me that we might be as well served if one of the fellow's legs could be fractured, which would for a long time relieve us of his exasperating attention. However, I did not annoy my companion by making suggestions, and at any rate he had not yet discovered a suitable tool for this retributive act of violence.

We were now within a few miles of the city and, after taking a grass-margined side road for a little distance, neared a thinned plantation of trees to which an arched gateway gave access. Across this arch ran the rustic lettering "Free Auto Camp Grounds," and under it our car passed. Pausing only to select a suitable location, we were presently ensconced in a sheltered nook between two other parties of campers who favored us with but casual stares as my companion directed me to assist him in unloading certain bits of our equipment. Among these was the strip of canvas that had before served as our shelter, also several other pieces of the same material, together with ropes and poles that to my eye formed a confusing jumble, yet from which my companion assembled and erected a small but commodious tent. Into this he directed me to take my own blankets, pillows and the few personal belongings I had acquired.

The fellow was still curiously taciturn and so grim of manner that I maintained my policy of asking no questions. He now, after cautioning me not to venture beyond the arched gateway, entered the car and drove away, saying enigmatically, "I will be here when I return," and I, left thus to my own devices, began to explore my novel surroundings.

Before our tent, half screened by the plantation of trees, ran the road we had come along. Back of the tent a few yards ran a tiny stream from which I saw the free campers obtain their water supply. On our left as I stood at the door of our shelter, a motor car served as the back wall for a camp, canvas being stretched from its top to the ground, and before this sat a fashionably dressed woman of great beauty in a camp chair reading a magazine with a gaudy cover, while near by, over a small fire, her far less fashionably dressed husband—so I took him to be—was engaged in some intricate feat of cooking. Twice, as I looked, the woman addressed him impatiently. He seemed to be doing it wrong. And once she glanced up at me, though but briefly, and I thought with some disrelish as her eyes again fell to her reading.

(Continued on Page 89

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S E P 6-24

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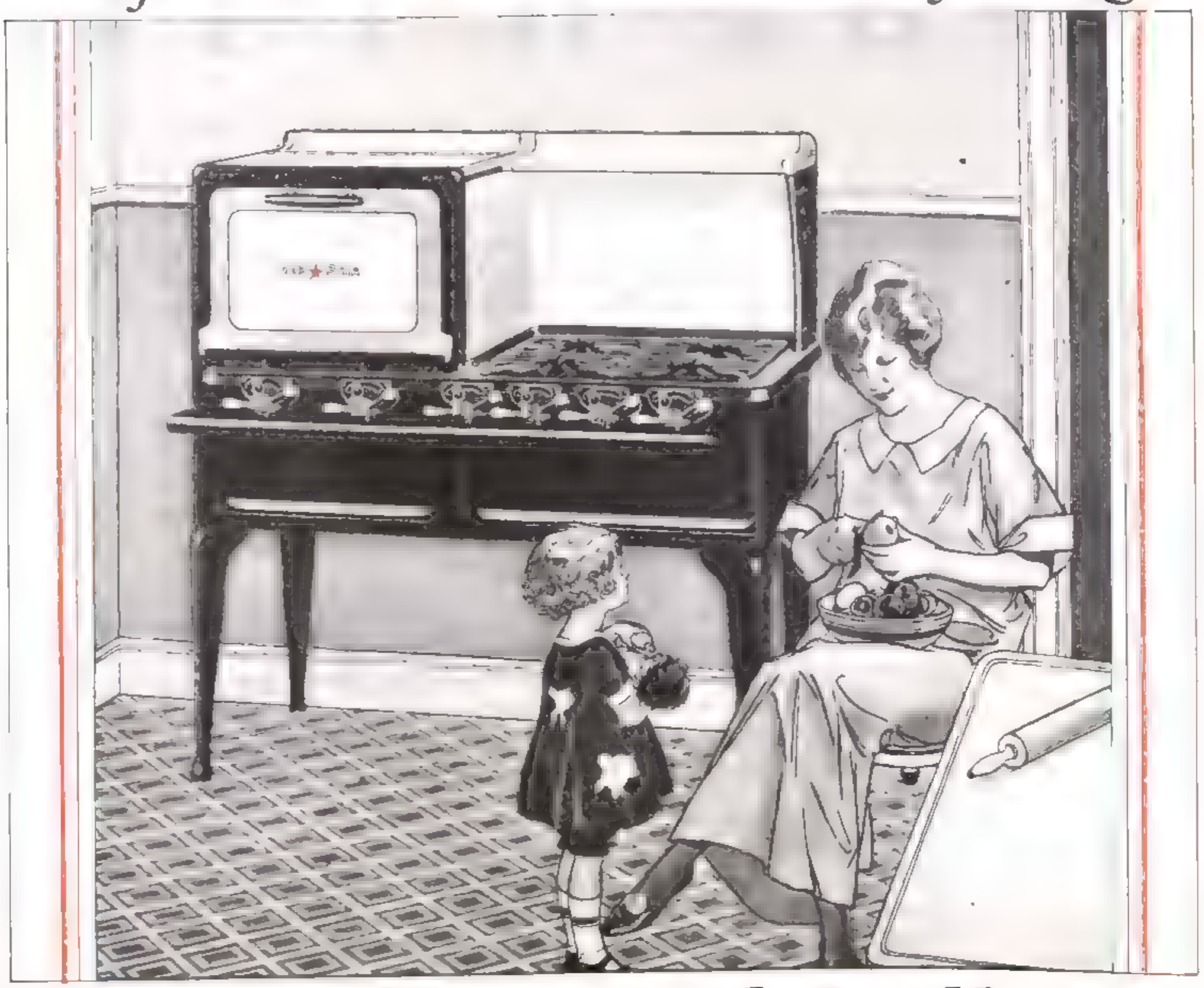

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(Continued from Page 84)

At my right was a far more elaborate camp with a tent of considerable size and in the space before it a small stove, a table on which were magazines, and another table which I saw would be for kitchen use. Stretched between two trees was a narrow banner reading with a witty misspelling that I saw to have been intentional, Kamp Kozy. And it did, indeed, appear cozy, not only by reason of the table of magazines, the chairs standing about, on one of which a piece of sewing reposed, the homelike canvas structure, its flaps pinned hospitably back, but because of the neat and active woman who busied herself between the smaller table and the hot stove, calling from time to time to one or another of four children who played at childhood games or performed tasks she gave them, such as replenishing the stove with firewood or fetching water from the brook.

Being absorbed in her work I felt at liberty to study the woman. She was of a sturdy build, not tall, her carefully arranged hair of a warm tint and her wholesome broad face abundantly freckled. She was neatly gowned in something of a faded blue that seemed to have been often laundered, its sleeves rolled to her elbows, and she was protected from her work by a spotless white apron. She was undoubtedly a capable woman, well equipped for this wild life in the open. Her every skilled move, as well as her rather coldly shrewd gray eyes, when I at last glimpsed them, told of a sure competence.

Beyond these immediate neighbors, as I saw after venturing a little way before our tent, were other camps extending in either direction, all of them, I felt certain, interesting and instructive could I have been privileged to observe the hicks that occupied them. But for the present I must remain close to our own tent, so I sat upon a section of felled tree near by and lost myself in reflections upon my curious position and the amazing incidents that had marked my course since the unfortunate burning of the Leffingwell home.

Sitting there in this abstraction I must have absently removed my aboriginal wig, for I was startled by a child's high voice crying out, "Ma, ma, this old Indian is, too, a scalper -he's just scalped his self!"

Glancing up in some dismay I saw that the four children of my right-hand neighbor stood in line at a little distance, staring at me with wide eyes. They were dressed alike in overalls of blue, held up by straps over their shoulders, and might all have been boys, though the speaker had seemed to be a small girl.

I stood up in some embarrassment, and now became aware that smells of the most savory cooking assailed me from either side. My left-hand neighbor had completed his task and, though his wife was being petulant about it at table, I could guess that she had no valid reason for complaint, while from Camp Cozy—as I prefer to spell it—the scents were of a hot pastry, and I saw that the mother was removing several fresh-baked pies from her oven to the table. It was now well into afternoon and Sooner had left me without food. Since we had eaten no luncheon I suppose it is true that I did stare at the not distant pastry in a manner that might have been thought suggestive.

As I stood thus the woman glanced up from the table and, through a faint but gracious mist from her product, suddenly demanded in a voice sharp with hostility, "What are you leering at me for, you old scoundrel?"

I took a few quick steps toward her, wounded more than I can say by the outrageous offense she had imputed to me.

"Madam," I exclaimed, "I am shocked beyond measure that you should so grossly have misconstrued my intention My expression may have been too pointed—you may even have been justified in describing it as a leer. I have lately consorted with rough men, madam, and it is possible that the lines of my face have lost the sharper edge of their native refinement. If I did, indeed, leer, I beg you to believe it was not at yourself but at the product of your skill, which I am certain is exquisite both in flavor and texture—details in which the pie of commerce, I have learned, falls lamentably short. Once again, I beg, madam, that you will acquit me of anything but a sincere compliment that no true artist should resent." With this apology and, I hoped, justification, I bowed deeply and was retiring to the seclusion of my canvas abode when I was stayed by the lady.

"Wait a minute, mister," she called with a change of manner, and I turned to find that she had drawn nearer, standing now beside her little ones, who still stared at me in a lively manner. "Ain't you a real Indian?" she inquired earnestly.

"I will not attempt to mislead you, madam," I frankly told her. "I am not of the aboriginal race. It is true I have masqueraded as such for reasons I feel loth to communicate at this moment, and I may say that I have done so with rather a telling effect, having on only one occasion failed to create a perfect illusion by reason of quoting some mere Latin that was unhappily too well understood by an ill-mannered bystander."

"Latin?" queried the good soul with renewed interest. "Do you know Latin?"

"As well as one may be said to know a tongue not any longer in common use," I replied modestly.

"And Greek—I suppose you know Greek?"

I assented; this language was also mine.

"And can you read and write them too?" pursued my interlocutor.

"Naturally," I answered. And seeing the woman betray an interest in this matter I added that much of my lighter reading was in these tongues. "Yet the Greek is preferable," I explained. "Plato, the mighty Athenian, is faultless. No Roman is. If you read him with attention I am certain you will find Cicero wordy, overrhetorical, consciously academic. Livy again, you will feel is too consciously aware of his words, far too diffuse. Tacitus, on the other hand, carries conciseness into obscurity and, too often, epigram into paradox. If you insist on Latin prose I would recommend what I myself value most, the soldierly simplicity of Cæsar."

"Do you hear that, children?" the woman exhorted her offspring, then again addressed me in explanation. "I always tell them to listen real carefully when we meet a good conversationalist, and I must say you talk in a more refined manner than a body would think from the sight of you. I bet you know a lot of things to be learned from education—geography and history, and so forth."

Seeing no harm in the revelation I replied, "I have specialized in history, madam."

"What year did Napoleon Bonaparte die in?" she quickly demanded, and at once I was covered with confusion, for, search my mind as I would, I could discover no answering date. Realizing in the same flash that neither did I know the date of his birth, I forestalled this question and clouded the issue of her first by replying that minor oddments of this sort could not be permitted lodging room in a mind devoted to vital history. "But if," I reminded her, "you wish me to trace the growth of civilization in Egypt and the East, I can perhaps be found at home, as the saying is. I might throw a new light for you on the almost naïve idealism of Greece and at the same time bring out in sharp contrast the materialism of Rome. In Egypt, for example, the Memphite civilization, the Theban dynasties, the Saite revival—all have their points of fascination to an inquiring mind like yours, while to trace the union of the Doric and Ionic in Greece ——"

But I was interrupted by words at which I could take no offense, though I should presently have reached the Hellenistic period and the spread of Greek art to the colonies.

"My goodness," exclaimed the lady. "I don't wonder you lost track of Napoleon. I would myself. But I do wish you would go on, because it's bound to improve the minds of my chits here, and I love your language." Here she glanced back to the cooking table she had left, and again turned to me. "Do set up and have a bite to eat with us. I would adore to have you, professor."

"Madam," I replied, "I am not no professor, I am a plain gink or bimbo, as they are sometimes called, my name being Simms. But if it will not incommode you I shall indeed be pleased to join you at your repast."

And presently I was sitting at the table from which the tallest chit had removed the magazines, while my hostess brought food from her stove. As she did so she reverted to the natural error under which she had labored when she first addressed me so rudely, and I was conscious of queerly divining that she had not been too well pleased to discover that my attention had been all for her pies—and yet my leering at herself she would have found repulsive. I have never pretended that the woman mind is legible to me.

"Of course I knew you had been acting in a perfectly gentlemanly manner, when you explained yourself," the woman said. "You hadn't ever seen me. But there are parties one meets in this life that do stare and leer and ogle you—sex-conscious wretches—you wouldn't believe how many."

I saw that I should make, as it were, an amend under cover, so I reined warmly, "I am quite sure a lady of your comely appearance must often be offended by the most persistent attentions of that sort."

"Men whose very look is a profanation," she explained as she and the chits took their seats.

"Exactly, madam," I responded, allowing her to fill my plate with a stewlike mixture that I was certain would be palatable.

I am afraid I made, during the early part of the meal, but a poor guest if my hostess had wished more historical information, for I ate with such entire singleness of purpose that she was at length moved to warn me that Napoleon had suffered from eating too fast.

"He got a stomach trouble," she added, "that saddened his whole life."

In my defense, having now eaten largely, I said, "The human body is a chemical machine composed of twenty or more elements ——"

"Listen, children," warned the mother.

"It is driven," I resumed, "by the chemical energy from the slow combustion of compounds of carbon. Obviously a complete knowledge of this machine in health and disease is dependent ultimately upon the knowledge of its chemical reactions. In my own case, if you will permit me to become personal, I have observed that in certain advanced stages of hunger my reactions are not only rapid but unerring. Thus, I seem to consume my food too hurriedly, yet experience has shown me —— Of course immature chits like these," I digressed, "should eat very slowly in order to assimilate the materials for bone building, but in one of my age the bones have all been built—my own bones so effectually that my good friend, Sooner Jackson, lately called me a bone head, or person of a strong character."

"So that was the original meaning of the term?" asked my hostess. "I have often wondered, because I have long heard it used by people that are slangy and make it mean something else. Well, well, we live and learn, and I can't say how tickled I am to have had you for luncheon. It has improved both me and the children. And how we should have adored to hear some more of your talk about Egypt and the Greek country."

"Egypt," I began, "is the first of those undulations which civilized societies make on the level surface of history, undulations that seem to be born of nothingness and to return to it after having reached a summit of which we too often have no record save such as survives the weathering of centuries in the form of ——" To my annoyance the car of Sooner here entered the camp yard, and that worthy fellow, observing me, seemed stricken with astonishment as he came to the table. "I shall have to be excused," I pleaded. "Another time perhaps."

"Has he been going?" demanded Sooner of my hostess, to whom as yet he had not been presented.

"He is the most refined conversationalist I and the children have ever heard," said the lady, "and he seems to be thoroughly well informed—well posted, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said my friend. "I've traveled with him. He knows what year everything happened, who invented horse-radish, how to cure bots—everything. But just now I want him to show me where he packed our meat auger," and gallantly he swept his hat off to the lady while I as well made my adieu.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TREES

(Continued from Page 9)

come back. Now, Dick, beggars can't be choosers. It's no use looking at me with the high-and-mighty air you use when you're stunning a churchwarden. You always were a silly, moony, stuck-up boy, and now you're an old fool."

"I'm grateful for your good opinion," said the duke.

"Oh, dear," said Lady Louisa, "now he's going to get shirty. Going to look as if he was posing for his picture by Vandyke. Dick, you make me tired. It's no use trying to move you. Everybody knows one can't get a donkey along when it's got its four hoofs planted." She pressed a bell. An elderly and craven maid came in. "Tell Mr. Blockley to come here; and take the dog away, he's worrying me."

The dog was taken away; Alfred Blockley was brought in. In very few words, Lady Louisa recited the situation, while the duke loosed away, fumbling with his watch chain, flushed and miserable. It was bad enough to have to tell Louisa, but Blockley! A man who looked as if he were going to sell you a pound of tea. Yet Blockley listened with attention. He was not bad looking in a mean way, and if he were not wearing patent-leather boots at ten o'clock in the morning would have been quite presentable.

"I see, Lulu," he said. "One might do something. We'd better have a little chat, duke. Suppose you come and pick a bone at my club at one o'clock."

After a moment's hesitation, the old man accepted. He could not help wondering whether Freddie would pick that bone with his fingers. When he reached the club, one of those white-and-gold modern clubs, with tape machines and swimming baths, Freddie had been thinking. All through lunch he let business alone, but immediately after, following on a glass of 1860 brandy, he said:

"Look here, duke, I've been thinking. You know, you waste your opportunities. You ought to have been in the city. Man of brains like you, with a great position, might have done wonders."

"You don't suggest I should go in the city now?" said the duke.

"Well, not exactly," said Blockley, raising a forefinger to pick his teeth, but stopping in time. "You remember three or four years ago I wanted to put you on a board, and you wouldn't."

"Hardly in my line," said the old man; "I don't understand finance."

"Don't let that worry you," said Blockley. "There's always one man on the board who understands finance, so the others don't have to. They only have to vote. Now if you'll only change your mind, I can put you onto a good thing. I was thinking of you, really, when you came. I'm just forming a company, but a real colossus, the sort of thing one can call a corporation—Amalgamated Diamond Mines of South America. Capital six million sterling, or twenty-five million dollars, since we're getting American money. Would you like to be chairman?"

"But I don't understand business."

"I've told you, it doesn't matter. You'll get five hundred a year, one per cent of profits divided among the board as soon as they exceed thirty-six thousand pounds. It'll be worth quite a thousand pounds a year to you."

"Thank you, Blockley. I hardly know what to say. Of course, I need the money. The trouble is that what I really need—I mean, Smallwood says that if we had four or five thousand pounds in hand ——"

"I know," said Blockley consolingly. "You didn't let me finish. You don't imagine I'm taking the trouble to float a thing like that just for the sake of my director's fees, do you? We're going to issue the shares at a premium and we're going to reserve six hundred thousand of them. I can give you an option on ten thousand shares at par. Since we're going to issue them at thirty-eight shillings, you can realize your premium as soon as you like. Clear as mud, isn't it?"

"I don't understand it," said the duke.

Twintex
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Do your spectacles ever break here?

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"You needn't," said Blockley. "You just do what I tell you, and before next month you'll be nigh on ten thousand pounds richer without doing a hand's turn."

v

THE old duke did not understand, except that he became chairman of a company that had something to do with diamonds, that he sat every Thursday afternoon in a large oak chair and said, "It has been proposed and seconded that ——" without ever knowing what "that" was about. He did not like the men who were associated with him; some servile because he was a duke; some arrogant because they were hanged if they were going to let a duke impress them; men who talked only of money, told each other nasty stories and, in the words of Blockley, always seemed to be "on it like a bird."

But everything happened as Blockley had prophesied. The ten thousand shares were mysteriously allocated to the duke, mysteriously sold by a broker within a few days of issue, and a check for £9843.12.4 was handed over to Smallwood. The agent almost showed emotion.

"Thank you, your grace. You don't know what it means to me. We shall be all right now. Thank you, your grace."

The duke realized that there might be tears in the agent's eyes, and he, too, felt uncomfortable. So, as he broke a match trying to light his pipe, he swore to conceal his emotion.

There was money now—money for everything. Farmer Port was told that he must go, some of the vacant land was let, since the houses could at last be repaired. Masons appeared; glaziers, carpenters. It was too late to trim the hedges, but in the winter there would be men to work on them and on the ditches. The old duke felt the deep pleasure of the country man; the land was getting its due, was being tended, nursed, loved as it ought to be.

It was an exquisite year, since five thousand pounds was settled on Joan, who married Captain Walsden early in August so that they might be in time for the grouse. Peter could remain at Sandhurst after all; and Michael, who threatened to be artistic, talked of attending an art school in Paris and of traveling in Italy. When Joan returned with her husband to pay a visit in the autumn, she met the old man as he came out of Claydonay Woods. She was dark and flushed with summer, a creature fit to work for.

"Oh, I'm so happy," she whispered to him, "and it's all through you, you darling. I thought it was all over with us. It's as if the coronet had come back."

They laughed, for indeed the coronet had come back in a way, since the impossible had happened. But the old man could not, would not, explain to Joan the intimacy of his satisfaction with life. Now he could go to his trees without guilt. They no longer murdered his house, threatened the happiness of his grandchildren. He could enjoy his trees; his sweet, understanding trees, laden with shavings of twisted gold and beaten copper as the October wind passed through them and cast from their branches the precious metal shower of their leaves.

A year elapsed, during which the duke seemed to grow younger, as if happiness restored him. He was becoming a real company director. He liked to go to town, to lunch at the Ritz and sit in the board room, looking solemn, though still he understood little of what was said. But one afternoon when he reached the office he found disarray, the clerks chatting in groups, the board room empty.

"What's the matter?" he asked one of the shorthand typists, a pretty girl rather like Joan.

"Oh, your grace, don't you know? Mr. Blockley's shot himself, and I don't know, but they say Mr. Caldecot and Mr. Strelitz—there's no answer from their houses; we've telephoned."

vi

THE duke stood by the stone balustrade that looked over the Italian garden, which looked damp, though it was freezing. He had gone there slowly, his head bent, wearing no overcoat. He was more tired than he had ever been, on this the fourth day of the examination in bankruptcy before the official receiver. It had been hideous in the crowded hot court. People had said things to him—horrible things.

"You didn't know? You didn't understand?"

"I'm afraid I didn't."

"Come now, your grace, that isn't reasonable. You were the chairman, and you didn't understand that Mr. Strelitz and Mr Caldecot had sold the securities they were holding in trust?"

"I'm very sorry. I'm not a business man, you see."

"So you didn't know," went on the quiet voice. "You're quite sure, your grace?"

"What do you mean?"

"You were very short of money, so I only want to know that you're quite, quite sure that you didn't know."

A solicitor laid a hand upon his arm as the old man understood.

"Your grace," he whispered, "it's no use; we don't want a scene. Of course nobody thinks you had a hand in it."

But as he stood on the terrace, looking toward the woods that were dim, for the sun was setting, he knew that they thought he had a hand in it. A thief! There must be some people who thought him a thief. He was alone, for Walsden's regiment had been ordered to Bermuda, while both the boys—thank God for it—were out of all this; Peter at Sandhurst and Michael in Spain. He wanted them. He thought of the trees, the dear trees, but he had not the strength to go to them. So young at seventy-two, at seventy-three he was so old. After a while he turned, his head more bowed, and returned to the house, seeking darkness, like an elephant that is about to die.

It was not till next morning, though, that he understood the consequences. Smallwood told him by accident, thinking that the old man had grasped the facts.

"Of course we must hope that the prosecution will fail."

"Prosecution? How do you mean, Smallwood?"

The agent saw too late that the duke did not understand. He hesitated, but reflected that it was better to tell him himself than to let the news come through a process server or a newspaper report.

"Your grace," he said, "I'm very sorry, but don't you know there's going to be a prosecution of the directors?"

"What? Do you think I'm a criminal?"

"No, your grace," said the agent gently. "You know I don't think that. You've been unlucky. You were made the tool of a rogue, who used your name to inspire confidence. But of course they're going to prosecute the directors. It's inevitable."

"Do you think I'll go to jail?" asked the duke in the quiet, small voice of a frightened child.

"Of course not," said Smallwood. "Only there may be a civil action, you see—damages"

"You mean," said the duke at length, "that if I lose they'll take the estate."

"It'd be rather like that," said the agent; "but, of course, we'll win, we'll win. Don't worry."

"The trees," said the duke in a low voice—"the trees."

The agent looked up at him quickly, wondering if his mind were unhinged. He insisted upon pouring out a whisky and soda.

vii

IT WAS spring now, and the case was over. No, he was not going to jail. Things had been said about him that hurt him. Childish inexperience; unfortunate lack of grasp of business details; most regrettable that men of position should allow themselves to be made tools of. It was humiliating, all that in the newspapers. It would have been almost better to be called a thief than a fool.

And the wages of folly were coming, for he understood that he was bankrupt; that Claydonay Court and the farms, which had been made so fair out of the company's money, must be handed over to the creditors' trustee. Everything—the furniture accumulated throughout the ages, the house where he was born and where he ought to die, the chance of leaving Joan a little money for the boy who had just been born to her, the future of Peter, who must now go to India because the pay was better there—all gone.

And the trees! The trees too! It came upon him with a sort of horror; they would take the trees. His trees! The trees under whose shadow he had played and loved. His comforting trees. And it was not even as if the new people would love them as he did. He could have borne that. No, they would come with axes and cut them down, scatter their leafage in the dust. He pressed both hands against his heart, and it was as if he imagined dear, living creatures cut into pieces, clo'oven with axes, sawed with saws, beloved living flesh cast upon fires to burn to ash. And in his agony, above all the others, dearer than the sweet flock, the silver birches, the benevolent cypresses, stood the King Charles oak. Two hundred and fifty years it had stood, and now it must fall with him. It must fall with Claydonay.

He did not sleep that night, for the wind carried to his wakeful ears the wailing of the trees, the last plaint of those about to die, crying out to him in vain. For a week he hardly spoke, and his servants watched him, conscious of tragedy, loving him, and forbidden by discipline to say a word of comfort. They wondered what ran in his mind. Figures lived there now, for he had learned about figures. If he had a hundred thousand pounds or so he could save the estate, since that could buy up his share of the damages. Absurd! Well, they should not have the estate. He wished he could destroy it, turn the thick earth into dust which the wind might blow away, tear down Claydonay Court with his old hands and spread a forest fire about the trees. Idle dreaming, he told himself. His mind grew clearer, and by degrees the King Charles Tree grew representative of everything that he was losing.

Suddenly he said to himself, "They may take everything, but they shan't have the King Charles Tree!"

Thus he went to town on some mysterious business and came back with a heavy suitcase which he placed in his bedroom. Thus, too, we may figure him, a little before daybreak, slowly walking up the rise toward the King Charles Tree, the weight of the suitcase almost too heavy for his old arm. He had been an officer in the artillery many years before, and knowledge was still with him. So we may picture him upon his knees, running a deep duct at an angle under the roots of the King Charles Tree; then another and yet another; all together six fire holes filled with nitroglycerin, each one hard-tamped with clay, from which protruded the fuses of black powder. It took him two hours, and it was nearly morning when he lit the fuses and for a while watched them burn.

"I'll stay with my tree," he thought, "and we'll go together."

But he did not know where it would fall, and it might only mangle him. So with a sigh he walked away.

Just as he was out of range he heard two muffled explosions, for the fuses had not exactly synchronized. He saw the tree, his tree, rise slightly from the earth, sway uncertainly, then fall with a tearing sound upon its side. It was gone, it was dead. His eyes were misty but he was happy, for they should not have that tree.

Well, nothing more to do; might as well go back. But he wanted to say good-by to the thing he had so loved, the thing killed with his hands so that others might not outrage it. He went back slowly and looked down into the hole of rutted earth, where no insects stirred on this spring morning. He gazed into the hole that was like a grave. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he reflected. He was about to turn away, but noticed at the bottom of the hole a curious object, something like a rusty iron plate with a handle that stuck out of the loose earth. He stared, fascinated, for a while, then painfully descended into the hole and pulled at the handle. He could not move what seemed to be an iron chest, but the earth was loose enough to be scraped away, and to his surprise the lid gave under his hand. He scraped away some shred of what might have been sacking and drew back with an exclamation.

At his feet, close-packed in the iron chest, lay, blackened and soiled, that which he knew by reputation must be the gold plate. He picked up a vessel that was heavily chased and realized that under it other things lay. There was a necklace whose string had long rotted, made of stones dull and blackened, but diamonds all of them, each one as large as a filbert. Here must be the great Claydonay diamond stolen in the sixteenth century from the Great Mogul; here the pearls; here sudden, amazing wealth, hurriedly buried by two faithful servants. And King Charles had chosen to plant his oak where they lay.

With trembling hands, the old duke sought deeper among the fortune that saved him. He was looking for something else, and he found it—a circular object in the shape of a crown, still bound with rotten velvet. It was black as ebony, but he could discern the design—strawberry leaves.

"The coronet," he whispered as a glow of relief enveloped him, as he realized Claydonay and himself safe, safe again. "The coronet's come back."

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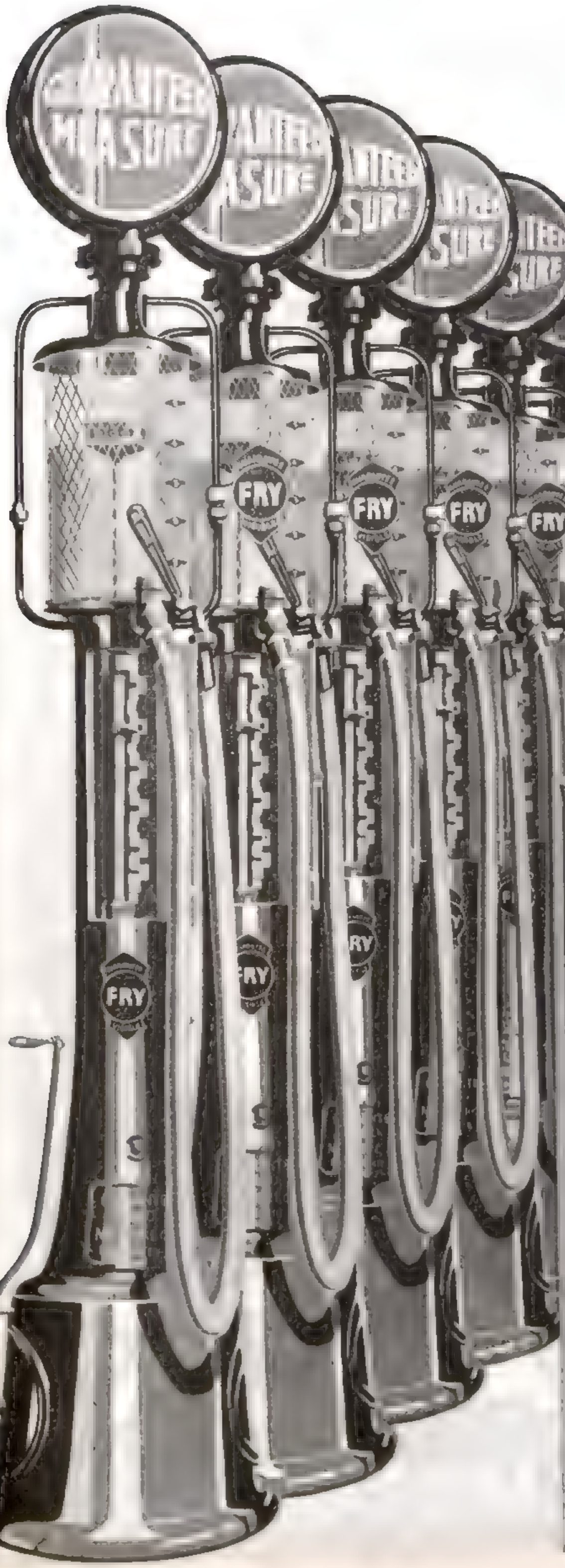

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THE WIDOW'S MITE

(Continued from Page 21)

He took a prominent seat, lingered long beside the flower-strewn coffin, manifeatly overcome by grief, and made himself discreetly conspicuous by the amount of feeling he displayed. Nobody knew who he was, not even the widow, who concluded it must be one of John's out-of-town business friends. The stranger's emotion made a favorable impression upon her.

"A day or so elapsed; she was left alone with her grief. Then one morning the stranger appeared. He seemed a cordial, magnetic, helpful sort of man, soothing, soft voiced and mild. And as it turned out, it appeared that he knew almost more about her John than she did. He had called, he explained, because he had been a close friend of her husband for years. It was purely fortuitous, by mere chance, picking up a paper on the train, that he had read of John's death. It had been a great shock to him and he had immediately decided to stop over and attend the funeral. He had pressing business interests requiring his presence elsewhere, but he felt that he could not leave town without expressing to her in person his deep sympathy with her in this time of bereavement, and asking if, as a business man and John's close friend, he might be of service to her in any material way.

"He had known John, he explained, as well as any mortal could; he had in fact been his confidential adviser for years. When anything important came up, some new investment or deal, John had been in the habit of seeking his advice, and by reason of this he had come to possess an intimate inside knowledge of his business affairs which might be useful to her now. For such information and advice he would not, of course, dream of accepting a single cent of remuneration; it was a service of friendship, a sacred trust between man and man. By this time Mrs. John had been reduced to warm tears of gratitude. The stranger added a fervent eulogy of her husband's fine character and wound up with:

"'Did John ever speak of me?'

"The widow meditated, then shook her head. No, she could not remember that John had ever mentioned his name.

"'Well,' said the stranger, 'I'm not surprised. I'd be surprised if he had. John, as you know, was a rather secretive man when it came to his business affairs. He liked to keep things under his own hat. I used to tell him often that he'd do better to confide in you, to take your advice; but John was set in some ways.' The widow admitted he was. The stranger tailed off his remarks and rose."

The Kindly Stranger

"'Well, I just dropped around for friendship's sake to tell you how much I thought of John and to see if I could be of any use to you in settling your affairs. Now I'm going to be in this part of the country on business for some little time; as I say, I helped John in a good many of his most important investments and I may be able to help you. I expect that after the affairs of the estate are wound up you'll want to look through John's investments, and it's barely possible that my own intimate knowledge of some of those stocks and bonds may come in handy to you. Some of his hunches were good; others—well, not so good. You may prefer to make some changes, safeguard yourself a bit now that John is no longer here to look out for you. So when you're ready just send me a line and I'll drop around and give you my best advice. No, no; no thanks are due me. I'm doing this for John.'

"Saying which, the stranger, with renewed eulogies of her husband, took his hat and departed. No love-making you see; nothing to arouse suspicion. Nothing but the outward appearance of warm-hearted, chivalrous, male protection and honest good will.

"In due course of time, the will having been probated and the widow named executrix, she began to overhaul her late husband's investments. And naturally, having no business judgment, the first thing she did was to send for her new-found friend. He, meantime, had called several times, having been detained, he explained, in the vicinity by an unexpected tangle in his own business affairs. The widow had relatives whom she might have consulted, and also dealings with the lawyer who had drawn the will. Don't ask me why she preferred a stranger, for I don't know. It wasn't sensible, but it was human nature—the most variable and erratic thing on earth. Perhaps her relatives had criticized John; perhaps John some morning had called the lawyer an old fool. Perhaps she felt she was pleasing her husband by confiding in the same friend he had so often confided in. Perhaps the stranger himself struck some mysterious chord in her heart—those things are mysterious and dark. But, anyway, she called him in.

"He came, sat down beside her, took the papers in his hands and began to run through them casually, glancing first into one document and then into another, murmuring now and again to himself."

Advising Mrs. John

"'Yes, I recall very well when John purchased that lot of stock. I advised him against it; told him the company wasn't sound, that it couldn't stand the gaff of hard times; but John didn't agree with me. He had a mind of his own and in some ways he was as unpliable as pig iron, and so he bought. Well, that company's not on the rocks—yet. But it's only a matter of time. It's in very bad shape, as I chance to know by inside reports, and if I were you I'd get out while the going is good. Let the other fellow lose. As a conservative business man, I'd say that for a widow to continue to hold those stocks would be a mighty risky thing. When John was alive and could watch the situation, that was something else again; but I'd advise you to unload this stock right away and invest in something safe. Of course I don't want to influence you. In fact, I make it an ironclad rule never to try to influence people, because then they can't come back at me. But I tell you frankly that I'm a conservative man; I believe in safeguarding your interests, even if you have to shave your yearly income a bit. Play safe—that's my motto. But you may have an adventurous disposition ——'

"'No, no, no,' murmured the widow hastily. 'I don't want to take any risks.'

"'—— and being adventurous, dropping a few thousands of your capital may not mean much to you.'

"'Oh, but it would! I'll get rid of that stock right away, today. But—but I scarcely know how to begin. John, you know, arranged all those things.'

"'I do know; and if you like, I'll take that stock off your hands, sell it and invest the proceeds in an investment that's as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar.' So he pocketed the shares and fobbed off on her some worthless dog-and-cat stuff in exchange for the highly valuable industrial stock which John, with his shrewd, long-headed sagacity, had bought in the company's infancy. Presently the stranger ran across some Liberty Bonds.

"'Well, well, well!' he exclaimed, a tinge of regret and tolerant contempt in his voice. 'Look what's here! Just think of that! Would you have believed that canny, wise-headed old John would sink his good money in these?' He held aloft the bonds between thumb and finger as if they were worthless scraps of paper.

"'But—but I thought—that is, John told me,' broke in the widow timidly, 'that Liberty Bonds were rather good. He said something once about keeping a few handy as drag anchors to leeward in a strong wind.'

"'What he meant,' explained the stranger, with a tolerant laugh, 'was that he could hock them in a pinch when credit was tight. Well, there's something in that; but not much, not much, nothing at all in your case, for you're not going to get into a jam where you'll need spot cash. Now I haven't any jurisdiction in this matter, I'm only an outsider; but speaking as the friend of your husband, I say that to leave your money at 4 25 per cent is scarcely fair to you. What's 4 25 interest in these days? Why, you can get 8 on gilt-edge securities! It's giving 4 per cent away to the Government, and the Government doesn't need it, with the taxes it takes from us. Now my suggestion here would be to stop being so generous to the Government and to start being just to yourself for a change; buy something equally good which will bring you in a higher income. That is, unless you have some purely private and personal reason for

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We sent him some books on UNIVERNISH and other Murphy Finishes. He read them and wondered idly what could be done to improve the sale value of the old home. On examination he found that the floors, woodwork, walls, furniture—everything needed attention.

Following the instructions in our books, he went to work one Monday evening. Before bed-time he had varnished gleaming beauty into the floors, casings, doors and beams of the kitchen. The result fired him with enthusiasm. Next morning he consulted his wife on new wall-paper, new hangings and certain small objects of color and decoration.

He proposed to re-create the old house, pointing out the splendid homes that were going up in their neighborhood as evidence of the desirability of their property. Before he left for the office he had "sold" the idea to his wife.

No time was wasted. They secured the services of a professional painter to help, and every room in the house was refinished within the week. The furniture also received a thorough overhauling. Much of it was Univernished; it looked more dignified and beautiful than ever. Rugs were cleaned, fresh curtains hung, a few new pictures and decorative pieces were bought. Presto! A new home—an interesting, substantial home. Old homes and old furniture are always attractive when proper care is given them.

A very few hundred dollars did this. Our friend was therefore able to add enough money to improve his grounds, build a little garage—and buy a car. Neither he nor his wife wants a new home now. Theirs is one of the most desirable in the neighborhood.

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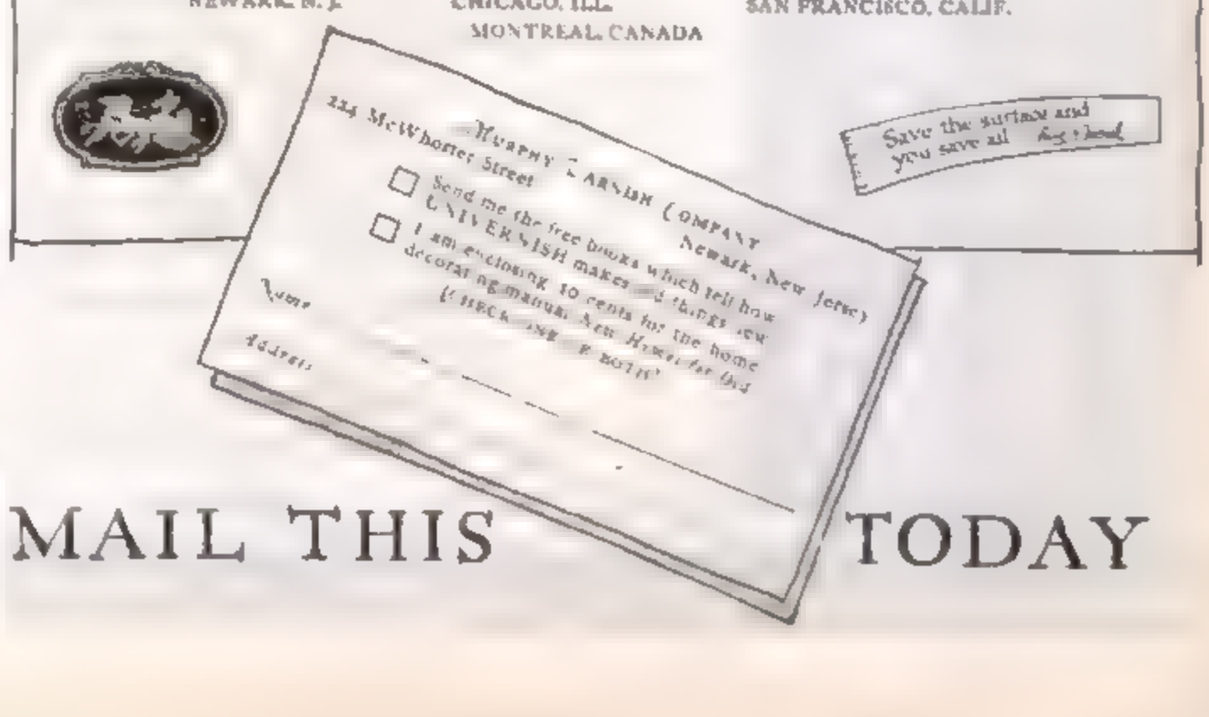
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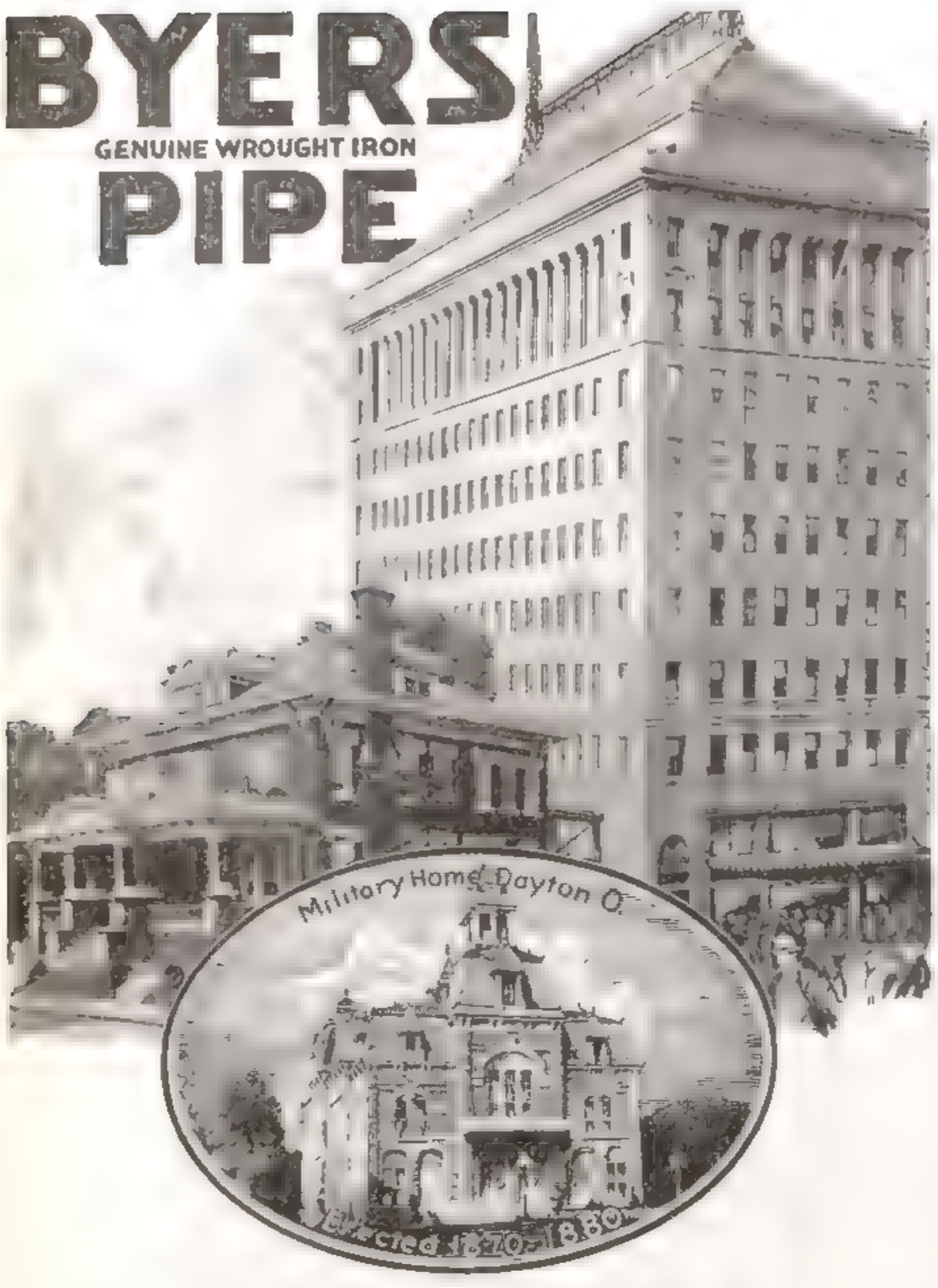

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preferring to accept a lower income from those bonds.'

"'Oh, no!' protested the widow. 'I'd like a good income, but—but

"'But you don't like to go against John's will? You're still remembering what he said about those Liberty Bonds? Well now, suppose I tell you a little secret. John was aiming to get rid of those Liberty Bonds himself. Yes, that's a fact. He came to see me one day about diversifying his investments. We talked over one thing and another—agreed that if he could get in on the ground floor of a certain live proposition it would be a mighty profitable thing, put him on Easy Street for life. And presently I said, "But how are you going to dig up enough money for this thing, John?" And he replied, "Well, I'm going to cash in my Liberty Bonds. I've held onto them now for quite a while, but I've decided they're not good enough, and moreover, it's not fair to my wife." Those were his very words. It shows up what a fine chap he was, thinking of you all the time. That's why I was so astonished to find he hadn't disposed of them before this in order to purchase that other stock . . . Why, yes, that other stock chances to be still on the market. I might be able to pick up a small block of it for you; anyway I'd be glad to see what I can do. And shall I just take these Liberty Bonds along with me and see what I can get in exchange? Oh, no trouble at all! I'm delighted to be of service to you.'

"And so, preying on her finest feelings, the unscrupulous scoundrel trimmed her. He denuded her of all John's solid savings, unloading in exchange a bunch of unlisted wildcat junk not worth the paper it was written upon. After which he boarded a fast train out of town and nobody ever saw hide or hair of him again, though detectives searched high and low.

"John Smith, as it happened, was a man of considerable means, and therefore the major facts of his life and death and fortune were more widely broadcast than if he had been a poor man. But there are tens of thousands of men, in better or worse circumstances, who die and leave their wives to be fleeced by the first swindler who comes along. Mrs. John Smith's experience might be that of any widow, trustful, lacking in practical business experience and taught by her husband to lean on his masculine strength. Confidence men have an easy time handing such a woman the bunk; and it makes precious little difference whether she is rich or poor, whether she lives in the city or the country, whether she owns a handsome residence on Park Avenue or rents a miserable tenement down on the congested lower East Side. Whatever her social or financial class, a woman who has always leaned on her menfolk, who has no first-hand experience with business or realities beyond the narrow circle of domestic life, is foreordained to be fakers' meat the minute she starts to paddle her own canoe."

Buying Phony Stock by Telephone

"It is very easy to take advantage of women on their vulnerable side, and that vulnerable side is man, from whose rib they sprang. If you've observed, women are apt to believe men more readily than they do women, though women are said to tell one another the inside truth. Maybe that's why. But it is partly on account of the facility with which widows may have their emotions played upon by rogues who persuade them to make bad investments, and disperse their fortunes to the four winds, that certain of our big, modern, reliable insurance companies are trying more and more to safeguard their clients' fortunes after death by advising their customers to take out policies calling for incomes, payable annually through the life of the widow, the principal tied up for the children, if any exist; and if not, a larger income to the main legatee, instead of paying out to the wife a big lump sum, attractive as a gold mine, which tempts the cupidity of every scoundrel who reads the daily news."

"But how do they get hold of the women's names?" I wanted to know. "How do they know when women come into money? And even then, how do they get in touch with them?"

"They watch the papers; they scrutinize the obituary columns; they take note of the wills, the insurance policies, the sale of properties, filing of deeds and wills. Oh, they know! They have men whose express business it is to keep an eye on those things, to look up the public records and so on. And once they get a good lead they follow up their prospect just like any commercial salesman. It's a simple matter by snooping around to obtain sufficient information to enable a crook to pass himself off as a friend or distant relative or business connection

"It's astonishing how gullible the public is. Why, we had a case in this office not long ago in which a man—an intelligent, prosperous business man—got bunkoed out of $12,000 which he paid out for worthless stock bought over the telephone. Over the telephone! And he never even saw the man! He just fell for his silver tongue. If it had been a woman her relatives would have had her committed for mental incompetence. So it's not only the women who are trimmed."

"Is there any difference," I asked an inspector in charge of a Federal bureau for investigating postal frauds, "between men and women when it comes to this great, age-old, nonpareil pastime of getting trimmed? Do women fall harder and faster than men?"

Why They Fall for It

"Yes; and likewise, no. There's not a doubt that fakers, swindlers and con men of all descriptions do rake in an almighty lot of money each year—more now than ever before. There's no denying that separating suckers from their cash is one of the most lucrative, as well as one of the most ancient, professions in the world. It began, I suppose, away back in the predatory, primordial ooze. It's more or less bred in the bones of us all—to take advantage, I mean.

"Now there are two basic qualities which go to make up a real bona-fide sucker—ignorance and greed. Sometimes one quality is uppermost, sometimes the other; and your 100 per cent, dyed-in-the-wool sucker is a fifty-fifty combination of both. Ignorance and greed form the ideal forcing bed for fraud; where you find a high percentage of both prevalent in a community or a country, there you find frauds flourishing like poisonous weeds. And those two qualities are not sex qualities; they're human qualities, common in greater or less degree to all of us.

"When they're found to excess in any person, male or female, that person is faker's meat. For at bottom, what these greedy, ignorant people want, be they rich or poor, high or low, is something for nothing. They want to get rich quick. They could, if they wished, put their money in a savings bank or some safe, reliable stock; but the returns are too low to interest them. Money breeds money slowly, especially in small sums. That's law; that's the nature of growth; but the sports who invest their money in these phony schemes want to dodge that law; they either don't know it or else they don't believe it. What they want is magic—to see money multiply visibly before their eyes. They'd like to invest a quarter and get a dime back in interest the same day. They love to stick $50 or $100 in some blind pool and get back 10 per cent monthly dividends for the brief time before the company busts. That's the kind of increase which appeals to them.

"You could go to them and explain until you were black in the face that a scheme which will yield a monthly dividend of 10 per cent of the capital is bound to be dishonest, is bound to crash soon or late, taking their money along; they'll just stare at you with hostile eyes and go right on handing over their money to the crooks until some day our investigators get the drop on the whole gang and indict them, with liabilities of a cool million or two. Whereupon the victimized customers will come to us with their tale of woe; we'll warn them; and presently we'll discover that they're turning over their cash to another rascal who is pulling off exactly the same dodge in another neighborhood.

"I suppose all of us want to beat the game. You might say that is a normal instinct in unregenerate man. Everybody wants to get rich quick without paying the price or waiting for the natural slow growth of wealth. But it takes intelligence to perceive that this can't be achieved overnight. So intelligence acts as a brake on the natural greed in man. It's true that even an intelligent person may get stung once or twice; but he doesn't keep on getting stung all his life; his intelligence comes to his aid. And the next time he goes up against one of

(Continued on Page 96)

Re-roof for the last time

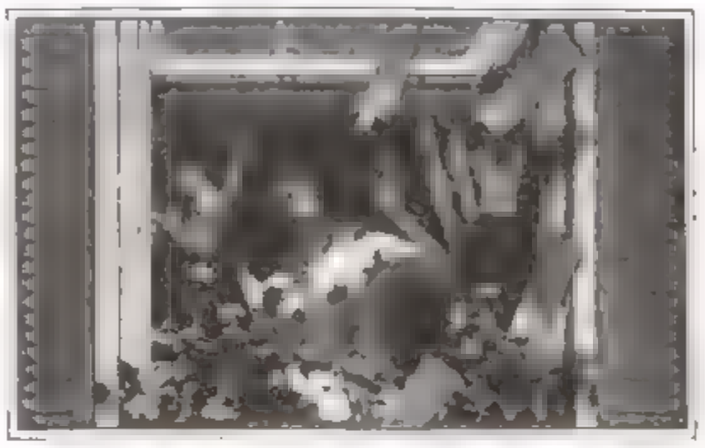
—right over the old shingles

JOHNS-MANVILLE was the first to recommend this method, after a twelve year test, as the most practical and economical way to get a permanent Asbestos Roof. Thousands of home-owners have benefited by it.

The success of this Johns-Manville method has been so great that others have taken up the cry and often recommend unsuitable materials for re-roofing in this way.

Remember this:—Be sure you lay some type of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles over the old roof. In that way you will insure your roof against fire and weather—and you will never have to re-roof again.

No expense for tearing off the old shingles. The carpenter starts right to work laying your new roof. Picture shows the beautiful effect produced by the Hexagonal Method of laying Asbestos Shingles.



None of this when you don't have to tear off the old shingles. No broken flower gardens, nor littered lawns.

Nearly fifteen years ago Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles were laid right over the old roof of the Garden City Hotel, Long Island. In all that time it has never needed repair

And there is none of this either In addition to the saving you make by not having to pay for tearing off the old shingles, you save the cost of having them carted away.

The severe blow-torch test never fails to convince of the absolute fire-safety of Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles. Ask your fire-chief about this.

When your boy is your age, they'll be as good as new. As a matter of fact a generation is nothing in the life of Asbestos Shingles. They'll last as long as your house itself.

This house has been re-roofed for the last time right over the old roof. It is the home of Dr. J. R Hill, Corinth, Miss.

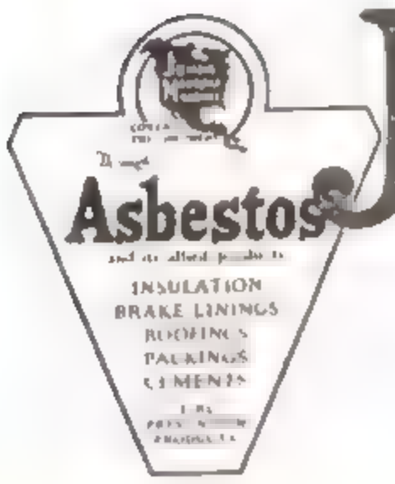
Mail this coupon

Johns-Manville Inc
292 Madison Ave
New York City

Kindly send me your booklet, "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

Name

Address



JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

JOHNS-MANVILLE INC., 292 MADISON AVENUE AT 41st STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Branches in 62 Large Cities — For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

(Continued from Page 94)

these sure-fire things he hears a still small voice inside of him whispering:

"'Yes, this scheme looks pretty good. In fact it looks too darned good; that's what's the matter with it. There must be a nigger in the woodpile. Let's heave a few rocks and see if he shows his head.'

"So he heaves a few rocks. And the minute a person's native intelligence begins a counteroffensive like that, that minute he or she is out of the sucker class. So it is ignorance plus greed which permits frauds to flourish; and just so long as the ground exists for them to flourish in, we may expect to harvest a yearly bumper crop. We can clear out one crop, but another springs up in its place. And it is interesting to watch how these fraud crops vary from decade to decade as our incoming tides of immigration change in character, race and degree of intelligence.

"Now when women fall for these get-rich-quick fraudulent schemes, it's for the same basic reasons that influence men. But in this matter of ignorance, women are more heavily handicapped than men. Most of them lack business experience, and because of this they also lack realism in dealing with practical affairs. That is at once their strength and their weakness. It is their strength because it renders them suspicious of new things; it is their weakness because it renders them peculiarly vulnerable once their confidence is gained, for they have no check-up of personal experience to offset wild harebrained schemes."

Inexperience

"IN ADDITION, women as a class haven't had the handling of money, save in relatively small household sums, and they are more apt to hang onto it. For this reason the faker has a difficult time lulling their suspicions and overcoming their fears. He has to work hard to land his fish, because that fish is a wary feminine fish.

"But on the other hand, there's one big avenue by which these fellows gain easy access to a woman's money. That's through her emotions. Women naturally and instinctively believe in men, just as men believe in women, and life itself is based upon that mutual faith and belief. But a swindler uses this deep instinct to further his own base ends. He makes love to a woman to induce her to invest her earnings in some worthless company; or he wins her over with some fake matrimonial scheme; or he will play upon her love for her children, her desire for their better education or better social environment, or her passion to acquire a home.

"He will draw this ideal of hers out of its secret hiding place in her soul and construct his arguments around it, showing how by investing in his scheme she can increase her savings and so attain her heart's desire.

"And once her emotions are thoroughly involved she will outlast any man. She will go on month after month, in the teeth of adversity, throwing away good money after bad, starving and depriving herself with a patience and a faith which are heartbreaking to behold. She will refuse to believe evil of the swindler, even on incontrovertible proof. Why? Because to do so means the defeat of her secret ideal. So she kids herself along. Right up to the final minute before the swindler is publicly indicted, she will continue to pass over her cash, even after she's been warned by our investigator. Women are likely to be less concerned than men as to whether a scheme is essentially lawful or financially sound. What they want to know is whether it works, whether it actually increases their earnings as alleged.

"Some time ago a Polish woman came in to make a complaint to one of our investigators. She had five children, she said, and she had been saving money to buy a home. She had invested $400 in a blind pool which had paid her 10 per cent monthly dividends for several months. Suddenly the company had crashed, with several hundred thousand dollars in liabilities and no visible assets but the office furniture.

"So she came to us to get her money back. We told her that the United States Government could not collect claims of individual investors in a fraudulent scheme; that our business was to find the swindlers and get evidence to put them in jail. We gave her some good advice about investments. She listened. In fact she listened with considerable interest, for she realized we were sympathetic toward her loss, and at the close of our little preachment, in her broken English, she said:

"'Well, I lose four hundred dollar. I feel awful bad. I'm a widow with five children and he's a mean feila, that crook, to take away my money I was gonna buy a house with. But now I got five hundred dollar more I'm going to invest.'

"'How?' we asked.

"At first she was secretive. 'With a friend,' she said.

"'In what?' we demanded.

"Presently, after considerable hesitation, she came through. It was with a friend of a friend, she admitted; in another town. 'This friend put in her money with this awful smart fella and he paid her 10 per cent a month for its use.'

"There were lots of her good friends, it appeared, whose money he used that way. And there you are! She had been fleeced by one scoundrel and she was going to another just as fast as her two feet could carry her. We warned her. We explained to her the risk. And when she told us how hard she'd slaved to earn that first $400 she broke down and sobbed. Nevertheless, she'd got it fixed in her head that her friends were turning in their savings to this other man and getting high monthly returns.

"'Yes,' we warned her, 'and your friends are all going to get stung just as you have already been. Why do you want to get stung two times? You hold onto your cash. Stick it in the savings bank. That's slow, but sure.'

"She promised she would and went away, but by the look in her eye we knew that she had decided, despite our warnings, to cast in her lot with her friends. And inside of three months that second man was indicted, with liabilities around $450,000 and assets nil.

"Types of frauds change with the changing population. Our immigrants used to be largely Irish, Welsh, Scotch, Swedish and German, and their ignorance of our ways, our language, our habits of business, law and self-government was not so profound, so abysmal, as that of our recent immigrants from South and Central Europe. I don't mean to say these earlier immigrants weren't fleeced. They were—in direct proportion to their ignorance and credulity. But their ignorance of our conditions and habits can't compare in depth and density with that of the later stream. In addition, our earlier immigrants spread out more. A lot of them took up farms out West. Consequently, a very popular type of fraud in those days was the sale of worthless land. But the present immigrant drift is toward industrial centers, and it is therefore inevitable that the most popular and successful frauds should be of an industrial character—stock-selling schemes, promoting fake products or fake companies.

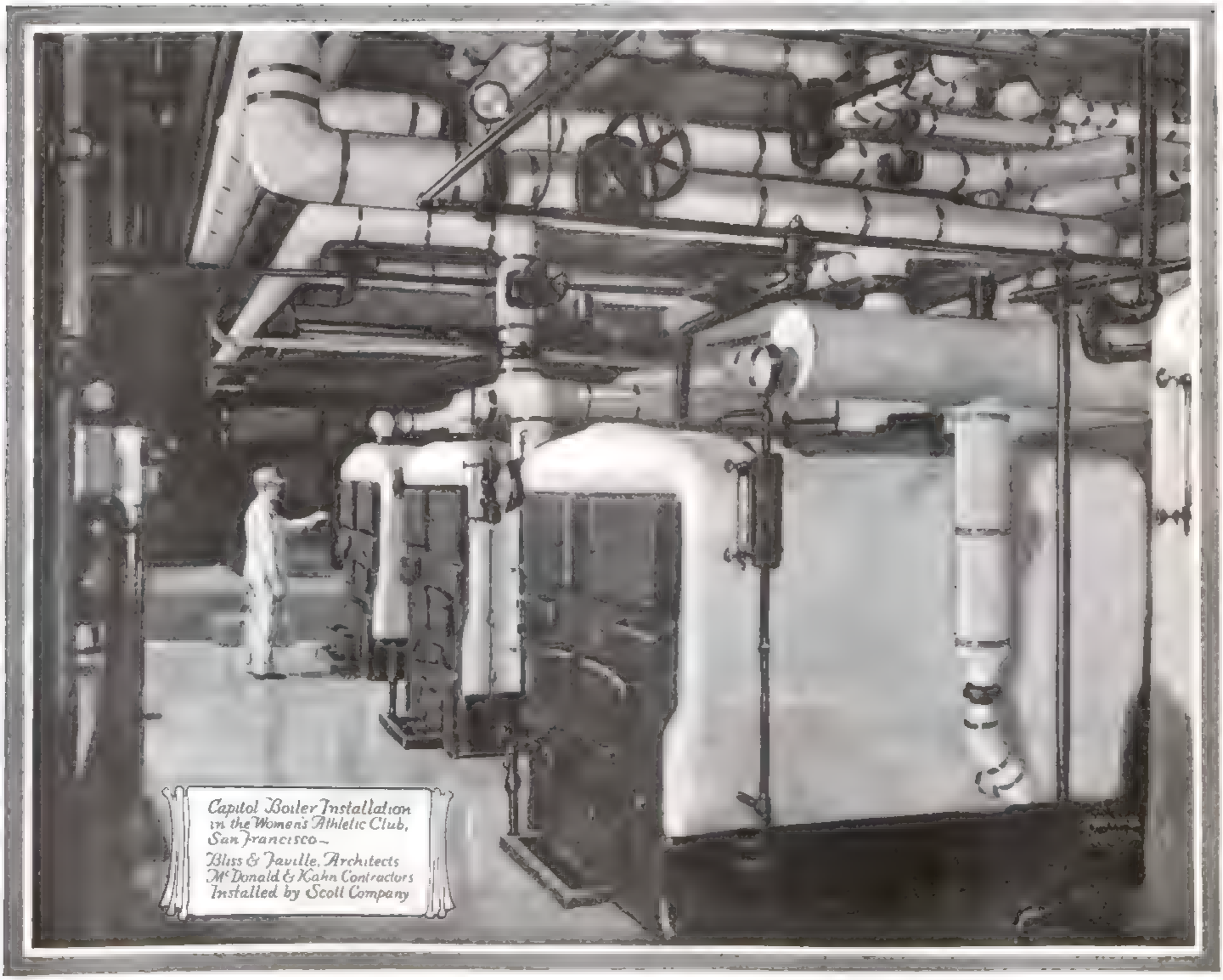
"Fraudulent enterprises of this sort flourish in the congested areas of our great cities. In the first place, these people, paid by the week, have ready cash; it's easy to sell them stuff on the installment plan. From the swindler's point of view, such a foreign center represents simply a huge reservoir of liquid assets which can be tapped. And the task of wholesale exploitation is rendered all the more easy because the immigrants do not read our newspapers or speak our tongue. They are like sheep led to the slaughter, and the women in particular, with their traditional Old World habit of subservience to men, are pitifully easy to victimize. The swindlers broadcast their advertisements in the foreign papers, which, being in their own language, the people naturally believe; or the companies send out smooth-tongued agents of the same nationality as the group they are trying to sell—a Jewish salesman among Jews, an Italian among Italians, a Lithuanian among Lithuanians, and so on. And the sums of money collected by such methodical exploitation are—well, colossal."

"It Was Purely Fortuitous, by Mere Chance, Picking Up a Paper on the Train, That He Had Read of John's Death"

A Gold Mine

"DURING the war, with the stupendous demand for metals, we began to be flooded with fraudulent mining schemes. Those have subsided a bit now, but industrial and oil frauds are on the increase. And always there is the good old standby, the fake gold-mine swindle, which can be counted on to separate thousands of suckers annually from their cash. A recent exposure of one of these, a 'gold-and-platinum company,' affords a striking example. The promoters of this scheme purchased a small farm on the outskirts of Yonkers and proceeded to 'discover' gold and platinum. The 'discovery' was widely broadcast through the Russian newspapers in this country, and lurid advertisements inserted promising fabulous wealth to all the purchasers of stock, mostly Russian steelworkers and their wives. The promoters are now in jail, but the $500,000 of savings which thousands of Russians invested will never be returned.

"With the phenomenally rapid rise of the motion-picture industry and the custom of starring pretty, feather-headed young girls scarce out of their teens, another type of fraud has come into recent existence. This is the blackmailing scheme. The idea, started originally by Italian Black-Handers, has been taken over and improved upon by vicious-minded native-born Americans, until now there are certain cheap theatrical and moving-picture scandalmongering sheets which conduct a regularly organized blackmailing business and rake in enormous sums." (Continued on Page 101)



Capitol Boiler installations represent the finest expression of modern heating science. They are products of more than thirty years of sustained research work and a rigid standard of quality manufacturing.

Wherever you may find them—in small homes or large public buildings—Capitols perform with utmost economy and live up to every tradition of an honorable name.

In planning your new home you should, by all means, select a heating system of established reputation. If you place your faith in Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators there can be no question as to ultimate satisfaction.

Any heating contractor, architect or heating engineer will gladly confirm these statements. These specialists know the real worth of the Capitol name plate.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston
*Springfield, Mass.
*Portland, Me.
*Providence, R. I.

New York
*Brooklyn
*Harrison, N. J.
*Philadelphia

*Baltimore
Buffalo
Pittsburgh
*Cleveland

*Columbus
*Cincinnati
*Detroit

*Chicago
*Milwaukee
*Indianapolis
*Louisville

*St. Paul
*St. Louis
*Kansas City
*Des Moines

*Omaha
*Denver
*Seattle
*Portland, Ore.

*[illegible] points indicated by star

Capitol Boilers

Why Willys-Kni

For years we have been saying the Willys-Kn
sleeve-valve engine *improves with use*—and for y
the cars have been proving it!

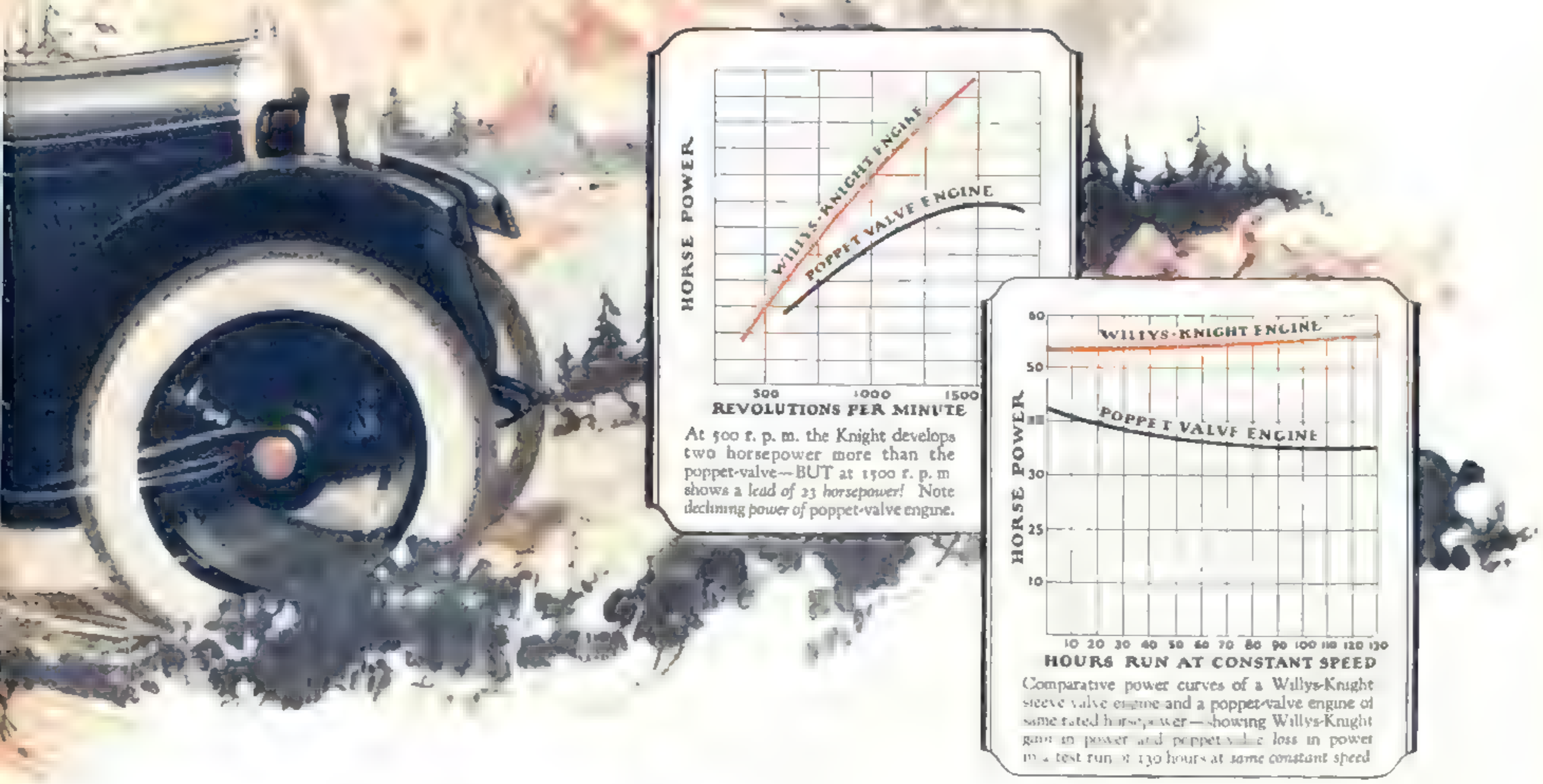
Now we say Willys-Knights beat poppet-valves—
we say it because eminent engineers have proved

The two charts above are the result of compara
tests made by the Industrial Research Corpora
between a Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine and
of the most expensive poppet-valve engines:—

"According to the Society of Automotive Engin
standards, these cars were of equal horsepower.
yet a carefully conducted test, *extending over a*
period, not only revealed a surprising initial superio
of the Knight engine—amounting to about 32

WILLYS

hts Beat Poppet-Valves


HORSE POWER
WILLYS-KNIGHT ENGINE
POPPET VALVE ENGINE
500
1000
1500
REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE
At 500 r. p. m. the Knight develops two horsepower more than the poppet-valve—BUT at 1500 r. p. m shows a lead of 23 horsepower! Note declining power of poppet-valve engine.
60
50
30
25
10
WILLYS-KNIGHT ENGINE
POPPET VALVE ENGINE
10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 110 120 130
HOURS RUN AT CONSTANT SPEED
Comparative power curves of a Willys-Knight sleeve valve engine and a poppet-valve engine of same rated horsepower—showing Willys-Knight gain in power and poppet-valve loss in power in a test run of 130 hours at same constant speed

cent—but, where the poppet-valve motor steadily lost power as the test progressed, the Knight engine did exactly the opposite. *It gained steadily in horsepower every hour during the test.*"

The big thing to know is the fact that Willys-Knight power does not ebb and weaken with age. That all day, week after week, month in and month out, you can push a Willys-Knight to the limit without draining an ounce of its big *reserve* power and stamina.

Silent sleeve-valves beat pounding poppet-valves—in principle and in action. They make it possible for you to keep and drive a Willys-Knight until it doesn't owe you a penny—and in the end your Willys-Knight will have a *higher resale value* than other cars classed with it in price but outstripped by it on the road!

When you hear that the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine actually *improves with use*... that it *gains* in power as it goes along... that it *gains* in pick-up and getaway... grows *quieter and smoother*... and long outlasts poppet-valve engines... you hear what more than 160,000 Willys-Knight owners know to be facts.

If you have been buying the "one-or-two-year" cars—if you have been buying and selling—trading and losing—in short, if yours has been an unsuccessful search for complete automobile satisfaction—then it is time you turned to the Knight—

For every well informed engineer knows that "Willys-Knights Beat Poppet-Valves" and that *only the Knight improves with use.*

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, O. - WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CAN

KNIGHT

More about the New Hassler Rebound Check *and* Shock Absorber *for* Ford Cars

at the New Low Price of $17.50

West of Denver $18.50 Installation Extra

One Model Fits All Ford Cars

No matter what type of Ford you drive, you can now secure riding comfort from Hasslers at the new low price of $17.50. In many cases this means a saving of nearly 50 per cent.

TEN
POSITIVE ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW HASSLER:

1. Two devices in one—a positive rebound check and shock absorber combined.
2. A positive necessity with balloon tires.
3. Eases spring action downward—checks spring action upward, producing easy riding resilience without upthrow.
4. Practically no change in the height of the Ford body—no change in the angle of the steering mechanism—no vital changes in Ford Construction. Perches not removed from front axle.
5. *Neat, compact and unobtrusive.*
6. In no way interferes with bumpers, special bodies or other equipment on any Ford model.
7. Equally effective with both heavy and light loads.
8. Easily and quickly installed.
9. The one type shock absorber fits all Ford cars, closed or open.
10. Carries the same strong guarantee that is on more than a million Hassler Shock Absorbers now in use.

WHEN John Lund started to drive his Ford Coupe from Champaign to Peoria, Illinois, they told him he would have to go by way of Springfield because the direct route was almost impassable—"nothing but a boat could get through—and it would be sure to strike a snag."

But Lund only smiled. He knew that he had the new Hassler Rebound Check and Shock Absorbers on his car

—and he took the direct route in a blinding rain storm.

This is but one incident in Lund's trip of 3,500 miles over the worst roads in eleven states —at an average of 250 miles a day.

"We never left our seats once," said Lund, "but the roads were awful."

* * *

This new Hassler is two devices in one. Better than a Rebound Check alone. Better than a Shock Absorber alone

Because—it is BOTH in one.

* * *

Every factor which went into the old type Hassler—which made it the most sought after shock absorber in existence (over a million sets now in use) is embodied in this new model

—PLUS

—compact construction and neat, unobtrusive appearance

—more positive checking of the rebound

—a more effective holding of the body at a RESTFUL LEVEL OVER ROUGH ROADS at all speeds.

* * *

You bought your Ford car because you wanted the best possible economical transportation. Now INSURE that investment at the low cost of $17.50.

The addition of the new improved Hasslers will keep your car in better running condition —add to its life and subtract from its upkeep.

If you cannot obtain them locally we will ship you a set prepaid on receipt of their selling price.

Write for pamphlet "Avoiding Good Roads" —a terse description of John Lund's trip.

Opportunity to Make Money

Our present sales system is being extended by further division of territory. This may create an opportunity for you as our local distributor. Write for particulars.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.
ROBERT H. HASSLER, LTD., *Hamilton, Ontario*

Ride on Hasslers

(Continued from Page 96)

He mentioned a notorious sheet which specialized in this unsavory trade.

"I'll tell you just how they work. These papers get a line on the men these show girls are seen with in public. How do they obtain that information? Oh, through hangers-on, spies, bootleggers, or waiters in the night-life cabarets. Then their agents look up the girls, and through threats, bribes or cajoleries wring from them the names of their male associates. They then go to the man and threaten to involve him in public scandal by writing up a news story connecting his name with the girl unless he comes through with a stiff amount.

"So they work it both ways. They blackmail the girl into revealing the identity of the man and they blackmail the man into paying to conceal his identity. These scandal sheets thrive because it is so hard to prove anything on them. The men who are blackmailed won't testify against them because they hate to be mixed up in the mess; and even when our investigators do line up a case and go to the victims for aid in helping to put the rogues behind the bars, both the men and the women deny that they have been blackmailed. They prefer to pay ransom through the nose. And that attitude of false pride is a big factor in the continued success of these scandal sheets.

"Then there are the crooks who specialize in trimming women—usually magnetic, soft-voiced, sympathetic scamps who know how to get on a woman's blind side. They'll take from her anything they can lay hands on and transmute into coin of the realm. They go after insurance money, lands, deeds or stocks. They'll send a fountain pen through the mail addressed to a deceased husband, declaring he purchased it; or it may be a suit of clothes or an umbrella or fake mining or industrial stock, or some scheme for getting salt out of the air.

"If she's a foreign-born woman, and she is taken down sick with a cold, some fake doctor will assure her that she's caught a virulent disease. He'll take an X ray of her hand, show it to her and say, 'I can see with this machine all your insides just as plainly as you can see the bones in this picture of your hand; I can see everything.' He'll scare her almost to death and keep her paying out money for his fake nostrums, month after month, for years. Or some shark, promising her fabulous returns, will sell her foreign exchange on the installment plan on a falling market and take away her last cent. Or she buys pedigreed rabbits with the understanding that the sale of the progeny will net her a handsome income. Or she invests in worthless 'irrigated' desert land. I couldn't begin to enumerate the schemes by means of which women who have come into money in large sums or small are induced to part with it to swindlers and confidence men."

The Mecca of the Swindlers

"New York City is the mecca of the swindling gentry. They swarm there partly because it's the big money center, partly because of the mixed population and the facility with which they can conceal their machinations from the public eye, but chiefly because it's the greatest sucker town in the world. A sucker, of course, isn't of necessity poor; some of our laboring groups, the mechanics and skilled workers in the various industries and building trades, make big money these days; their wives and children are free and easy spenders; they're gullible to a degree, and get-rich-quick schemes find in them an easy mark. It is a population of this character, with mixed nationalities and a heavy percentage of ignorance, which provides the ideal happy hunting ground for the swindler and renders his life one grand sweet song until some fine morning he misses his step and finds himself in jail."

"How do you unearth all these crooks?" I inquired

"Well, first of all, we go after them ourselves. Second, complaints are constantly pouring in People come in person to give information or they write letters lodging complaints Then we start investigation All we have to prove is intent to defraud and produce letters or material sent through the mails in the process. It is not necessary that the recipient of the letter should have been victimized in order for us to indict, and the letter itself may not contain fraudulent matter, but simply be a link in the development of the scheme. It may, for example, contain a check or some apparently innocent demand; but the minute it is put into the United States mail we have a legal basis of investigation ready to hand.

"Most of these swindlers use the mails for advertising purposes, to circularize certain gullible groups of prospective clients, for that is practically the only means they have of getting directly in touch with a large public. Once this advertising matter is broadcast through the mails, we have a right to investigate; and if we can prove intent to defraud, or false representation of the facts, we have an indictable case. And after they are indicted, even if there's a slip-up in justice, their prestige with the public is gone."

"Here is a good example of a very common type of fraud." This time it was another Federal investigator speaking. Before us on his desk lay a heap of private reports—representative cases culled from the government files; oil swindles, fake stock-selling schemes and promotion companies, blind pools and bucket shops. Some of these criminals had already been sent to jail; others were under indictment waiting to be tried; still others had jumped their bail and skipped to Canada, Mexico or the Continent, for unfortunately there is no extradition for this type of crime.

Working the Ford Gag

"We began to receive complaints about this particular case through the mail," said the investigator. "Let's see what some of these letters are. Here's one from a woman; widow of a steelworker, five children; invested $600; probably her husband's insurance." He handed me the letter—a pitiful ill-spelled scrawl, written on cheap blue-lined paper torn from a child's copy book. "Addressed, you see, to the President of the United States. She begs him to help her get back her $600 for the sake of her children."

"Will she get it back?"

"No; we can't help her in that. The first thing we do in replying to these victims—and we do reply; we reply promptly to every complaint that comes in—is to tell them that the United States Government cannot collect their losses; we can investigate and indict if there is evidence of intent to defraud, but we're not a collecting agency. This particular steelworker's widow got caught in a fake promoting scheme. Let's disguise it by calling it the Blank Cereal Products Company. Our investigators got the goods on Blank, as this report reveals.

"Now it appears that Blank actually had a factory of sorts. But the fact was shown by competent witnesses that when prospective purchasers of stock expressed a desire to see the plant in operation, a number of girls were hired for one day and instructed to appear busy, whereas the regular force of the factory consisted of a single night watchman. And this was done with the knowledge and consent of the president of the company, Blank himself.

"This is how they worked the game: First, the company was organized and capitalized at $17,500,000. They weren't pikers, you see. Then letters and telegrams were sent out, to be shown by the stock salesmen, announcing that the price of the preferred stock was to be raised almost immediately and there remained only a few shares at the original price.

"So much for the organization. Now for their methods of operation. A large stock-selling personnel was collected and stock was sold by what is commonly known among stock salesmen as high-pressure methods. The one-call system was adopted as a slogan to impress the person called upon that the time of the salesman was very precious, that his stuff was selling like hot cakes, and that therefore he could not be expected to call back. It was a case of going, going, gone. If they didn't buy on the nail they lost their chance. In addition, the prospect to whom the stock was to be sold was told by the salesman, in a very brief, guarded outline, just what the company stood for, implying that if the customer put up some money that very day fabulous sums would accrue to him in the shape of interest and enhanced value of the stock. And to support this argument, the salesman would reel off what is known as the Ford gag. That is, he would quote the case of Ford and other millionaires to prove that stupendous sums can be made from a small investment at the right time

"'Why, look here!' he would say to his prospect 'Anybody in this world would now be proud of himself if he had advanced Henry Ford $100 when he needed it sorely in the spring of 1903 to finance the Ford Motor Company! That $100 investment would now be worth $355,000. Pretty good, eh?—starting from a little $100 nest egg. Everybody knows that the path of the man with a new idea or discovery is usually a tough uphill climb. It was the millionaire, Russell Sage, who said, "If you want to make money, pick out an enterprise in its infancy, not after it's grown up to full man-size. Be sure it's one on which a large profit can be made, that it is well managed, then go ahead and put your money into it." And now listen to what George Reynolds, another big-league millionaire, says: "Nobody can make a fortune," he says, "by saving money from a salary or wages or by putting money in the bank at 4 per cent. It can't be done! A person who wants to make money must think for himself. Fortunes are built on deals that are largely the impulse of the moment. Those who take questions or doubts to bed with them are not the ones who make the most money. Courage is as necessary to the man or the woman who would acquire wealth as it is to the soldier on the firing line."

"'That is what one of the biggest millionaires in the country says about it, and he ought to know. Have courage to risk your money and get in on the ground floor. If you had handed Bell $100 when all the rest of the world thought his telephone invention was nothing but a crazy dream, your $100 would be worth today about $80,000. So I'm telling you that if you want to get aboard the millionaire express, use courage. Decide now. This special offer will not wait. Opportunity never lingers; the wise guy nails it when it crosses his path. You can trust your own judgment, can't you? You have a head on your shoulders as good as that of the next fellow. Or do you have to wait around for some big fat-jowled, bald-headed bank president, sitting up in his fine director's office like a spider at the center of his web, to tell you that a poor, miserable little 3 or 3.5 per cent interest is the best you can make on your money? Show him he lies! Show him you know a good thing as well as he does, and show it by getting in on the ground floor of a splendid, reliable A-1 company like ours. Invest $250 with us—not all in one lump sum, of course. We wouldn't expect you to do that. We'll make the terms easy for you, because it's small, honest subscribers like you we want. All you have to do to nail this magnificent offer is to pay down fifty dollars spot cash today; and after that, twenty dollars a month for ten months. And now let's see what that small sum will net you at the end of five years.'"

Widening the Zone of Safety

"At this point in his patter, the salesman takes out what he calls an estimate sheet and begins to figure. 'Inside of five years that small sum invested with us will be worth $7391.62. That's an increase of about 2956 per cent of the original money paid in. Now can you see why it's worth your while to take your money out of the savings bank, where it's earning 3 or 4 per cent, and invest it with us? What will you say to your children when they learn that you've had a chance to realize 2956 per cent on your money in a reliable proposition and that you turned it down?

"'But maybe,' continues the salesman, 'you have doubts whether this enterprise is safe. Well, I can prove that it is. Your money'—he takes out a slip of paper—'is now in your own bank. You have money in the bank, haven't you?'

"This is an important question, for if the prospect has no money in the bank, nor yet hid away in the house, the sales agent is wasting his time, and accordingly that query slips out very early in the interview. The victim having assented, the sales agent continues with his little diagram.

"'Well, if your money is in the bank, it is not increasing your capital; but it is presumably safe, though banks often fail. Let's call your bank A. When you turn it over to us it is simply transferred to another bank, which we will call B. We will draw a circle around A and around B to show that in both those places your money is safe. Now when it leaves our bank it goes out amply protected and doubly secured—really safer than it was in either bank. Let's call that C. It is always safe then in those three places—in your bank, in our bank and with us, where it is secured. So it is never outside the zone of safety.' And he draws a big circle which includes A and B and C.

"Very early in this hold-up interview the victim was placed on the defensive to determine whether he had on his person or could secure that day the sum of fifty dollars. If the prospect committed himself in the affirmative, the stock salesman usually carried off the fifty dollars in his pocket. This went to the president—he was the C in the safety zone—as the commission on the sale. The contract with the purchaser provided for twenty dollars monthly for ten months, with one share of common as a bonus, for $250. In many cases where the victims had been induced to sign contracts and had turned over the first fifty dollars they tried to stop payment on the check; but the salesmen, anticipating this reaction, always cashed them immediately."

The One-Call System

"Here is one of this company's 'Confidential Notes to Salesmen.' 'Be very sure,' it says, 'to impress thoroughly your prospect with the one-call system. Understand this very carefully yourself, and make your client understand that it is absolutely right. We bring to the customer certified facts which have cost us thousands of dollars to investigate, and our propositions, given out from time to time, do not require opinions or judgments, but simply a decision on the prospect's part—yes or no. If he decides to get in on a good profitable thing—yes; if he hasn't enough money or enough courage—no. Before we present any proposition to the public, all questions as to whether it can make money or whether it will make money have been completely eliminated. We offer only those which can and do make money, and our investigation is so thorough there can be no question.'

"By such arguments, you see, they endeavor to head off opposition, healthy doubts and criticisms and to bully their victim into buying a pig in a poke. Sometimes these companies insert into their prospectuses the names of well-known men in such manner as to make it appear that their concern possesses the wealth and public confidence which those names guarantee. Here, for example, is an oil company which used the names of Corey and Schwab to advertise their scheme until checked by law proceedings. And note this particularly vicious paragraph in their prospectus:

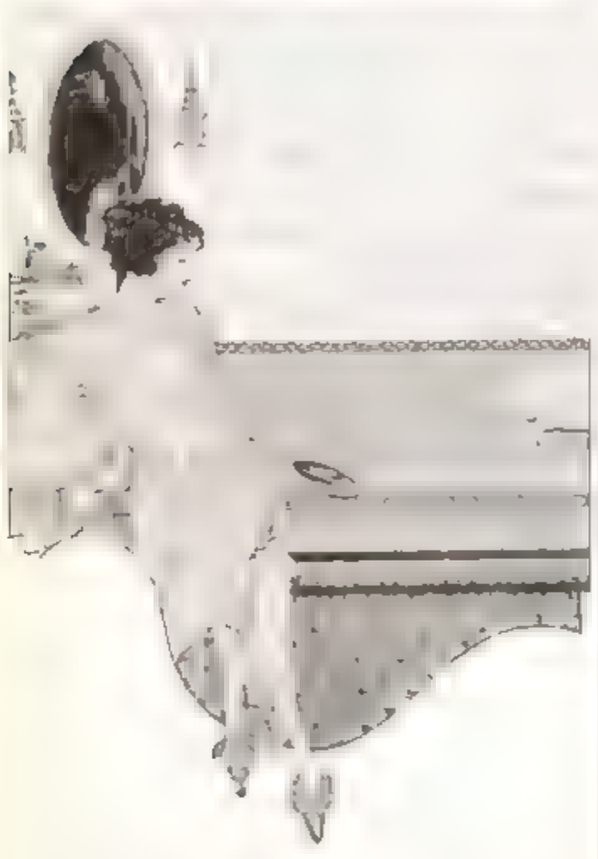
"'For economic reasons, and thoroughly abreast of the tendency in present-day finances, this company has adopted the approved policy'—Approved by whom? Only by crooks—'of dealing direct with, and distributing its securities directly to, the investor without the assistance of bankers or brokers, thus giving to individuals of responsibility the underwriting of profits which usually go to bankers only.'

"But anybody who knows anything at all about business knows that the name of a reliable banking or brokerage firm, standing behind a stock issue, is in itself a guaranty of good faith. Before recommending they do the investigating themselves. The public cannot take upon itself the burden of investigating every individual business concern which needs money in order to expand; it is bound to rely upon authoritative sources, banks, or brokerage or bond houses, whose reputation for honesty is an established fact. And to break down these safeguards is to let loose upon the people innumerable criminal fly-by-night swindlers and professional blacklegs.

"The man who organized the oil company in whose prospectus that misleading paragraph appeared has been a promoter in a number of questionable corporations; he has an ugly criminal record and his promotions have resulted in a long line of failures and frauds. He is extremely intelligent—as many of these swindlers are; he possesses a college degree, writes and talks interestingly and without doubt he could have amassed a fortune in several honest lines, for he is a keen business man; but he prefers dishonest methods; he is a crook through and through.

"Here is another scheme, very popular among women clerks, school-teachers and what you might call the small professional class—people of average intelligence, but with limited knowledge of business and what actually prevails in industrial life. Small-town folks, moving in a constricted circle in life Let us call this scheme the Hancock System, though that is not its name. It is a stock-selling organization, putting upon the market the stock of questionable or dishonest corporations.

Beautiful TILES Never Renewed Yet Ever New



IF YOU are about to build a new home—or if you intend to remodel your present home—you should give particular attention to the possibilities of Beautiful Tiles. Here is a material that is both decorative and utilitarian; beautiful and *usable;* artistic and practical.

As a decorative medium, Tiles enable you to have just what you want, and what your plans require, in the way of color effects, design and general treatment.

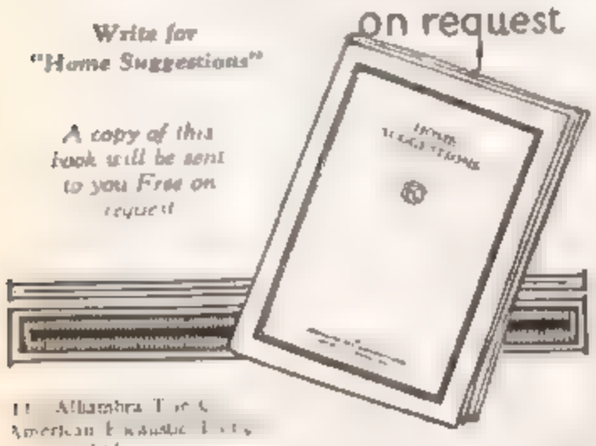
From the practical standpoint Tiles are decidedly serviceable; easily cleaned, requiring no upkeep, representing no replacing or refinishing cost, making small demands in the way of housework.

Tiles never lose their original beauty—never cease to be charming to look at and agreeable to "keep house" with.

FREE on request

Write for "Home Suggestions"

A copy of this book will be sent to you Free on request



The Alhambra Tile Co.
American Encaustic Tiling Co., Ltd.
Beaver Falls Art Tile Co.
The Cambridge Tile Mfg. Co.
Crosby Furnace & Tile Co.
Matawan Tile Company
The Mosaic Tile Company
The National Tile Company
Old Bridge E. M. & Tile Co.
Perth Amboy Tile Works
The C. Pardee Works
United States Encaustic Tile Works
Wheeling Tile Company

ARE THE

Associated Tile Manufacturers

365 7th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

"The Hancock people get in touch with these unscrupulous corporations through a circular letter, and that circular letter is where we catch them, for they have to send it through the mails. And then they enter into contracts with the dishonest concerns to sell the unsold portions of their treasury stock. After which, the Hancock System sends around a letter to the stockholders in these companies, telling them that the prospects for business are good. Some time later, form letters of the same import, but undated, are sent out to the stockholders warning them that certain brokerage firms, hearing of their prosperous condition, are in the market to buy their stock and will try to purchase it cheap. Then, about two weeks later, all the stockholders receive telegrams, signed by a dummy operator, supposedly a broker, announcing that he is in the market for their stock and offering them thirty-five dollars a share.

"In the meantime a lot of salesmen have been sent out who represent that all the unsold stock has been bought up by a prominent New York broker who intends to boost it, but that their company has very kindly allotted to each old stockholder a certain number of shares, the proportion based on the number already owned; and for this reason it is necessary to obtain the release of the old stockholders to these new allotments before the broker can handle the scheme. In other words, each old stockholder is bamboozled into taking on another block of stock, after which, it is alleged, the stock will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange and prices will immediately soar to fifty or sixty dollars a share.

"The salesman informs the stockholders, if they have no ready money to pay for their new allotments, that in order that they may not lose this wonderful chance he will accept Liberty Bonds or other equally good securities as collateral, to be held and not sold, and when their stock is sold the sales agent will return the securities together with the profits. When the money and collateral come in to the Hancock System, it is simply appropriated, and worthless stock at twenty dollars a share in some of these dishonest corporations is unloaded on the stockholders.

"After a stockholder is thus cheated, a second salesman will presently call upon him, inform him that the first salesman did not give him his full allotment and proceed to sell him additional stock. And this they do until they have milked the prospect dry, sometimes going four or five times, depending upon the victim's credulity."

The Blind Pool

"The average woman, without business experience, is often taken in by this kind of stuff; it's crooked and it's complicated, and that very complication makes her believe it must be all right. This type of fraud catches a rather good class of small investors, for it intrigues their sense of romance, of adventure, and they think they are putting something over on the big guys down in Wall Street who have caught onto the fact that their stock is valuable and would like to buy it in for a song and then squeeze all the little fellows out. And so they keep on buying and buying until their reserves are gone.

"That scheme, however, is a bit too high-brow and complicated to attract the great rank and file of the factory and unskilled workers, a very heavy percentage of which is foreign-born. That group wants something more obvious, coarser grained, something they can see and get hold of and feel. Of course they could put their money in a savings bank or buy insurance or stock at reduced rates in their own company; but the slow, laborious increase of their savings through legitimate methods has no lure for them; they're suckers by birth and inclination, and so they start in to pyramid.

"The scheme which draws this class like bees to clover bloom is what is called the blind pool. Very often these blind pools are run by a single individual, not a company, and for this reason it's hard to get evidence on them, because the law doesn't permit us to subpœna a private individual's books. The successful crooks of this class are usually men of strong and versatile personality.

"These men, slick, good mixers, don't advertise and they don't circularize their schemes. They don't have to. Their clients do their advertising for them—especially the women. They pass along the message of good cheer by word of mouth. It flies upon the air. A whole family begins to put in its savings, father and mother and children and boarders sticking in their little mite. Other families catch the contagion. Presently entire communities, especially in the foreign colonies of our big cities, are got hold of, and thousands of tiny tricklets converge in that man's office into a big, solid, auriferous stream. Actually, it often comes in so swiftly that the crook himself is stumped to know what to do with it all. It's positively inconvenient. Letters containing bank notes and checks litter his desk and are piled up on the floor in heaps. Of course, he dips into this stream all the time for his daily expenditures, which are usually rather lavish, and slathers it around at will.

"The working of the scheme is simple. A client sends in a small sum, $50 or $100 perhaps, or even less, with the understanding that the company for the operators of these skin games usually prefer to conceal their identity behind some high-sounding title such as Home Fidelity or Mutual Trust—will buy stock as it sees fit and pay back monthly to the customer 70 per cent of the profits on his investment, retaining the other 30 per cent for overhead expenses. The clients thus give the 'company' carte blanche to gamble with their money, with the understanding that they are to receive a monthly dividend on their investment. And they get it too! Oh, yes, you bet they get it! For a while, anyway. If they didn't get it there would be an immediate run on the 'company' which would automatically bust the scheme. The very last thing which these crooks can afford to do is to destroy the confidence of their clientele, so they pay. They pay monthly dividends ranging from 6 to 15 per cent on the sums paid in."

Two Jumps Ahead of the Crash

"Moreover, the customers can withdraw their deposits at will. But the point is, they don't want to. They write in letters begging and imploring the 'company' to handle their money for them. Sometimes the 'company' does gamble on the market; sometimes it does not. As a matter of fact, it doesn't really have to. Usually, the man just pockets the cash. All he has to do is to keep one or two jumps ahead of the game—carry enough of a margin to pay the monthly dividends. So long as the incoming stream is greater than the outgoing stream, he's safe. Sometimes he manages to keep going and fool the public for two or three years. For example, if the dividends he pays out cost $5000 a month, and if the incoming receipts amount to $15,000 or $20,000, it's easy to see he can take care of his clients and put a neat little sum aside for a rainy day. But as the circle of his customers widens, the nearer he comes to the inevitable judgment day. The game is, you see, to keep so many leaps ahead of the inevitable crash.

"Here is the report on one of these 'companies.' Let's call it the Excelsior Home Trust, though that was not its name. It was run by an American crook whom we'll disguise by calling Hampden. Hampden was and still is a smooth bird. He represented that his company would take 30 per cent of the monthly profits for running expenses and the remaining 70 per cent he would distribute among his clients in the shape of monthly dividends.

"Hampden didn't advertise his business and he didn't spend a cent on circularizing to secure investors. The scheme was a self-advertiser. The fact that it paid a monthly dividend, often in excess of what would be paid by a savings bank in an entire year, acted as the greatest possible advertising medium and soon brought him in more money than he knew what to do with.

"An idea of the percentages he paid can be gathered by this list of monthly dividends which he declared he had paid in a period extending over six months. For April the monthly profits to the investors were 10.5 per cent. That is, if a woman had invested $200, she received as her April nest egg the sum of $21. In May he paid 14 per cent. Business must have been good! In June, 11.7 per cent; in July, 7 per cent; in August, 9 per cent; in September, 8 per cent. Those are the percentages Hampden claims he paid, but I expect he lied. Those percentages are probably padded, though we have no check-up on this. He probably paid high percentages when he had to, in order to restore public confidence, and he paid lower profits when he thought he could get by. The bankers' associations and savings banks began to camp on his trail, because he was getting their goat. Who was going to put money in banks at a measly 3 or 4 per cent a year when they could drag down 8, 9 and 10 per cent a month with Hampden and withdraw their capital at will?

"In the end, after a long hot chase, we caught Hampden and indicted him. And during the investigation our men discovered that bank employes, men and women, in the very banks which were putting up money to prosecute him were themselves handing over their salaries to him to invest on the side.

"We caught Hampden out West, where he'd run into hiding, and brought him East. We indicted him good and hard; and then the judge very kindly lowered his bond from $75,000 to $50,000, whereupon he jumped his bail and skipped to Canada, leaving the surety people flat; and all our long months of patient investigation at heavy government expense went to pot. At present Hampden is living in style in the royal suite of a fashionable Canadian hotel, attended, so our men tell us, by a wife and a fleet of high-powered automobiles and four East Side thugs who act as his bodyguard, lest the surety company attempt to kidnap and return him to American jurisdiction again. But we'll get him one of these times. That game isn't yet played out to a finish, and it won't be until the day when I shake hands with that crook behind American bars.

"One interesting thing about frauds of this character is that very often the investors themselves will stand by the crook who's trimming them through thick and thin, right up to the day of indictment, and even afterward. When they are warned that such a scheme is bound to be phony, they act as if you were a spy in league with the wolves of Wall Street to persecute the poor. In one case a crook whom we indicted circularized his clients during his trial, calling for funds to 'fight the enemies of the poor'—and the money came rolling into his office in floods. It kept on coming right up to the day he started his trek to Leavenworth."

Many Indictments, Few Convictions

"That man wasn't smart, though he got away with millions of dollars. But whatever he lacked in finesse he more than made up in boldness. He flouted the laws of the land; he ignored constituted authority, which is conceded to be a dangerous pastime, and he never answered critics. But it must be admitted that he did know human nature and how to manipulate it for his own pecuniary profit."

"There is something constructive THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can do for us in rendering more effective our work in this matter of fraud investigation," said a member of the Federal bureau in summing up the whole situation.

"What is it?"

"Our big trouble is that after we go to all the trouble and expense of investigating these cases, and indict the swindlers, we can't get convictions. The Federal courts are so crowded with prohibition violations that our cases hang on and on for months and years. Meantime the offenders are out on bail; our star witnesses die or move away and the cases may fall to pieces on account of the long delay. For these reasons, convictions are few and far between, and the public suffers from this miscarriage of justice.

"For example, one of our investigators handled indictable cases involving $25,000,000 in one year, and in only 20 per cent of them did we get convictions, on account of these delays. What we need is quicker action by the Federal courts, which are at present so clogged by the flood of prohibition violations that other highly important cases get sidetracked. We could clean up criminal fraud in this state in no time if we could get our cases tried. Public attention should be called to this situation, which has grown up since prohibition began, and political pressure should be exerted at Washington to increase the number of Federal judges to handle our cases. Otherwise, all too often our best efforts go for naught and swindlers continue to plunder the people when they should be behind the bars. To spend government money in investigating and preparing these cases, only to fail at the end because of the present overburdened state of the Federal courts, is a foolish waste; and so if you'll call public attention, through THE POST, to this condition ——"

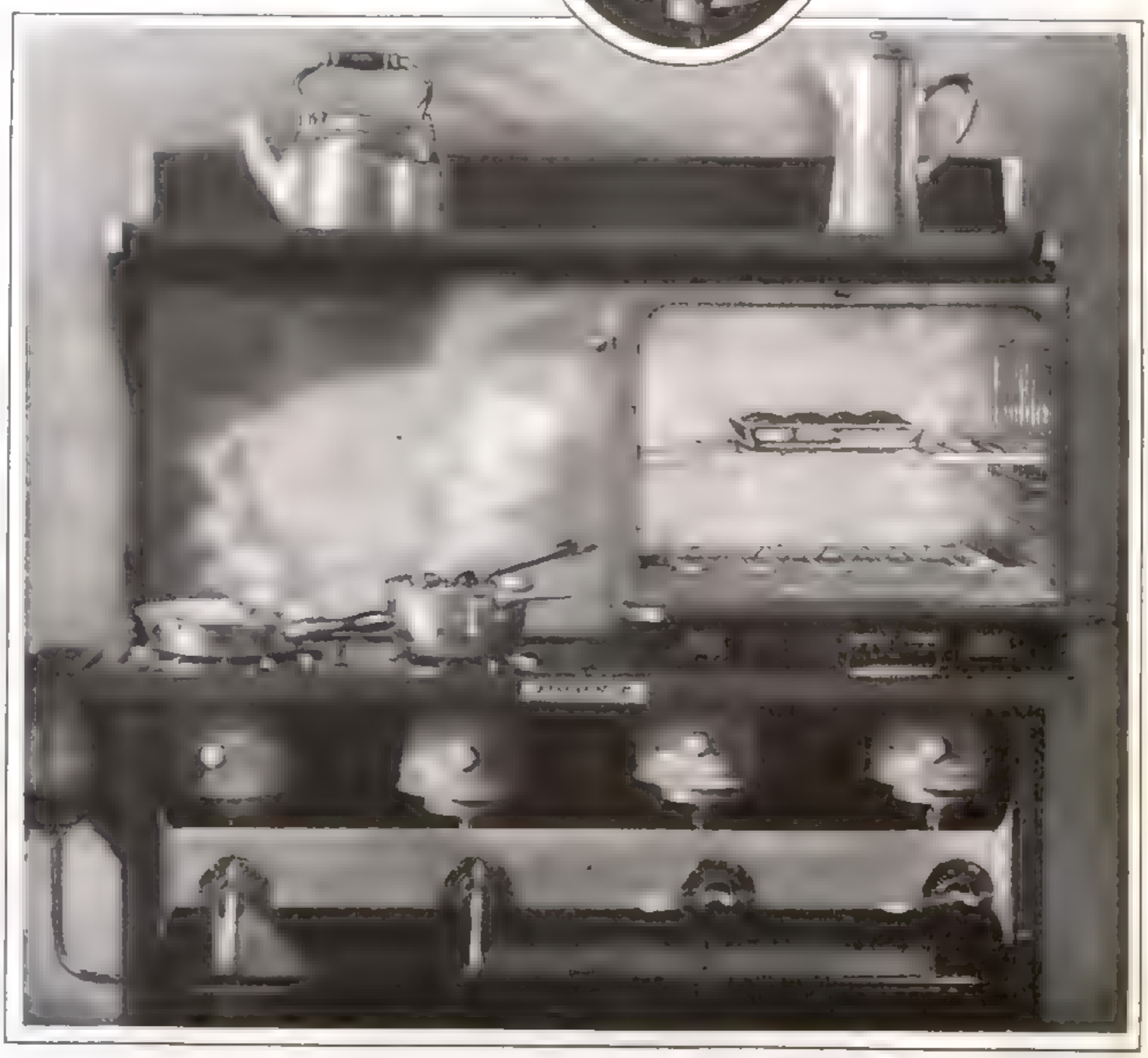
"I will," I promised.

"Then we will do our part to put those chaps behind the bars."

This heat is *focused* right on the cooking

less work, lower fuel bills, better results

THIS cut-away picture shows how the blue flame of the Florence Oil Range goes straight to the cooking. The heat is focused just where you want it.



BEFORE you buy an oil range, be sure it answers your one most important question—"Does this stove cook quickly and efficiently?" The best answer is found in the Florence—because it is built on the principle of *focused heat*.

Florence burners are designed to send the heat straight up through the bottom of the pot, into whatever you're cooking.

The heat of the strong blue flame is focused right where you want it—not thrown out into the room and wasted. This means better cooking—quicker cooking—lower fuel bills.

Cooking with the Florence—the stove with focused heat—is a joy because you can turn out such appetizing meals so easily, so certainly, and so quickly!

You'll be proud to have the Florence in your kitchen

Women like to own the Florence because its sturdy lines promise years of good service, and its jet black frame, shining porcelain enamel and bright nickel make any kitchen a happier place to work in.

After you've used the Florence for a while, you just can't help having a friendly feeling for it. It lights so easily—at a turn of the lever. It's so reasonable in its demand for fuel—and it burns one of the cheapest fuels there is—kerosene. There are no wicks to trim.

One of the Florence's many refinements is the patented leg leveler which adjusts the stove to any unevenness in the floor. Just turn the screw to the exact height necessary as indicated by the spirit level on the feed pipe. Then there's the Florence Oven which takes all the gamble out of baking. Pies, cakes or biscuits come out evenly baked and browned. Meats roast to just the right turn.

If you don't know the name of the nearest dealer—department, furniture or hardware store—where you can see the Florence Oil Range, write and ask us.

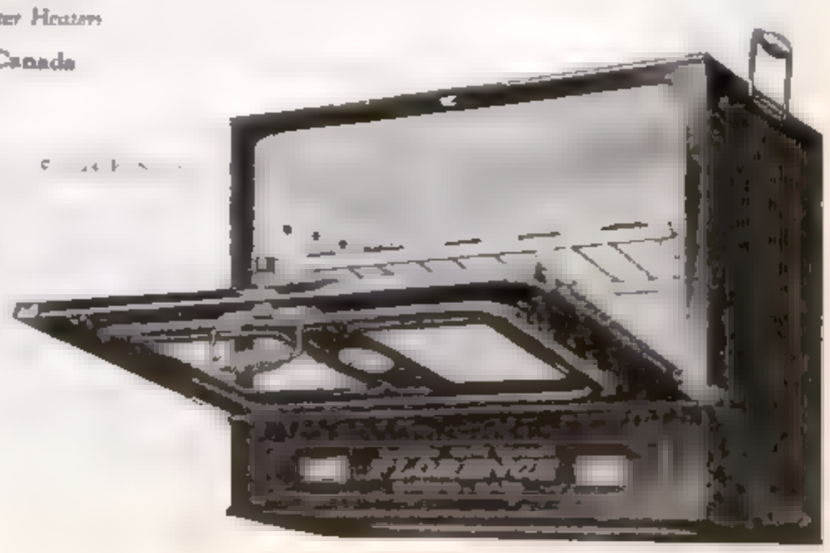
"Get Rid of the 'Cook Look'" is the name of a booklet containing information about the Florence Oil Range that is both valuable and interesting. If you will give us your name and address we will send it to you free of charge

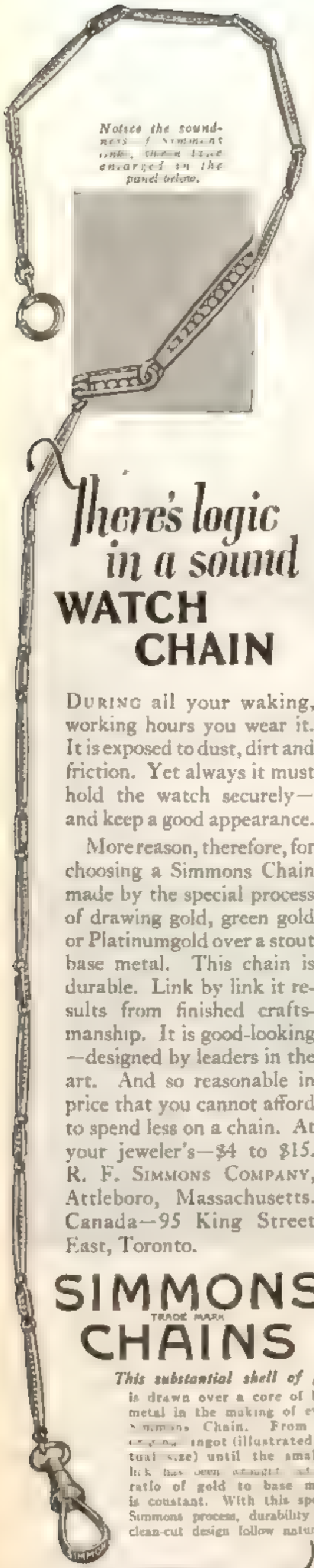
FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY
DEPT. 550, GARDNER, MASS

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters
Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

¶ ***This is the Florence Oven,*** built on the principle of the Dutch oven, with the "baker's arch" to prevent air pockets. The patented heat spreader at the bottom assures even distribution of heat and guards against your roasts and baked things being underdone on top and burnt on the bottom. On the door of the oven there is a heat indicator which shows how much heat there is inside.

FLORENCE Oil Range





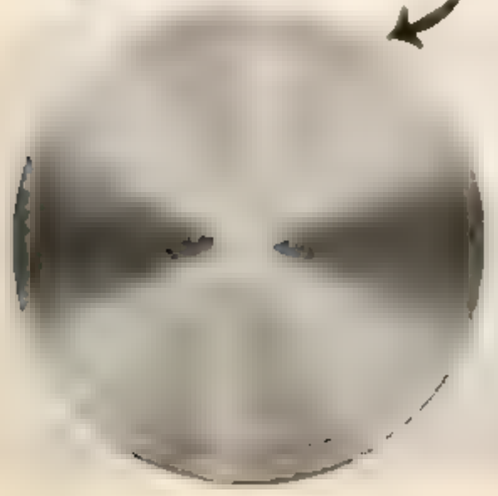
There's logic in a sound WATCH CHAIN

DURING all your waking, working hours you wear it. It is exposed to dust, dirt and friction. Yet always it must hold the watch securely—and keep a good appearance.

More reason, therefore, for choosing a Simmons Chain made by the special process of drawing gold, green gold or Platinumgold over a stout base metal. This chain is durable. Link by link it results from finished craftsmanship. It is good-looking—designed by leaders in the art. And so reasonable in price that you cannot afford to spend less on a chain. At your jeweler's—$4 to $15. R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY, Attleboro, Massachusetts. Canada—95 King Street East, Toronto.

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS

This substantial shell of gold is drawn over a core of base metal in the making of every Simmons Chain. From the [illegible] ingot (illustrated actual size) until the smallest link has been [illegible] the ratio of gold to base metal is constant. With this special Simmons process, durability and clean-cut design follow naturally.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET SHOP

(Continued from Page 17)

borrow a thousand dollars at six per cent from Crabb, Fosdick & Co., across the street. He thought it safer to go to them, you see, because if he went to a regular bank they might recognize him and suspect something."

Mr. Tutt watched her narrowly through the smoke of his stogy. Already his mind had leaped miles ahead to the ramifications possible under such conditions.

"Well, we paid off the mortgage and saved my mother from having the roof sold over her head. But then came the question of how he was going to pay Crabb, Fosdick & Co. Mr. Crabb had been very kind, and had opened an account for him on their books showing a debit of one thousand dollars, with the stock as security. The only danger was that the owner of the certificate might come around to the bank, pay off his loan, ask for his collateral, and it wouldn't be there. If that happened—and it might happen any minute—Harry would be sent to prison."

Mr. Tutt meditatively stroked his long lantern jaw.

"You see, he still had to get the thousand dollars. He used to go over to Crabb, Fosdick & Co. every noon and hang around the tape; and one day Mr. Crabb saw him there, and gave him a cigar, dropped the remark that Cuban Crucible looked like a good buy at 81 and ought to go to 90, and asked him why he didn't buy a hundred on margin. While Harry was hesitating the stock went up a point and a half, and Mr. Crabb said if he didn't hurry he wouldn't be on the band wagon; so he bought a hundred, and before he went back to the bank he cleared three hundred dollars. That left him owing only seven hundred, and it looked easy. Next day he bought a hundred something else and made two hundred more. He began to feel fine. Mr. Crabb said it was too bad he couldn't be right on the job to watch the tape so as to buy and sell at exactly the right instant, as he would be a millionaire in no time.

"That was the way to do it—to watch the tape and hop in and out. It ended by Harry's letting Mr. Crabb trade for him on a discretionary account—and the very first day he lost all he had made and a lot besides; and by the end of the week they were calling for more margin, and Harry had to go and take another certificate out of the vault."

Mr. Tutt thoughtfully exhaled a cloud of green gas.

"You can guess the rest." Mona dragged out each word with difficulty. "He lost—and lost. And to make good the necessary margin for Crabb, Fosdick & Co. he took more and more securities—until now he owes thirty thousand dollars."

She sighed despairingly.

"But long before that time had arrived he got so scared at having Mr. Crabb telephone him half a dozen times a day about margins that he had me take over the account for fear the bank officers would suspect something. From that time on I was the one that gave the orders to buy and sell, and when the margin was exhausted they called on me instead of him; and I would tell him, because I knew that unless we kept on and won back the money we had lost we could never get back the securities Harry had taken; and each time I told him he would go and take some more. No one can imagine what we both suffered—suffered because it was all so wicked and for fear that it might be found out before we could pay the money back."

"Why was it that when one of these loans from which he had abstracted the collateral was paid off for during that time surely some one of them must have been paid off—the theft was not discovered?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"I don't know," she answered. "Harry managed it some way—by shifting the securities about, I think he said."

A smile hovered for an instant about Mr. Tutt's thin, clean-shaven lips.

"But now," she went on desperately, "the bank examiner is coming to make his annual inspection next week, and Crabb, Fosdick & Co. have closed out our account and the securities have been sold and it's all over. I suppose Harry will have to go to prison. It will kill me, and I don't know what will happen to mother."

Once more she buried her face on her arms. Mr. Tutt waited until her outburst of grief had subsided.

"Try to be calm, my dear," he said. "There is still a chance that everything will come out all right if you do exactly as I say. Will you?"

"I promise!"

It was like a cry for help heard above the gale. Mr. Tutt laid his finger tips together.

"Listen carefully! First go down and tell Crabb that you wish a statement of your account to date. He will readily give it to you. It will show the losses and interest charged against you since the first of the month—your debit balance. He will demand more collateral—you will give it to him."

"But I haven't any—unless you want Harry to take some more securities out of the vault."

Mr. Tutt's jaws snapped like those of an indignant alligator.

"Young woman, what the —— Here is the collateral."

He got up, unlocked the rusty iron safe in the corner and returned to his desk bearing a beautiful bright-pink stock certificate for one thousand shares of Lallapaloosa, Ltd., indorsed in blank.

"If they steal that we ought to be able to see what they do with it," he remarked as he handed it to her.

"And then?"

"Come right back here. One more detail. Please tell Mr. Crabb that you wish to be in a position to redeem this certificate at the earliest possible moment, since it does not belong to you."

"I guess he'll know that without my telling him."

"Yes; but Mr. Crabb will think that it belongs to the Mustardseed National."

"Whereas it really is yours?"

"In the words of the prophet," replied Mr. Tutt, "it is."

Mr. Tutt threw a surreptitious kiss after her retreating back. Then he called up the Mustardseed National.

"Hello, McKeever! Yes, this is Eph. I'd like you to drop over here for about five minutes. . . . Yes, here, now, and instanter, if not sooner. I want to hold a special meeting of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek."

Mona returned in less than half an hour.

"It's done," she said. "Mr. Crabb took the certificate and gave me the statement. He says the market is going to turn and that if we had enough collateral to buy a couple of thousand shares we could make a killing."

"No doubt! No doubt!" Mr. Tutt arose and stretched his arms with the light of battle in his faded eyes. "Come on!" he directed, reaching for his old tall hat.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"After T. Otis Crabb," he replied with impish glee. "And he'll have to scuttle almighty quick to get away!"

That intangible something which our French friends call *la confiance*—that *je ne sais quoi*, "if," as Dorothy Parker says, "I know what I mean"—is curiously contagious. Mona Warren had not known Mr. Tutt longer than forty-five minutes, but already she felt absolute conviction that somehow or other he would be able to help her. Indeed, it seemed to her as if she had known him always.

"Did you, by any chance, ever have any talk with Crabb about what use he could make of the securities you gave him?" he inquired as they went down in the elevator.

"Use? I don't understand."

"Of course you realized that if Crabb, Fosdick & Co. lent you money they might have to borrow it themselves somewhere and put up your securities as collateral?"

"It did not occur to me."

"Crabb never mentioned it?"

"No, he never said anything."

"Did you ever read what was printed on the purchase and sales slips he sent you?"

"Only whether I had made or lost."

"All right." Mr. Tutt took her firmly by the arm as they dodged the traffic opposite Trinity. "Now come and help me make Crabb meat farcie!"

IV

IT WAS just ten minutes to twelve and the office of Crabb, Fosdick & Co. was humming like a dynamo, for the market was sagging dangerously, and the crowd at the ticker was much too concentrated on Gen Motors and Mex Pete to notice the entrance of the old lawyer and his most recent client—all except T. Otis, who always saw everything. As it was, he almost swallowed his cigarette—his C. F. & Co.—at the sight of him. What could that old gray fox be up to now?

"Hey, Fozzy!" he whistled, and his dapper partner leaped to heel. "I smell trouble. That Warren girl is bringing old Tutt in here. Stand by to repel boarders."

"Nothin' to be afraid of," declared Fozzy stoutly. "Whatever we've done for her and that embezzling lover of hers has been absolutely on the level."

"'Course it has!" agreed T. Otis. "But Tutt plays a mean game of golf. Stick by me, laddie! What's our balance?"

"Minus fifteen hundred at the present instant," answered Fozzy. "The bottom's falling out of the market and I had to telephone McKeever for an additional advance. He said he'd give the collateral the once-over and try to accommodate us. Meanwhile I'm drawing checks to all the world on the faith of it."

Then Mr. Tutt crossed the threshold.

"Good morning, gentlemen. May I have a word with you?"

The firm of Crabb, Fosdick & Co. arose briskly to its feet, pushed forward a chair for Miss Warren and tendered the biggest cigar box to her associate.

Mr. Tutt waved what he called the chicken fixings aside.

"I have been looking over the statement you have just rendered to Miss Warren," he said, "and I notice that you make it appear that she has lost in the market upwards of thirty thousand dollars."

"How do you mean—make it appear?" demanded T. Otis, flushing. "She lost it all right. Every transaction went through the board. She owes us money right now."

"How much?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Mr. Tutt drew from his trousers pocket a wad of greenbacks the size of a junior cabbage and pulled off the outer casings. The faces of Crabb, Fosdick & Co. brightened.

"Do you mind counting that and giving me a receipt?"

"Right-o!" chirped Fozzy, dashing it off and pocketing the velvet.

"And now," said the old lawyer with a sudden change of tone, "Miss Warren would like her collateral."

"But we had to sell her out—there isn't any!" protested T. Otis.

"I understand. But Miss Warren gave you a thousand shares of Lallapaloosa only a few minutes ago to cover her debit balance. This makes the deficit good and now we want back the stock."

T. Otis and Fozzy exchanged anxious glances. They no longer had the certificate in their possession, for they had sent it over as soon as received as increased collateral for their loan with the Mustardseed National, and had already applied for an additional advance of five thousand dollars against it.

"Certainly," stammered Crabb, "if you will be good enough to wait a moment."

"Yes—a moment," agreed Mr. Tutt, "but only for a moment—long enough for you to fetch it."

T. Otis winked at Fozzy, who nodded and made his exit ostensibly for the purpose of retrieving the Lallapaloosa.

"But we want something else too," said Mr. Tutt. "We want all the other securities Miss Warren has furnished you as collateral, or, in lieu of them, a check for thirty thousand dollars as representing their value before one o'clock."

"What?" yelled T. Otis.

"Checks — cash — chink — or chips — beans—bones—or bank notes of the equivalent of thirty thousand gold dollars standard weight and refinement," murmured Mr. Tutt modestly.

"You're crazy! Why?"

"Because, my dear young man, you stole that amount of money from my client, and I want it—unless you and your partner prefer to go to jail. I suggest you bring in Mr. Fosdick. He's listening just behind that partition. I recognized the shadow of his nose an instant ago. And, if you choose, you might send for your attorney—Mr. Aaron T. Lefkovitsky, I believe."

"Well, I wouldn't mind having Lefkovitsky here. You might put something over on me," replied Crabb.

"I am going to put something over on you," Mr. Tutt assured him. "Thirty

(Continued on Page 107)

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SELZ SHOES—*more real value*

(Continued from Page 104)

thousand dollars' worth. And you might as well begin gathering the mourners together right now."

Evidently the same idea had occurred to Fozzy, for he and Lefkovitsky arrived almost simultaneously.

"What's all this talk about thirty thousand dollars?" demanded Aaron T. brusquely.

"I didn't know you had overheard it—or Mr. Fosdick either," said Mr. Tutt. "But in a nutshell, it's this: These two clients of yours got hold of a young man employed in the bank with which they do most of their business ——"

"He came to us of his own accord!" interrupted T. Otis.

"Well, have it that way! He came to them desperately in need of money, borrowed a thousand dollars at six per cent, and then at their suggestion took a flyer in the market—or thought he did. They let him win a few hundred, and then trimmed him by bucketing his orders until he had lost so much that he had to keep on stealing from the bank to make good his margins—as they very well knew."

"This firm has never bucketed an order!" retorted Crabb. "The law requires us to furnish every customer with a written statement giving the approximate hour of the sale or purchase upon the floor of the exchange and the name of the broker with whom it is made. Miss Warren's orders were all executed in that way and she has a slip for every one. Even if we wanted to bucket an order, we couldn't do it."

"No?" mused Mr. Tutt. "Well, I'll tell you how you did it. The sales and purchases were made on the exchange, but every time you executed an order of purchase, discretionary or otherwise, you executed a duplicate selling order for yourselves through a fictitious account, so that they neutralized each other and you never had actually to receive or deliver a single certificate of stock, although your statements showed that you were carrying her long of it and charging interest on the cost of the securities to you. You went ahead executing matched orders, at various prices throughout the day, and when the exchange closed you wished on her such as showed a loss and credited to yourselves the ones that showed a profit. In that way you make it appear that she had lost thirty thousand dollars which went straight into your own pockets. In that way you induced Colford to go on stealing in the hope of preventing discovery or of possibly winning back what he had taken. You stole the securities he brought in here as collateral just as much as if you had sneaked into the vaults and removed them yourselves."

"That is strong language!" declared Lefkovitsky with asperity.

"It is!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "Strong enough to drag thirty thousand iron men out of this whited sepulcher."

"You can't prove a single word of it!" cried T. Otis.

"I could if I wanted to subpœna your books. They would show that every one of your sales and purchases for the last year had been matched. That's felony under Section 954 of the Penal Code—trading against customers' orders—only, as you very well know, if I subpœnaed your books you'd both get immunity. However, I could get you that way eventually if there was no other; but luckily there is. Every time Colford brought over a certificate of stock to margin his account, and you made him a loan on it, and then used it to borrow on yourselves for more than you had loaned on it, you committed another felony under Section 956 of the code. You have a big blanket loan over at the Mustardseed National and you have pledged in it every single bond and share of stock brought in here. You didn't have that beautiful pink certificate of Lallapaloosa, Ltd., five minutes—it belongs to me, by the way—before it was on its way over to McKeever to increase the amount of your collateral."

T. Otis and Fozzy stared blankly at him.

"Oh, I knew it was coming and told McKeever to be on the lookout for it. You notice perhaps that as yet he hasn't rung you up to tell you that your loan has been increased. That is because he wants to keep the *status quo* so I can get my certificate back in case our negotiations fall down. At present the bank is no worse off than before you sent it over, and will give it back to me any time I ask for it. Yes, I may add, you will have no bonanzas today. Instead they are going to close your account for good, as soon as you give me your check on some other bank—certified—for the amount Colford took from the Mustardseed and you took from Colford."

"You're trying to blackmail us!" cried Fozzy, with a semblance of indignation, only his knees were trembling.

"No; exercising merely what the law calls the right of recaption. I say you stole securities worth thirty thousand dollars from my clients, and committed plenty of other felonies besides while you were doing it: By trading against your customers' accounts; by falsifying your books—forgery in the third degree; by repledging your customers' securities for more than you had loaned on them; by charging interest on money alleged to have been spent by you for securities you never had in your possession—obtaining money by false pretenses. If that isn't enough to satisfy you, perhaps I could oblige you with a few more. But the point is, we want our money or our stock."

He spoke with an assurance that sent a cold chill down their respective spines.

"How about it, Aaron?" inquired Crabb.

Lefkovitsky stepped jauntily to the door and closed it.

"No use shouting our affairs across the housetops," quoth he lightly. "What Tutt says is all bunk. You didn't match sales, you didn't falsify accounts. And if you had, no one could prove it except by your own books, which under our wise and beneficent statutes would give you an immunity bath. As for his claim that you had no right to repledge the securities for more than you had loaned on them, I fixed all that for you."

He pointed triumphantly to a line of fine print on the bottom of the order slips:

It is hereby mutually understood and agreed that all securities deposited for the protection of your account may be pledged by us as collateral to our own loans.

Yours respectfully,
CRABB, FOSDICK & Co.

Mr. Tutt examined it with feigned astonishment.

"So you think if you lend your customer a couple of hundred dollars, as you did on my Lallapaloosa this morning, for example, such a notice as that allows you to take that certificate over and hock it for a couple of thousand?"

"Yes, sir-ree!" declared Aaron T.

"You have another think coming, my young man. You evidently haven't been reading much law lately. Miss Warren never agreed to let you repledge her securities in any such way that she could not get them back without paying your debts. In fact she gave you specific instructions to the contrary regarding my stock. Didn't you ever hear of the case of Heaphy versus Kerr, in which the court held you couldn't bind a customer that way in fine print—or any other kind of print, for that matter? It said there was no duty on the customer to read any such notice or to dissent from it if he had read it, and that it would be ridiculous to hold that in a mere notice of sale or purchase 'there can be included in smaller type a new contract which will be deemed implicitly agreed to if a dissent be not expressed.' The judges, all of whom knew something about trading in stocks, I fancy, went on to assert that 'no one has reason to expect that in the mere notice of the purchase of stock the broker is inveigling him into some further contract as to rights in collateral which he would not otherwise possess.' Just look at the opinion."

Mr. Tutt took a copy of 190 Appellate Division from under his arm, opened it at Page 810 and handed it to the distressed attorney.

"How is that, Aaron?" ejaculated T. Otis.

But the lawyer was going through some sort of agonizing metamorphosis. He had shrunk down into a heap partially composed of a cheap suit of clothes and partially of a very cheap Lefkovitsky.

"Is this what we paid you that extra thou for?" shouted T. Otis, shaking his fist at him.

Aaron's jaw was sagging worse than the tape. "I—well, I say that ain't the law!" he stuttered.

"Gimme the book!"

T. Otis snatched up the volume of reports and began reading aloud the headnote indicated by Mr. Tutt:

"'Since the addition to the Penal Law of Section 956 making it a felony for a stockbroker to repledge the stock of a customer for an amount in excess of that owing to the broker by the customer ——' You're a hell of a lawyer, Lefkovitsky! Why didn't you tell us about this?"

He turned on the chapfallen attorney.

"Nobody has ever gone to jail for it—yet!" protested Aaron T. "And I say the law isn't—isn't constitutional!"

"Do you want to try it out?" offered Mr. Tutt politely.

"Don't ask him—ask us!" yelled T. Otis furiously. "I can answer for both of us. No, we don't want to try it out! If we have been violating the law, we—we wish to make restitution!"

"A highly creditable desire," agreed the old lawyer, "and one that meets with my entire approval. Well, give us back our securities—or rather the securities belonging to the Mustardseed National that passed through our hands into yours."

"Don't you do it!" protested Aaron.

"Shut up!" ordered Fozzy savagely. "You ain't a lawyer! You're just a plain boob."

"The securities," went on Mr. Tutt, "which were taken from the vault of the bank where they were held as collateral for loans, having come unlawfully into your possession, were used by you as collateral for your own loan with the same bank, which first and last advanced to you additional credits amounting to thirty thousand dollars. In a word, the bank has loaned the same amount, or a total of sixty thousand dollars, twice over on identical securities. That extra thirty thousand which you pretend Colford lost on the market went straight into your pockets. We want it back, if you please—at once—or I whistle for an officer."

T. Otis held up a restraining hand.

"Don't be in such a darned hurry! I see we've made a little mistake, owing to the brilliant advice of John Marshall here, and I guess we shall have to raise the money somewhere to square ourselves. Only I don't see how Colford can cover it all up and replace all the securities, when so many different loans are shy their collateral. Now if these securities had all been taken out of some one loan ——"

A grim smile hovered on the face of Ephraim Tutt.

"They were!" he remarked quietly.

"Eh? What account was that?"

The silence was broken only by the tut-a-tut-tut of the tape.

"Yours," answered Mr. Tutt.

"Holy cheesewax!" exploded T. Otis. "You mean he's been feeding us in our own stuff as collateral?"

"Exactly," smiled Mr. Tutt. "You see, Colford didn't dare take the securities permanently out of the small loans, since, if they were paid off, the collateral would be missing. One day he noticed that a certificate he had taken over to you that very morning had turned up among the securities deposited as collateral for your blanket loan. That suggested to him the simple expedient of, whenever you demanded more securities, taking them out of your own collateral."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Fozzy.

"'Swanggdangled' is more the word," said Mr. Tutt. "Anyhow, as you knew he was stealing somebody's securities, there was a kind of poetic justice in it."

As the words left his lips the glass door leading from the customers' room was thrown open and Colford himself entered.

"Harry!" cried Mona.

He put his arms around her without speaking. Then he glanced calmly from one to the other of them and said:

"I've come over here, gentlemen, to square myself as far as I can by telling you that I stole the securities I gave you as collateral." He looked down at the girl in his arms. "No, Mona, I couldn't stand it any longer. I made up my mind yesterday to confess and face the music. I'd rather go to jail. I've just made a clean breast of it to McKeever and he sent me over here to ——"

"—— to try to induce Messrs. Crabb, Fosdick & Co. to make restitution of their ill-gotten gains!" concluded Mr. Tutt. "It's all right, Harry. These gentlemen are going to send over a certified check for thirty thousand dollars to the order of the Mustardseed National inside of twenty minutes. Take Mona along with you. Go and sin no more—if that is what it is!"

The tears trembled in the girl's eyes as she raised them to those of the old attorney in whom her instinct had told her she might safely put her trust.

"But where—shall I—go?" stammered young Colford.

"Back to your job," answered Mr. Tutt quietly. "McKeever's going to give you another chance. I fixed all that up with him an hour ago."

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BIG BOY

(Continued from Page 15)

choice. Some irregularities of conduct made it expedient that he absent himself for a time from his accustomed scenes, and he came to our town; and, after a demonstration of his skill with the billiard cue, fell naturally into a job in Frank Ring's pool room. There he did his work, said little, listened to the talk that went on about him with a suggestion of a sneer upon his lips, and made money for Ring by the repeated demonstration of his skill at pool or billiards.

This was in early summer. On a hot day the pool room, which extended from the street in front to the alley in the rear, and through which a breeze was always scouring, was as cool as any spot in town. Men who were not bound to any more arduous pursuit liked to congregate there, drink iced tonic from bottles, smoke and talk about the things which interested them. They discussed the race in the American League, the manifest superiority of the Giants, the speed of certain horses that appeared in near-by circuit trots, the poker game of the night before, the quality of current liquor and the chances of Carpentier against Gibbons. When anyone wanted to play pool and could find no partner, Shooter Sharp was always ready to oblige; for the rest, the young man listened in a faintly contemptuous silence. This was not his habit; he was as ready to talk as any man, but he still felt the strangeness of his new surroundings and trod warily

Not infrequently, when pugilism was discussed, Dan's name was brought into the conversation; and this occurred so often that one night after the customers had departed, Sharp asked Frank Ring a question.

"Who's this guy they keep talking about, anyhow?" he demanded. "Where does he bury his dead?"

"Which one?" Ring inquired.

"This Dan Somebody; this Big Dan."

"Oh," said Ring. "Oh, Dan. Daniels his name is. Dan Daniels. He's got a little farm out on the edge of town."

"It ain't safe, is it, for him to be loose? I guess they don't let him come uptown without a keeper or something?"

There was such manifest choler in Sharp's tones that Ring was amused.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" he asked. "What's Dan done to you?"

"I get sick of hearing him advertised," said Sharp frankly. "You can't keep a fast horse in a poor man's stable. If he's so good, what's he doing here?"

"I guess Dan was born here."

"Who'd he ever lick, anyway?"

Ring liked Dan well enough, but he was interested in Sharp's attitude

"Why," he said, "Dan's not a fighter. He never goes looking for trouble. Just happens he was a special policeman at the street fair last year, and he had a row with a man and hit him so hard he busted his hand."

Sharp seemed to wait for more; and when he perceived that Ring had said all there was to say, he asked, "What about it?"

"Well," Ring explained, "folks around here figure that was quite a wallop."

Shooter Sharp leaned toward Ring earnestly.

"Say," he suggested—"say, that wasn't no wallop. That was just because he don't know anything, see? He's an amateur. He don't know how to hit. Take a man 'at knows how to hit, and he's going to hurt the other guy more than he hurts himself. Take that from me."

"Well, the man Big Dan hit was in the hospital for two weeks, they say," Ring suggested.

"He's an amateur," Sharp insisted. "That's what he is—an amateur. I'd like to take a look at this guy once. Show him to me some day."

"I'll show him to you," Ring agreed; "but if I was you, I'd kind of keep out of his way."

Sharp grinned.

"Say," he retorted, "I've seen them big boys before, and I don't keep out of anybody's way."

It is not easy to determine whether Sharp's motive in the beginning was simply irritation at hearing another man applauded, or whether he was envious of Dan's renown and wished to seize it for his own. But the course of conduct he adopted is a matter of record, fresh in many memories. Ring pointed out Dan to him; in fact, he went so far as to invite Dan into the pool room one day for the purpose.

"I've got a man from New York working for me," he explained. "He's kind of anxious to take a look at you. He's heard about you."

Sharp Went Down With Such an Impact That He Slid Along the Floor After He Struck

Dan went in readily enough. He had become accustomed to such requests. There were half a dozen of us in the place when Ring brought the two men together. Sharp extended his hand and Dan offered a limp paw, and Sharp gripped it in a fashion to make the other wince. But Dan did not wince; he submitted to the grip without protest. Sharp was grinning and his voice was good-natured when he spoke.

"You're the guy that splits a brick every time you spit, eh?" he asked. Dan looked puzzled and shook his head slowly, and Sharp added, "They been telling me about you."

"What about me?" Dan asked, pleased.

"What a fighter you are."

"I don't fight much," Dan confessed.

Sharp stepped back a pace and looked him over.

"You're big enough," he commented.

"Why, yes, I'm big," Dan agreed.

"They tell me you don't dare hit a man as hard as you can," Sharp challenged, still grinning, but with a ring in his voice.

"I don't know as I ever did do that," the other responded slowly. "I ain't had but one fight since I was a boy."

"Ever put on the gloves?" Sharp demanded. Dan shook his head. "Ought to try it," the smaller man suggested. "You're probably muscle-bound, though; couldn't untrack yourself. I'd like to see how good you are. I've done some boxing myself. Got a pair of gloves in my trunk too."

Ring took a hand, laughing as he spoke. "I been telling him about you, Dan," he explained. "I told him he'd better keep out of your way or he'd get hurt bad."

"I wouldn't hurt him any," Dan protested mildly.

And Sharp grinned again and then said suggestively, "We might try it some day."

"You ain't my size," Dan reminded him.

"Well, I'd have to give you about ninety pounds, I guess," Sharp agreed, surveying the big man; "but I'd take a chance on keeping away from you, at that."

"Don't know as I ever saw a pair of boxing gloves," said Dan.

"They'd keep you from busting your hand on me," Sharp explained. "I wouldn't want you to be laid up that way again on my account."

Dan felt the jeer in the other's words and his copper red skin turned a shade darker. But he was not an irascible man; he answered simply, "I'd just as soon try them sometime."

It was Frank Ring who suggested that they go down to his back yard, where there was a smooth patch of lawn, after supper that evening. A score or so of us gathered there, full of commiseration for Sharp, finding a certain satisfaction in thinking what would happen to that bold young man. Before putting on the gloves he took off his shirt, and his sloping shoulders and lean muscles seemed ridiculously slight beside Dan's great bulk. But when they began to box, we were, from the very first blow, startled out of our complacency. Sharp struck that first blow, and he struck most of those which followed. Dan was willing enough, but his smaller adversary avoided him, parried his blows or dodged them, stepped in to meet him with a right counter, held him off with a stiff left jab; and at the end of five minutes, in which he had reduced Dan's countenance to an ugly thing, Sharp began to force the fighting. We all agreed, a moment later, in separating the two men. Dan was quite helpless on his feet, Sharp's right and left hands showering blows upon his chin. The big man was unshaken, but he was blind and panting and the affair was no longer pleasant to watch. Dan went to wash himself at the sill cock where Ring was accustomed to attach the hose when he watered his lawn; and Sharp tugged at the strings of his gloves with his teeth and got them off and looked around at us with a light in his eyes, as though expecting our applause.

But most of us were rather more interested in Dan than in Sharp; we helped the big man repair damage. He came back by and by to where Sharp stood, and grinned in a twisted way and said in a stiff way through his puffed lips, "Well, I guess I don't know much about boxing, do I now?"

Sharp made a careless scornful gesture.

"Just like I told Frank Ring," he replied. "You're an amateur. When they told me you busted a hand on some mark, that was the tip-off for me, Big Boy. You got to know how to hit. You're an amateur."

"It sure looks that way," Big Dan agreed.

We had seen no harm in the affair before it happened; but during the next week or two some of us regretted it. For one thing, Dan with a bandage about his right hand was a figure commanding respect; but Dan with a black eye, a swollen nose and a badly cut mouth was, in a way, pathetic. It made no apparent difference in the man himself. Even as he had revealed no particular pride in his former victory so now he showed no chagrin at his defeat. Only the attentive eye could discover any indications of what he must have felt. Even as he undoubtedly found a faint pleasure in the praise which had formerly come to him, the fact that he had now been bested by a man so much smaller than himself must have been as bitter as the other was sweet. Nevertheless, he came uptown as often as before, moving with his habitual slow gait, his head a little forward, his wide mouth as ready to smile. He had, of course, to encounter some raillery; but it was good-natured enough and he took it with equal good nature.

One or two of the men began to call him Big Boy. Dan grinned in an uncomfortable way at the sobriquet; but he made no protest.

Sharp, on the other hand, proceeded to capitalize his exploit. He had until this time kept a still mouth and minded his own business; he now began to be seen more often about the streets; he was more ready to take part in any conversation; and he betrayed now and then a certain truculence, which of course won instant respect No one had any desire to cross his path. We were not belligerent; we enjoyed seeing a fight between two boys coming home from school, but an encounter between grown men was practically unheard of. Sharp's demeanor was a constant challenge, but no one cared to accept this challenge. It was not that we were particularly afraid of the young man; the truth was rather that there seemed no particular reason for fighting him. Even Dan, whom Sharp seemed to delight to taunt and deride, showed no resentment; he acknowledged mildly enough that Sharp was right in what he said.

"You know a lot more'n I do," he told Sharp one day. "There's no going back of that."

"You bet your hat I do," Sharp agreed, grinning triumphantly; and he labored the point. "You're big as a bull moose," he told Dan. "You're high as a house and

(Continued on Page 113)

The FAMOUS FORTY Paramount Pictures

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ALLAN DWAN Production, from a Saturday Evening Post story of the same name by Arthur Stringer.

ZANE GREY'S
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An IRVIN WILLAT Production, with Jack Holt. From Zane Grey's most popular novel, filmed in color

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With LEATRICE JOY, from the Saturday Evening Post story, "Rôles," by Elisabeth Alexander, directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe.

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A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production, from Booth Tarkington's famous novel, and the play by Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland.

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JAMES CRUZE Production, with BETTY COMPSON. From a novel by Owen Johnson.

"Lily of the Dust"
Starring POLA NEGRI
DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From a novel by Suderman and play by Edward Sheldon.

"The Side-Show of Life"
HERBERT BRENON Production. With Ernest Torrence, Anna Q. Nilsson. From William J. Locke's novel, "The Mountebank."

"The COVERED WAGON"
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough.

"The MAN WHO Found Himself ALONE"
Starring WILLIAM FARNUM, A WALLACE WORSLEY Production, with Lois Wilson and Edward Horton. By William Blacke and James S. Hamilton.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"
With BEBE DANIELS and RICHARD DIX. From the British Prize novel of the same name by Clive Arden. An ALAN CROSLAND Production.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S
"The ALASKAN"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
HERBERT BRENON Production. From the famous Curwood novel of the same name.

REX BEACH'S
"A SAINTED DEVIL"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO
A Joseph Henabery Production. From the Rex Beach novel, "The Rope's End."

"[illegible]"
Starring BETTY COMPSON. From the Cosmopolitan story, "Dulla, the Lion Cub," by Cynthia Stockley. A SAM WOOD Production.

"Her Love Story"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the Cosmopolitan story and novel "Her Majesty, the Queen," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

"EMPTY HANDS"
With Jack Holt, supported by Norma Shearer. From the Harper's Bazaar story and the novel of the same name by Arthur Stringer. A VICTOR FLEMING Production.

"Open all Night"
With Viola Dana, Jetta Goudal, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith. By Wallie Goldbeck, suggested by Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern.

"The Fast Set"
A WILLIAM de MILLE Production
With Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Elliott Dexter, Zasu Pitts. From Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Spring Cleaning."

"DANGEROUS MONEY"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the novel "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
Starring POLA NEGRI
An ERNEST LUBITSCH Production. From "The Czarina," by Lengyel and Biro.

"Feet of Clay" A CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. From the Saturday Evening Post story of the same name by Margaretta Tuttle. With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Robert Edeson.

"[illegible]"
With Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. An IRVIN WILLAT Production. From the Photoplay Magazine prize contest story by Arthur Stringer.

"Merton of the Movies"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring GLENN HUNTER with Viola Dana. From Harry Leon Wilson's novel and the play by Kaufman and Connelly.

"[illegible]"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the novel of the same name by Percival Wren.

"WORLDLY GOODS"
Starring AGNES AYRES. From the Ladies' Home Journal story of the same name by Sophie Kerr. An ALAN CROSLAND Production.

"NORTH OF 36"
With Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery. An IRVIN WILLAT Production. From the Saturday Evening Post story by Emerson Hough.

ZANE GREY'S
"The BORDER LEGION"
With Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick. From the famous novel by Zane Grey. Directed by William K. Howard.

"A Drama of the Night"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. With Louise Dresser, Kathlyn Williams, Ricardo Cortez, Pierre Gendron, Virginia Lee Corbin. From the novel "Mother O'Day," by Leroy Scott.

"[illegible]"
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring Betty Compson. By Leon Gordon.

"MANHATTAN"
Starring RICHARD DIX. An R. H. BURNSIDE Production. From the novel "The Definite Object," by Jeffrey Farnol.

"Peter Pan"
A HERBERT BRENON Production. From the immortal story by J. M. Barrie. Roy Pomeroy, co-director.

"The Golden Bed"
A CECIL B. DE MILLE Production.
From the Pictorial Review serial, "Tomorrow's Bread," and the book entitled "The Golden Bed," by Wallace Irwin.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
From the last novel of Peter Clark Macfarlane.

"WHISPERING MEN"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
By Booth Tarkington.

"OLYMPE"
Starring POLA NEGRI
A DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. By Emile Augier. *(Title to be changed)*

"[illegible]"
Starring Richard Dix. Directed by Paul Sloane. From the Good Housekeeping Magazine story "The Jungle Law," by I. A. R. Wylie.

"Interlocutory"
Starring Agnes Ayres. From the Saturday Evening Post story by Charles Brackett. *(Title to be changed)*

"Miss Bluebeard"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard" by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Dregely. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

"Argentine Love"
With Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the novel of the same name by Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"LOCKED DOORS"
A WILLIAM de MILLE Production. By Clara Beranger. *(Title to be changed)*

"Unguarded Women"
ALAN CROSLAND Production. With Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Mary Astor. The Saturday Evening Post story "Face" by Lucy S. Terrill.

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One of the outstanding contributions was the evolution of the present Firestone Gum-Dipped Cord, which not only puts more mileage under buses and provides easier riding qualities, but assures dependable and uninterrupted motorbus service. Gum-Dipping, the special Firestone process of rubberizing the cords, has made possible a sturdier tire to meet every test of this trying service.

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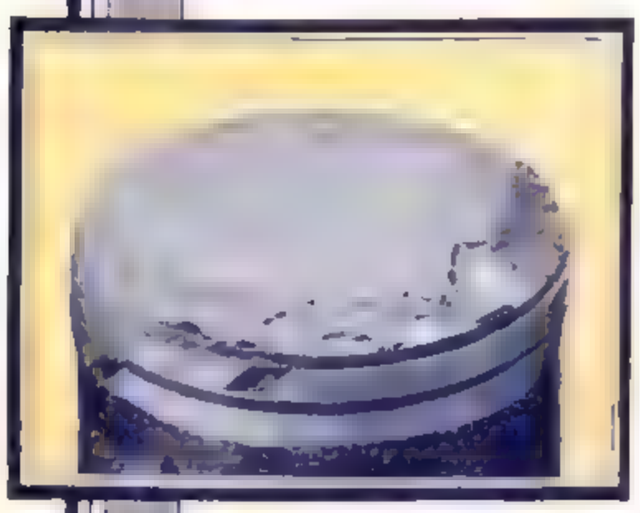

PISTON NO. 2

PISTON NO. 3

Here's the proof: The sensible way to keep a motor clean and free from hard carbon deposits is to remove their cause. It's an open secret: *Use a wholly distilled motor oil—not a compounded oil.* A compounded oil is light oil mixed with a heavy green non-distilled residue called "cylinder stock" —the cause of practically all hard carbon deposits.

Each of the following tests was made under exactly the same conditions:

Piston No. 1 was taken from a Ford engine, after a run of 1000 miles. A compounded oil was used.

Piston No. 2 was taken from the same engine—and same cylinder—after 1000 miles. A different compounded oil was used.

Piston No. 3 was taken from the same engine, same cylinder, after a run of 1000 miles. A third compounded oil was used.

You can see the heavy carbon deposits on Pistons 1, 2 and 3—hard, flinty carbon; removed with difficulty.

And now notice this:

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Sunoco marks a real advance in motor lubrication. There are types to fit exactly every motor. Our chart will tell you which. Stick to it and prove to yourself what Sunoco can do. It will pay you.

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(Continued from Page 108)

wide as a barn and strong as an ox. But you're all tied up; slow as cold molasses; and, the way I said, you don't know anything at all. Any time you do land, you do yourself more damage than you do the other guy."

Dan nodded in unmoved assent.

"Yes, sir, I guess that's the way of it," he agreed.

Sharp, no doubt, interpreted this attitude of Dan's as one of surrender. I do not believe any of us who knew Dan better made this mistake, but there can be no doubt that some of us were sorry to see Dan submit so easily to Sharp's domineering. There were even one or two who were willing to prophesy that in a more serious encounter the decision might well be reversed.

"Boxing's one thing," Charlie Luce was accustomed to declare, "but a fight's something else again. I'd like to see Dan go after him once, serious."

Most of us thought Charlie was wrong.

"Sharp knows too much," Frank Ring used to say. "Dan couldn't ever get at him." And those who had seen that disastrous first encounter could not help agreeing with Frank.

Of course, the story of that boxing match was told and retold during the days after it occurred. Everyone heard about it; the tale grew in the telling. Annie Leveroni had been, since the incident of the broken hand, Big Dan's stoutest partisan, and the word that the big man had been soundly whipped by an antagonist not much more than half his size was a blow to her. Her first reaction was incredulity. She refused to believe until she had asked Dan himself if it were true, and she took the first opportunity to do so. It happened that two or three of us were within hearing, and we were naturally interested, and listened without shame. I doubt if any of us had till that moment realized how intimate Dan and Annie had become. She called him by his first name, for one thing; and she gripped his arms with her two hands when she flung her questions at him. She demanded that he deny the thing she had heard.

"They're saying this man, this little man, beat you and beat you!" she cried passionately. "I have told them I do not believe it. A man like you, it could not be so."

Dan had no falsehood in him.

"Well, now," he confessed mildly, "I don't know just what they've said to you; but he did have the best of it, Annie, that's a fact."

"But I have seen him," she protested, "and he is not so tall, not so strong."

He tried awkwardly to explain his own feeling in the matter.

"It was like a game together," he explained. "We weren't fighting. These big gloves on our hands, boxing, that's all."

"You didn't have to let him beat you!" she cried, faint scorn waking in her tones.

Big Dan grinned.

"I couldn't help myself," he told her ruefully. "I could not hit that man and I couldn't keep him from hitting me."

"I thought you were the strongest man in the world!" she told him extravagantly.

"I guess I'm full as strong as him," Dan reminded her. "We weren't to say wrestling, or that kind of thing. We were boxing."

In the end, she flung away from him and returned to her work, polishing the apples on her father's stand; and Dan, a little bewildered by the situation, watched her for a moment dumbly and then moved away. This must have been the bitterest part of the ordeal through which he was passing. Of course there was someone to report the scene to Sharp; and that young man listened with interest.

"That pretty little Dago?" he asked, with a curious relish. "I'll have to let her take a closer look at me. Maybe she'll believe it then."

He proceeded, during the next week or two, to do so. Business in the pool room was at times slack; in the morning there were few customers and Sharp took advantage of this fact to spend his forenoons at Tony's stand, cultivating Annie. He found at first a furious reception; she would not talk with him, would have nothing to do with him. But the young man had persistence and he could be ingratiating when he chose. He melted Annie. She came to tolerate him, to listen to him, and at last to laugh at his ready phrases, the machine-made vocabulary of his kind, strange enough to her ears. Once or twice Big Dan passed by, and at such times Annie, seeing the big man out of the corner of her eye, took pains to laugh with Sharp and to display her pleasure in his company.

Dan must have been troubled by the situation. He liked Annie, felt toward her a slow and dogged devotion; and in spite of the mildness of his attitude toward the other man, he disliked Sharp; disliked and perhaps distrusted him. One day he stopped at the stand when Sharp was there; and he stood like a colossus, watching the other man and Annie, groping for words. Annie was the first to speak to him.

"Could I then sell you half a dozen lemons today, Mr. Daniels?" she asked politely; and she and Sharp laughed aloud at Dan's slow negative.

Then Sharp said jeeringly, "I can't seem to make her believe that I put the boots to you, Big Boy. What say we put on the gloves again some day where she can watch us?"

Dan said mildly, "I don't know much about that game."

"She won't take my word for it," Sharp reminded him. "But I'm ready to show her. No trouble to show goods. What say?"

"I told her my own self," Dan replied. "I guess she believed me."

"Just the same, looks like we ought to oblige the lady," Sharp insisted; and Dan, confused and bewildered, unable to find words for what he wished to say, moved lumberingly away.

But during the next few days it became more and more apparent that he had something on his mind. He was more silent than usual, not so ready with his wide, easy smile. And about a week later he came to the pool room one evening and, after standing as a silent spectator beside the table where Sharp was playing, he touched the young man's arm and drew him aside.

Sharp asked loudly, "What's on your mind, Big Boy?"

"I wanted to talk to you," Dan explained, "if you can come outside."

Sharp winked widely at the others and followed Dan. They went out into the street and were observed in close conversation for a few minutes. Then Dan went on his way and Sharp came back inside, fairly doubled up with mirth.

"Listen!" he cried. "Listen to this! Here's a laugh for you!" And he told what Dan had said.

Dan, it appeared, had been worried at the growing intimacy between Sharp and Annie; he had asked the younger man to stay away from the girl.

"She's a nice girl," he had said, over and over. "She's a nice little girl, and she ain't used to your kind. You ought to leave her alone." Sharp parroted the big man's slow tones, himself contorted with mirth.

"I asked him what was the matter with me," he explained, "and he says I'm a stranger in town. That's all he had to say. 'You're a stranger here,' he kept saying. 'And you'll be going away some day. She don't know that,' he says."

He had, he explained, kidded Dan along.

"It was too good to spoil," he said. "I let him think I was taking it all in. I says, 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir,' just as nice. Why, the big stiff talked like a Sunday-school teacher. He did, at that." He began to be indignant at his own complaisance. "I ought to have handed him one," he declared thoughtfully. "I ought to have pasted him one," he repeated.

Someone asked at last, "You going to stay away from her?"

He was quite obviously surprised. "Stay away from her?" he repeated. "What do you think I am? I'm planning to see a lot of that kid, if you want to know."

This announcement was received in a discreet silence; but Frank Ring did say thoughtfully, "Wouldn't let Dan hear about it if I was you."

Sharp laughed aloud.

"That's a hot one," he declared. "Yes, sir, that crack wins the paper bathtub."

There seemed to be no answer to this and the matter was allowed to drop.

Big Dan was a man with a literal mind, by nature trustful and inclined to believe the best of those about him. I suppose, in his slow-witted way, he had felt that it was only necessary to call Sharp's attention to the injustice of his attentions to Annie in order to persuade the fighter to stay away from her. Sharp, enjoying the jest, had assumed the attitude which Dan expected him to take. He had listened gravely to Dan's suggestions, had assented to them and had let Dan go away believing that Sharp would do as he asked. Big Dan rested in this false security for a day or two. He came uptown every day as usual, but it happened that when he did so, Sharp was in the pool room attending to business; and this fact must have completed Dan's reassurance. The big man made no attempt to cultivate Annie. He was not the sort to make an aggressive suitor; and so long as Sharp stayed away from her he was well enough content. No one repeated to him the boast Sharp had made.

It was therefore so much the more a shock to Dan when Sharp did as he had said he would do. Dan's small farm was on the edge of town. Sharp hired a car for the evening, persuaded Annie to go with him and drove out of town along the road past Dan's place. He stopped in front of the big man's gate and blew his horn till Dan came to the door. Then Sharp waved a derisive hand to the big man, stepped on the throttle and drove away.

That was just at dusk. About an hour later, Dan came uptown and wandered about the streets in a fashion apparently aimless. It was remarked that he had nothing to say, that there was something almost surly in his bearing. Now and then he stepped into Frank's pool room and looked along the tables and then disappeared again. About half past ten most of the players began to put up their cues and go home, but Frank and Charlie Luce and two or three other men were playing seven-up at the card table in the rear of the establishment; and Dan came in and pulled up a chair and sat impassively watching them. He was so silent that his presence became oppressive.

Frank Ring at last asked him, "Anything you wanted, Dan?"

"I'm waiting to see Sharp," Dan replied carefully.

Ring hesitated, dropping his eyes. He knew where Sharp had gone. "He's drove out into the country," he said.

"I saw him go," Dan agreed. "I'll wait till he comes back again."

Ring's expression explained the situation to the other players. After that, no one of them would have gone home for any consideration. The game continued for an hour, and another hour. A little after midnight, Tony Leveroni came bursting in, apparently much concerned, and looked wildly around and went out again. No one said anything. Only the knuckles on Big Dan's hands, clasped across his knees, turned slowly white as snow. The players did not look at him.

After a while Dan rubbed his hands across his eyes, as though the glare from the light overhead hurt his eyes, and pushed his chair back a little into the shadows. They were in no danger of forgetting he was there, but when Sharp came in, toward two o'clock in the morning, Dan sat so still that Sharp did not at once observe him. The fighter came in through the door from the street and strolled the length of the long room toward them, whistling between his teeth. As he approached the table they all looked up at him, and Frank Ring said cautiously, "Have a blow-out?"

Sharp shook his head and grinned.

"Nothing like that," he replied. "Just a nice little ride."

No one asked any further question; but Ring glanced toward Dan and Sharp followed the other's eyes and said in pleased surprise, "Hello, Big Boy! Up late, ain't you? You ought to be tucked in your beddy-by."

Dan did not even yet get to his feet. He said in a curiously thick voice, "I been waiting to see you."

"I was out riding with a friend of yours," said Sharp, and the air became electric. "Annie, the little Dago. Some warm baby if you ask me. Boy!"

"You said you was going to stay away from her," Dan reminded. He was on his feet now.

"Stay away from her? You couldn't keep me away from her no more than you could keep a bee away from honey. Why, Big Boy, I eat her kind!" He chuckled tauntingly. "She likes it, at that."

Dan seemed to sway a little, and then he lumbered forward into the light. It happened that he brushed against Charlie Luce's chair, and the chair fell forward, throwing Charlie across the table, sweeping the table out of the way. Dan made some low, inarticulate sound; and Sharp, waiting for him, chuckled again.

"Coming for your second dose, are you?" he exclaimed. "Well, here it is!"

The subsequent encounter was in many respects a curious one. On Sharp's last word came the spat of his fist against Dan's cheek, high up beside the eye. But the blow did not halt Dan nor even check him. Instead, Sharp's arm seemed to crumple on itself at the elbow and he was thrown a little off balance backward. At the same time Dan struck him, or struck at him. The smaller man caught the blow on his left shoulder but it staggered him and seemed to numb his arm, the member hanging for a moment limp at his side. He was forced to give ground, driven back into the space between the tables and the wall, so that he could not circle around Dan, but must meet him face to face.

Dan drove him, by sheer refusal to be stopped, down the long length of the room toward the street door. Sharp hit him often enough, hit him at will; but he could not stop the bigger man. Dan, on the other hand, landed his blows only on the other's arms and shoulders and elbows but it became apparent very quickly that the mere force of these blows was paralyzing the smaller man, beating down his defense. Once he tried to parry a right-hand swing, but his own hand was driven in against his cheek with such force that he was knocked sprawling between the tables. He rolled beneath one of them and came up with the table between him and Dan, but Dan half crawled, half vaulted over it and was after him again.

Sharp must have begun to foresee his eventual defeat. He backed away against a rack of cues and tried to get hold of one of them, but Dan pursued him so closely that he had to give up the attempt. On a second trial and the fight by this time had worked toward the rear of the place again he got one of the weighted sticks in his two hands and thrust it with all his might at Dan's face. It cut the big man's cheek, but it slid over his shoulder, and Dan wrenched the thing out of Sharp's hands and with the same movement landed his first solid blow, with his left hand, in the other's side. Sharp uttered an exclamation of pain and began to retreat more quickly, covering his body with his arms. Dan struck again and Sharp took the blow on his upper arm, and Ring and the others distinctly heard the bone crack. They decided it was time to interfere, and two of them tried to get a grip on Dan from behind. He shook them off and struck once more; and this time he caught Sharp, fairly enough, on the right side of the jaw, and Sharp went down with such an impact that he slid along the floor after he struck, and lay there clucking and gasping, his heels spasmodically drumming on the boards.

They were able to hold Dan then. Four of them held him, and Frank Ring threw water on Sharp and, after a little examination, went hurriedly to the telephone and called Doctor Phillips.

"He's got a busted rib, and his arm's gone, and I guess his jaw too," he explained gravely. Sharp, on the floor, made no movement to deny.

Dan was sobbing for breath, choking, his great chest heaving. It seemed safe to release him; and Charlie Luce, his pride in the big man's prowess thus at last justified, took Dan to the washbasin and helped him cleanse his face. Doctor Phillips got there quickly and assured them that Sharp would need only a week or two of hospital care. It was his suggestion that led them to send for Dave Green's ambulance. They loaded Sharp into it and decided to send him to the hospital at the Junction, fourteen miles away.

"He can get a through train from there," Charlie Luce reminded them. "He ain't likely to come back here, I guess."

Frank Ring went along with Dave in the ambulance. When they were gone, Doctor Phillips turned to Dan.

"Better let me have a look at you, too, Dan," he suggested.

Dan nodded. Then he said a little ruefully, "Looks like I never will learn not to hit a man too hard. See there, I've gone and busted my hand."

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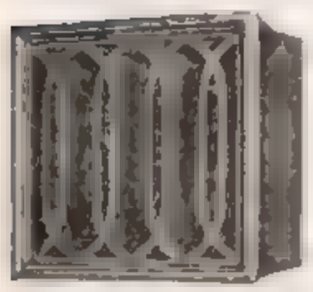

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Timmons Radio Products Corporation
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

TIMMONS TALKERS

THE ANSWER TO THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

(Continued from Page 35)

the winter with her. Well, I would do that very little thing! I wouldn't even wait for winter. I'd go up there right away, swear her to secrecy and start in on my back-to-normalcy campaign. By spring I'd either be in shape—or, rather, of a shape—to come home and knock everybody cold with one glimpse of my sylph-like figger, or or I wouldn't come home!

Aunt Mary's place is not so far from Valley Forge, where George Washington and his brave soldiers spent that memorable winter. History tells us their sufferings were something awful, and I have no doubt that that is true. But I'll tell the cock-eyed world, as Martin Weller says, that in the matter of suffering those Revolutionary heroes had nothing on me during my winter in that locality. I'll go farther—I'll say that in one respect I had a worse time of it than they had. They starved because they couldn't get enough food. I starved in the midst of plenty, and not because I had to but because I made myself do it. Theirs may have been the days that tried men's souls, but mine were days that only a woman's vanity could have given me strength to endure.

I don't like to think of that winter. I don't believe I could go through it again even if I knew the alternative was a lifetime of being that fat Stillson girl. I'd simply go to Turkey, where the men like 'em fat, and set myself up as a prize beauty. But I did go through with it once, thanks be! And if you could see pictures of me before and after you'd agree that it was worth while, I'm sure.

The hundred years I spent during the month that followed my arrival at Aunt Mary's was the hardest, of course—the first always is. I had my prescribed diet before I left home—what I could eat and what I couldn't—and I didn't dillydally about going to it. I didn't experiment by trying part of it to see how I liked it or how I got along. I was out for results and I decided in the very beginning that I'd do exactly what the doctor ordered. And, speaking of that diet—what you can eat and what you can't—gentle Annie is here to inform you that it is mostly can't. Don't let anybody kid you with that eat-and-grow-thin stuff. You starve if you want to grow thin. I know. Or, if you don't believe me, ask my stomach, which had practically no communication with the outside world for five months!

Anyhow, I was hungry when Aunt Mary folded me to her matronly bosom and told me how well I was looking, and within twenty-four hours I had died a couple of deaths and was on the verge of another. But I could just feel myself fading away and I was happy. I was getting results, I knew. I was determined to get down to a hundred and twenty, which is the ideal weight for a girl of my height, and I had an idea that I could accomplish that in seven or eight weeks. Also I had decided not to step on the scales until I was sure I'd be satisfied with the progress I had made.

I waited a whole week, until I was morally certain I had lost at least fifteen pounds, and then—the scales told me that I had gained a pound and a half!

Would you believe it? I didn't, but it was true. And was I surprised? Say, when I discovered that in spite of all I had done every day in every way I was getting fatter and fatter, I think I would have committed suicide in the most thorough and permanent fashion if I had had the strength to do the deed, or if Aunt Mary hadn't restrained me by telling me that while I hadn't been eating anything to speak of I had been drinking barrels of water, and I ought to have sense enough to know that water is fattening when one first goes on a diet. Aunty was wrong about that, of course, but I didn't know it.

"Merciful heavens!" I moaned. "How about air? Do I have to give up breathing too?"

Aunt Mary reassured me on that point, but she spoiled all the satisfaction I might have had out of that by informing me that I had been sleeping too much, also, and that I ought to know that only bears reduce by hibernating. She prescribed early morning hikes as a substitute for beauty sleep, and, believe me, I hiked! Oh, my beloved aunt was a source of great comfort to me! At that, however, I must admit that it was largely due to her that I stuck it out. She believed in finishing anything that was started, and since I had set out to reduce she said she'd see that I kept at it until I had to stand twice in the same place to make a shadow.

At the end of the first month I hadn't made a great deal of progress, but by the end of the second I could begin to see that I had the demon fat on the run, and in two months after that my own dear mother wouldn't have been able to identify me without looking for the mole just below my right shoulder blade. Of course by that time my alimentary canal was as idle as the Erie, and I had found that except for talking purposes I had practically no use for a mouth. But oh, baby! I was no longer that fat Stillson girl!

I made the most delightful discoveries about myself. You know I have said that I had been fat and contented? Well, it seemed that I had been stupid too. I had taken it for granted that I had been born to be more or less of a lummox, and that the thing for me to do was to accept the inevitable cheerfully. Error Number One. Then, likewise, I had had the idea that the fundamental reason I was so big and always would be big was because I had such big bones. Error Two. I had proved that I didn't have to be a lummox unless I wanted to be, and I discovered that instead of being a rack of bones after I got down to the desired weight I still had curves. I had not edged into the living-skeleton class and need never fear being called skinny.

I discovered that my double chin hadn't changed into a dewlap, and that I had a real-for-sure neck instead of a mere crease between my head and shoulders. I learned that Nature hadn't arbitrarily established a waistline for me that was fixed for all time, and that hips are not a necessary evil. Most intriguing of all, I discovered that ankles and legs can be ornamental as well as useful.

Honest, I had shed fat so fast that I couldn't understand how my skin continued to fit me! As for my clothes, they fitted me just as the tent fits the center pole. Every dud I owned was scheduled for the rag bag or a rummage sale. That was something I hadn't contemplated, and I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for Aunt Mary. I couldn't write home for money for a complete new wardrobe without disclosing the reason, and that was the one thing I didn't want to do. But Aunt Mary, bless her heart, saved my life. She said she hadn't had a doll to dress since she was a little girl and nothing could give her more pleasure than to experiment with me.

Get that? I was a doll! Me—that fat Stillson girl!

This story is about how I took off flesh, and not about how I put on clothes, but I must edge in a few words about our memorable trip to New York, where Aunt Mary outfitted me as if she were my fairy godmother, which she was. To me, shopping had always been a trial and a nuisance. All at once it became an undiluted joy.

"A sixteen will do nicely, I should say," decided the first saleswoman, after but a glance by way of sizing me up, and I could have hugged her. Later, when she said "You are so easily fitted," I did.

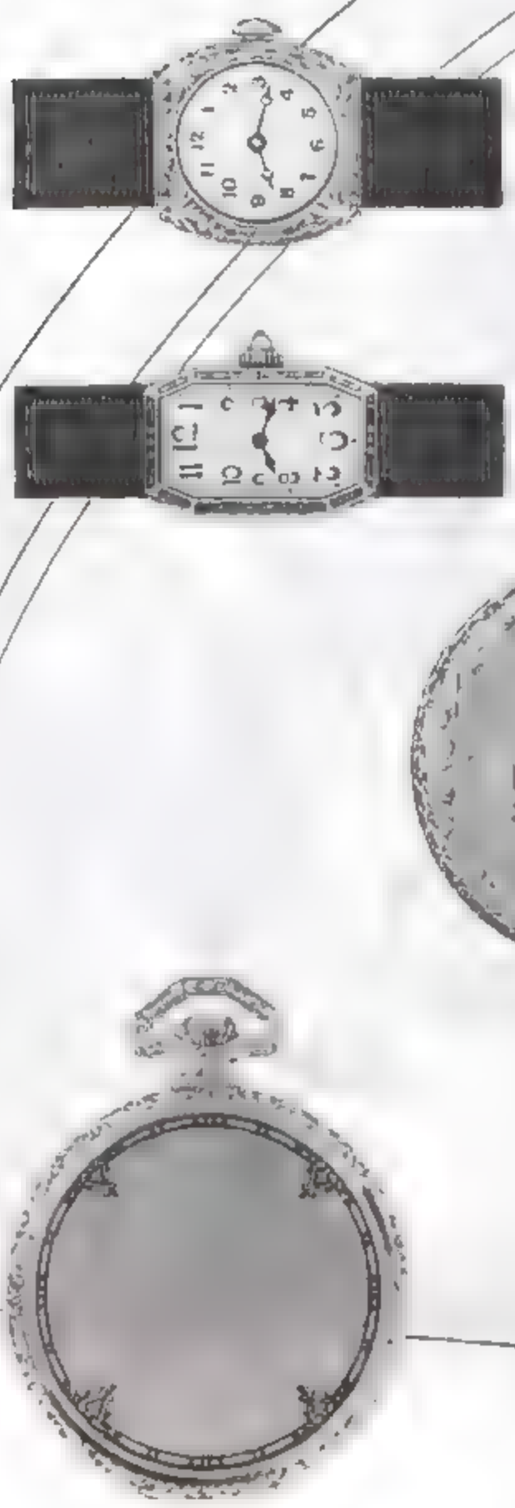
Those were welcome words to a girl who had been long accustomed to making her selections from the limited offerings in stouts or extra sizes, or to finding a gown or a suit that she liked, only to be told she'd have to wait until a special order could be sent in for one that would be large enough for her. And when I found that I need no longer be afraid of colors or of extreme or bizarre styles, my cup of happiness was brimming. Plaids are taboo with fat folks, but the first thing I picked out was a plaid silk sport suit that was a riot and only a little short of a four-alarm fire.

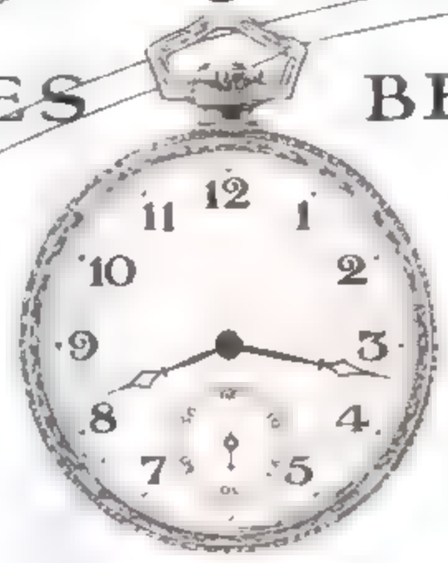
That was a glorious week. I'll say I ran Aunt Mary ragged, and what I did to her pocketbook was a shame and a crime, but she stood for it all like the best sport in the world, which she is, bar none. When we were through I had everything my heart desired or that my conscience would permit me to accept, and I was completely

(Continued on Page 117)

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL





IT is not mere coincidence that many of the watch movements of the leading manufacturers and importers are dressed in Wadsworth Cases—have been for more than thirty years.

These makers of watch movements know that your satisfaction in the watch you buy depends quite as much upon its beauty as upon its accuracy—that you want your new watch to be in style as well as on time.

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Six novel features give Eversharp a redoubled capacity for usefulness.

The Eversharp rifled tip gives the firmness and smoothness of the finest grade of wooden pencils—yet in its improved construction it can not clog or jam.

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(Continued from Page 114)

equipped to stage my return from Valley Forge.

Incidentally I had had my hair shingled, which I hadn't had the nerve to do when the other girls bobbed theirs, because I was too fat then; and what with my new clothes, my new shape, my new head and the new happiness that lit up my face like a Christmas tree, it was days and days before I could walk up to a full-length mirror without wondering who that perfectly stunning stranger was who was approaching.

And most wonderful of all, I had tasted of the delight of knowing that I arrested vagrant masculine eyes wherever I went, and if there is anything more intoxicating than that the bootleggers haven't discovered it yet! Maybe it made me a trifle self-conscious, but it also gave me confidence and poise that I needed sorely. Men found me easy to look at, and I'll say that helped!

"My dear," said Aunt Mary, beaming on me as she gave me the final once-over when I was ready to wend my way homeward, "I think you'll impress your friends a bit when they see you."

"Impress them a bit," I echoed. "If I don't make 'em put on the old amber cheaters to save their eyes my name's not Ann Stillson! I'll knock 'em stone-cold dead; and, lordy, how I'm going to love it! Why, Aunt Mary, I feel like—I feel like ——"

But no one could have told what I did feel like, me least of all, so I just threw my arms around aunty and enjoyed a few tears.

You will understand that when I left home I had not gone A. W. O. L.; nor had I broken off all communications with my base. I had heard from the family regularly and had had a few letters from Martin, the latter just gossipy, chatty missives of the most impersonal kind. I wasn't quite sure just how I felt toward that young man. He had broken my heart, although he didn't know it, but my love affair with him had been so brief—just a matter of a few seconds or minutes—and he had been so completely unaware of it, that I couldn't exactly persuade myself to believe my life was teetotally blighted. On the whole it seemed that my pride had been hit harder than anything else, and I had a sort of sneaking notion that I could make him pay up for that. He'd never know what he was paying up for, but I would.

Martin was the only person at home who had an idea that there was a reason for my prolonged visit, but even he only thought I had gone away because I had been hurt and humiliated by that Pickton person, and he had taken pains to assure me that I was a ninny to let what Ned had said worry me. But no one back home—not even Martin—had the slightest inkling of what I had been doing, and as I had given them no warning of my return I knew I was going to stage a surprise party that would be the real article.

It was. I walked in on the family at dinner one fine Saturday evening and I might have been an unexpected visitor from Mars for all the recognition I got for a full half minute. Then sis came to.

"Why, it's Ann, as I live and breathe!" she gasped. "Why, you skinny thing!"

And would you believe it? at that mother burst into tears. "Why, my poor baby!" she cried. "You've been ill, and you never let us know!"

As for father, "Hell's bells!" repeated three times was his welcome to the prodigal daughter.

None of them made a move toward me and they all stared at me as if I were something the cat had dragged in.

"How glad you all must be to see me!" I said. "Bess says I'm skinny, mother says I look sick, and father swears at me! If anyone's thinking of throwing things at me I'm going to run."

"Hell's bells!" remarked father, once more, and then sis found her voice again.

"Whatever have you been doing to yourself?" she demanded. "Why, Ann Stillson, you're the prettiest thing I ever saw!"

"If you mean that, you're the nicest sister anybody ever had," I said, and began passing around the kisses. Then I was subjected to a cross-examination as to the whats, hows, whys and wherefores of what I had been doing to myself, but my answers were sketchy and consisted mostly of insistence that I had simply grown tired of being a fat lummox and decided to make a change. Did they approve of it? They did.

Well, that was that. A little later it was something else again. Bess insisted that I had to go out to the club with her and Ted Davis and give the gang a treat, and you may be sure I didn't have to be coaxed. So I made ready for the big scene of my triumph. The climax of Aunt Mary's generosity to me had been an evening gown that was the latest Paris creation created in New York, and when I put it on, honest, I looked like a million dollars in German marks. Bess and mother simply raved over the gown, or me, or the combination, and father jangled his bells three or four times more and dropped his pet pipe and broke it. As for Ted Davis, when he arrived, he just took one look and went down for the count. Don't ask me if I liked all that. It made me feel just as I said I looked, only better.

Ted was at the wheel, but I really drove the car all the way out to the club. I couldn't get there quickly enough! I had forgotten what a hateful place it had once seemed—at the moment and during the aftermath of my humiliation. Now I loved every stone in the rambling old structure, each towering tree surrounding it, every nook in the broad verandas and every room in the house, and my feet fairly ached for the feel of that most perfect of floors in the ballroom. No—I'll be honest—I wasn't thinking of that at all. I was thinking about the people who would be there—all my old friends—everybody I knew—and of the surprise I had in store for them. I was like a debutante going to her first real party. I knew I was going to have the most wonderful time I had ever had in all my life.

Would I be a revelation to everybody who had known the old Ann Stillson, fat, placid, not caring whether school kept or not? Wouldn't I!

Ned Pickton would be there—that pretty boy who thought so highly of himself and who had found dancing with me such a dreadful ordeal. Wouldn't I make him grovel? Wouldn't I take some of the conceit out of him?

And Martin would be there—big, good-natured, easy-going Martin, with his infectious grin and his mannerisms that left you in doubt sometimes as to whether he was bashful or overbold. Since my middle name is frankness, I may as well admit that I anticipated knocking Martin for a row of salt cellars, and that that was to be the real feature of my home-coming. That was the big idea that was buzzing around under my shingle bob. I didn't expect him to rave over my new and bewildering beauty, if I may call it such. That wouldn't be Martin, as I knew him. But I did expect that at his first glimpse of me his eyes and mouth would pop open so wide that he might have to have help to get 'em closed again, and he might even lose all control of himself and slip me a few kind words. I was still on a diet, but apple sauce was not on my proscribed list. I could do with a lot of that, especially from the young man who had once set my maiden hopes a-soaring only to crash them the next moment. I had survived that experience, but I felt that my recovery would not be really complete until Martin had paid up for it.

Bess and Ted had told me that Martin hadn't been taking a girl to any of the dances lately—had become a confirmed stag. That suited me fine. I'd have a partner without poaching on any of the other girls' preserves. Good old Marty wouldn't fail me!

So, as I say, though Ted was at the wheel and had his foot on the accelerator, I did the real driving all the way out to the club.

Honest, I pushed so hard I'd have been all tired out when we got there if I hadn't been so excited. And then when we did get there, neither Martin nor Ned Pickton was among those present. That was a blow!

However, the gang gave me a heart-warming welcome. Everybody crowded around and exclaimed and said complimentary things, and the girls kissed me, and the boys all said they wanted to, and altogether everything was all merry and gay, as they sing in the opening chorus when they're welcoming the leading lady. I wouldn't have even a shred of modesty if I repeated the nice things that were said to me, and I never tried to remember or to answer a tenth of the questions that were asked of me, so you'll just have to take my word for it that no girl ever had more of a fuss made over her and that I enjoyed every second of it.

I was what you might call holding court, with a large circle of admirers around me, when I heard the never-to-be-forgotten voice of the Pickton person.

"Who's the new queen?"

I wasn't looking, but I was listening, and I got Ted Davis' answer: "Oh, that's a girl who used to live here. Haven't you met her?"

"Introduce me! She's some pippin!"

Everybody seemed to get it, all at once, that the poor prune didn't recognize me, and to see the possibilities in the situation.

"Miss Pippin," called out Ted, "permit me to present Mr. Pickton, who thinks he's the answer to the Maiden's Prayer."

And there was Handsome Harold bowing before me and reaching for my hand.

"I say," he began, "where have I been all your life?"

"Memorizing movie titles, is my first guess," I answered. "But I can't say that I have missed you"

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I love that! Something tells me we're going to be great friends. Let's go! We have a lot of dancing to do this evening."

"You work fast, Harold," I said, thinking it might be just as well to give him more rope.

"My name's Ned, but you're right about my work," he answered. "When I meet a girl like you I'm a speed demon. Come on, let's dance!"

"But this is my dance," cut in Ted, and two or three of the other boys chorused, "No, it's mine!" And maybe you think all that wasn't music to my ears. I, who had never had anything but the most perfunctory of attentions from the opposite sex, was being given a rush!

"Can this be I? Can this be I?" I was chanting to myself, when I heard Ned saying, "Don't crowd, men! The line will form on the left behind the lucky Mr. Pickton, who's been elected to the honor of the first dance."

I couldn't have asked for a finer opportunity to take some of that colossal conceit out of him. There was my chance for revenge, all made to order, but something told me to delay the execution, and the next thing I knew I was actually dancing with him. I wasn't afraid of the situation's getting out of my hands, however, and the best he was to get from me was a reprieve. Nothing doing in the pardon line!

Just to make sure that he hadn't wiggled off my hook, after we had stepped a few measures I murmured, "You dance as well as you talk, don't you, Mr. Pickton?"

"Thank you," he said. "You're a wonderful dancer too."

Can you beat that? Can you even tie it?

"Oh, do you think so?" I said. "I heard a man say once that it was very hard to dance with me."

"He was crazy," said the boob. "Why, you follow me perfectly! I knew you could dance the moment I saw you. I'm some chooser, I tell you. When your Uncle Ned picks 'em they've got to be good, and he picked you on sight!"

With that for a start he was going good by the time that dance was over. Then he proposed that we dance a straight program!

"How do you get that way?" I countered. "I've got a picture of myself dancing every dance with you, and it doesn't look natural. You know I've only got one life to live and this evening may be a large part of it."

Did that make any impression on him? Not a dent! "Aren't you the little jollier!" was his comeback. "You make an awful hit with me—er—what did you say your name is?"

We were moving through the lounge toward the place where the gang always parks. "I didn't say, but would it mean anything to you if I said it was Ann?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed again—the same old laugh that seemed to echo around in that empty dome of his. "I'd say it would. It would remind me of the most awful person I ever knew. Her name was Ann. Fat—regular tub—awkward—regular old cow. Perfectly terrible dancer. Last time I danced with her she almost killed me. Her other name was Stillson—Ann Stillson. I'll never forget her!"

I paused and he sensed something wrong. "Oh, I say—you don't happen to be a friend of hers?"

"No," I said icily, "I just happen to be Ann Stillson herself; and does that mean anything to you?"

An expression of almost human intelligence came into his eyes as he looked at me searchingly, and I saw that he recognized me. His face crimsoned and tiny beads of perspiration popped out all over it. "Oh, I say!" he gasped.

"It also happened," I continued, "that at that dance you speak of I heard you groan about having to drag that fat Stillson girl around, and ——"

"Oh, I say!"

"—— that was the reason I rough-housed you, and ——"

"Oh, I say!"

"—— if I didn't murder you it wasn't because I didn't try, and ——"

"Oh, I say!"

"—— my only regret is that I didn't at least cripple you for life."

"Oh, I say!"

I waited a moment and then told him to say it, that I was listening, but he only gave me one more agonized look.

"Don't let me detain you if you're going somewhere," I said.

And he went, and stood not upon the order of his going. He had said that he'd never forget Ann Stillson, and I'll say so, too—not even in those dim, far distant days when his grandchildren are sitting upon his knees!

"What on earth was the matter with Ned?" someone asked as I joined the crowd in the parking place. That someone had evidently seen something, but I saw no reason for sharing my secret then.

"Oh—he was embarrassed," I said airily. "You see, he didn't recognize me at first, and ——"

"Who would!"

The interruption was more of an explosion than a question and—there was Martin! I hadn't known just what that meeting would do to me. It meant a lot and it might do a lot, and here it was, all of a sudden, and I was just as calm as that well-known day in June. But Martin—his eyes and mouth were doing just what I had expected, and there was an expression on his face such that he'd have wanted the lights turned out if he had realized that it was there. Oh, girls!

"Why—why—your hair's been bobbed!" he stammered at last.

I put my hand up to my shingled locks. "Why, so it has!" I agreed, and the gang shrieked.

Then he grinned slowly—that old familiar grin. "You little devil!" he exclaimed. "You cunning little devil!" And with that the music started and he grabbed me and whirled me away.

Twice around the ballroom and I found myself whisked through one of the French windows and down into the shadows at the end of the veranda, and Martin was trying to put his arms around me. I resisted, of course, but perhaps not quite so vigorously as I might have. At any rate, he kissed me. As kisses go, it was not exactly a thriller, and I was feeling real thrilly, too, come to think of it! It did occur to me, though, that he had not kissed me that time because I was crying, or because he was a Boy Scout and had to do one kind act each day; and that helped some. But I decided not to let him know it.

"As you were, Marty!" I said. "That'll do for the welcome home. I'm glad to see you too."

"You're not half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"I'm glad to see everybody—even Ned Pickton." And then I wanted to tell him all about Ned, but he wouldn't listen—said Ned could go where mamma told papa to go, or something rough like that, and added, "Forget him! Forget about everything and everybody but us!"

Isn't it marvelous how masterful men are—and—how strong!

"Marty," I said presently, "I thought you didn't go in for necking."

"Aw, Ann," he answered huskily, "this isn't necking. This is" and I could almost hear him swallowing his Adam's apple—"this is—this is love! Honest, Ann, I'm crazy about you! You're the prettiest thing I ever saw—and the sweetest—and I've been in love with you all my life and never knew it till you went away."

"You l-liked me even when I was so fat?" I couldn't resist breaking in with that.

"You never were fat! You were always just right and you always will be!"

That may not seem so eloquent or convincing when it appears in cold print, but, gee, you should have heard it! Anyhow it convinced me.

I knew I had my answer!

Ultimately: "We're engaged now, aren't we, Ann?"

But at that I stopped bumping the stars with my head and remembered something I had promised myself not to forget.

"You may be engaged to me, Marty," I said, "and I—well, I'll take you on trial!"

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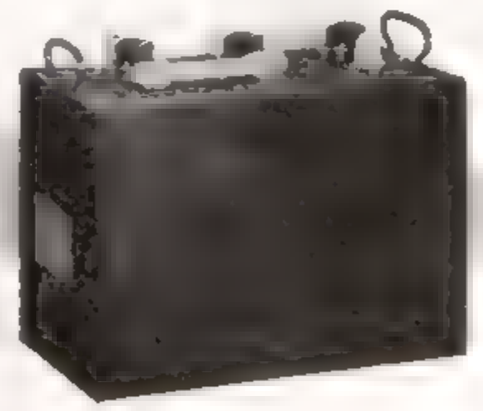
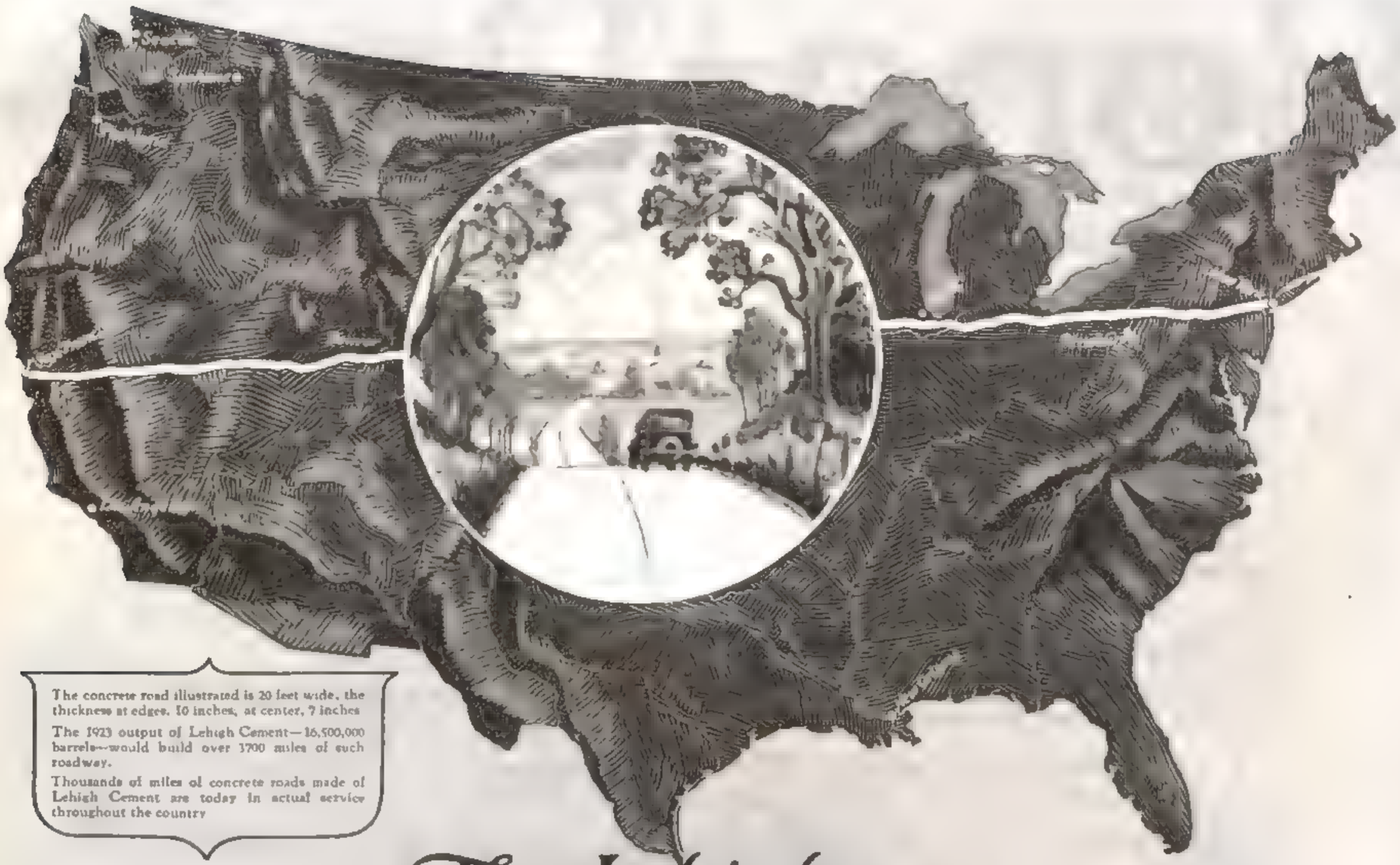


Batteries



The concrete road illustrated is 20 feet wide, the thickness at edges, 10 inches, at center, 7 inches

The 1923 output of Lehigh Cement—16,500,000 barrels—would build over 3700 miles of such roadway.

Thousands of miles of concrete roads made of Lehigh Cement are today in actual service throughout the country

The Lehighway from Coast to Coast

The 16,500,000 barrels of Lehigh Cement sold in 1923 would have made a concrete highway, 20 feet wide, linking New York to San Francisco—over 3000 miles long.

This immense output, however, was used not only in the construction of roads but in building homes and office buildings, bridges and barns, and thousands of other modern improvements throughout the nation.

Today thousands of barrels of Lehigh Cement are being shipped to city, town and country to satisfy the increasing demand for high quality portland cement.

It is this volume, the largest in the industry; it is the nation-wide distribution through thousands of dealers; it is the quality of the product; it is the location of the mills, 16 from coast to coast; it is the complete service rendered to dealer and user, prompt, fair and square; it is all these things that measure the popularity of Lehigh—The National Cement.

There is a Lehigh dealer near you. He can be identified by the blue-and-white Lehigh sign. The next time you are in need of a good portland cement, ask for Lehigh.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

ALLENTOWN, PA. CHICAGO, ILL.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA SPOKANE, WASH.

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BUFFALO, N Y NEW CASTLE, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
KANSAS CITY, MO. MASON CITY, IOWA MINNEAPOLIS, MINN
OMAHA, NEB. RICHMOND, VA.

LEHIGH CEMENT

THE NEW REALISM OF SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 38)

have always produced wherever they have established themselves. On the other hand, French Canada, being settled by colonists mainly of Alpine French stock, became a typical Alpine land, instantly recognizable as such by anyone acquainted with the Alpine element in France or in other parts of Europe. What a contrast between New England and Quebec! Yet these two regions adjoin each other and are not very different in climate or other natural features. As for Mexico, the Spanish colonists established a society which was originally a faithful counterpart of their racially Mediterranean homeland, and such changes as have since occurred are traceable almost wholly to the influence of the native Indian elements.

To no country has knowledge of racial realities come as a greater blessing than to America, because only our present awakening to their supreme importance promises to save America from perils which were beginning to threaten the whole fabric of its national life. The United States was founded by men of Nordic stock; its institutions, ideals and culture are typical fruits of the Nordic spirit. These are the things which make America. Yet only so long as America remains predominantly Nordic in blood will these things endure. History shows conclusively that as the blood of a nation changes, so does every phase of the national life; it proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that if the United States should cease to be a mainly Nordic land our America would pass away.

Only of late years has this vital truth been widely realized and its full significance appreciated. Until recently the average American had slight knowledge of racial matters. Influenced by the old idea that environment rather than heredity is the chief factor in human affairs, most Americans professed an easy optimism, confident that America could easily weld all comers, of whatever origin or traditions, into the fabric of American national life. This attitude was strengthened by the way in which, during the greater part of the nineteenth century, millions of immigrants were, generally speaking, thus assimilated.

However, as time passed, American optimism began to waver. The stream of immigration shifted its sources, ceasing to come from Northern and Western Europe—where the old-stock Americans had originated—and flowing instead from Southern and Eastern Europe, or even from Asia. New elements came pouring into America: people strange in aspect and equally strange in habits and ideas. And the new immigrants did not assimilate as their predecessors had done. Unable to absorb these aliens, America began to show symptoms of indigestion, painfully evident in many ways, from politics to social relations.

National Indigestion

For a while American public opinion refused to face facts. The old-fashioned optimism was very attractive. It was so inspiring—and so self-flattering—to believe that America was a marvelous melting pot, wherein all dross would be purged away, leaving only fine gold! In fact, those who first raised warning voices against the trend of things were taken roundly to task, their warnings being stigmatized as un-American.

Pain, however, is a great persuader, and the pangs of national indigestion presently grew so alarming that the American people had to sit up and do some hard thinking. Forced to face facts, the truth soon became clear and a lot of old notions went into the discard. The first to go was the shibboleth of the melting pot. That pet fancy could hold water only while most of our immigrants were North Europeans, people of the same racial stocks as the old colonial population, with the same temperaments, the same inborn impulses, and much the same traditional and cultural backgrounds. Such people could, and did, understand our ideas and institutions; could, and did, sympathize with our ideals; could, and did, rapidly fuse with us and become genuinely part and parcel of ourselves—if not at once, at least after one or two generations.

Far different has it been with the newer immigrant stocks from Southern and Eastern Europe and from Western Asia. These people, sundered from the older stocks not only by widely different traditions and cultures but also by the even deeper gulfs of race, could not, and did not, fit readily into the fabric of American life. Most Americans used to think that, though the original immigrants might remain largely alien in spirit, the next generation, born in America, would be fully assimilated. We now know that, broadly speaking, this has not been the case. A considerable minority of the newer stocks have, to be sure, adapted themselves fairly well to American conditions and American ideals. But the majority even of the American-born members of these stocks remain more or less alien. They have, it is true, mostly lost their ancestral languages and cultures, speak English, and in many cases profess an ardent Americanism. But the pull of heredity remains, and instinctive reactions of temperament and inborn impulse make their attitude toward America necessarily very different from that of the children of immigrants from North European stocks.

The North European comes to us predisposed by his heredity to understand and to sympathize with the civilization that his kinsfolk have built up in America. The South and East European—and still more the Asiatic—are not thus predisposed. Much of our American life is, to these people, not only incomprehensible but positively distasteful. They react instinctively against such things, and thus tend to become, as one writer has well phrased it, "American citizens, but not Americans."

Such is the attitude of what has been aptly termed the "New American." The New American is already a grave problem that will become graver as time goes on, because his attitude tends rapidly to become more positive and aggressive in character. The original immigrant, however incomprehensible or repugnant America may be to him, can content himself with a negative protest, consoling himself by withdrawal into the haven of his particular group, language and traditions. But his children, discarding such things as they usually do, have no such refuge. Accordingly, they tend to voice their discontent in positive fashion by seeking to change their American environment and mold it to their liking.

America Not a Wilderness

However, they soon discover that this is no easy matter. America is not a wilderness plastic to the latest touch; it is a settled country, with traditions extending back three centuries and with a resident population deeply attached to those traditions and determined to develop them along traditional lines. Thus balked in his desires, the New American's discontent increases, and he is apt to broaden his specific dislikes into a general criticism of everything characteristically American, from manners and institutions to the very inhabitants themselves. Here we have the secret of current protests against the domination of the older stocks, together with vehement insistence upon America's hybrid character. The New American frequently asserts hotly that America is still in the making, and that there is as yet no real American nationality or civilization. Not long ago a prominent member of an East European racial group stated:

"This country is not a nation. It is a gathering together of peoples from every corner of the earth. No one racial group, no matter how early settled in this country, can furnish more than one note in this vast symphony of peoples."

To hear some of these alien protests, one would think that America had no history, no traditions, no coherent fabric of civilization, but that all of us had been dumped down together at Ellis Island a few short years ago.

The rise of the New American has, however, had one rather startling result—it has roused the Old American. Shocked broad awake, the old stock is for the first time developing a real racial consciousness. Hitherto the average American's racial vision did not extend much beyond a perception of such obvious racial differences as those which separated him from the negro, the red Indian or the Mongolian of Eastern Asia. Now, however, he is fast realizing that "America" means not only certain ideals and institutions but also a racial stock, which must be preserved if the ideals and institutions which that stock has created are to endure. To the New American's cry that America is still in the making and that it should become a hybrid civilization, the Old American answers grimly that America is basically made, and that it shall not be unmade.

And the Old American is not merely thinking and talking—he is acting as well. The outstanding feature of his awakening self-consciousness is the immigration legislation of the last few years, culminating in the bill which has recently become law. This law sharply restricts the total number of immigrants and limits such immigration as is permitted chiefly to North Europeans. In other words, the American people has made up its mind that America is going to remain predominantly Nordic in race, ideals and institutions. And that decision will stand, because, despite the immigrant flood of the past generation, the American people is still mainly Nordic in blood. Now that the North European stocks have begun to realize that they and their ideals are really challenged by the presence of unassimilated alien elements, they are drawing together in instinctive self-defense and will exert a power that will be irresistible. For in the last analysis it is the North European stocks which constitute the predominant force in America.

Barriers Rising Everywhere

All over the world barriers against wholesale immigration are rising, made necessary by the development of cheap and rapid communication which enables vast masses of population to pour themselves easily into distant lands. More and more peoples are coming to realize that such immigrant floods are a deadly menace not only to their living standards but also to their very national integrity and racial existence. Beside such supreme values, what does the momentary economic gain of cheap labor amount to?

Furthermore, immigration restriction is only one of many new developments which the knowledge of racial values is bringing about in world affairs. Both in their internal politics and their relations with one another, peoples will be influenced more and more by racial considerations. The benefits from such a change of attitude will be enormous. Many false ideas and prejudices which now warp our judgment and hinder progress will be swept away, and we will face our problems with a fresher, keener vision, capable of piercing through surface appearances to the underlying reality. Within each country social ideals and legislation will be increasingly directed to conserving and improving its racial stocks, while across state frontiers men of like vision will coöperate more easily, the realization of kinship in blood and temperament serving to diminish differences in nationality. Already we see the process at work on an international scale among two groups of kindred peoples—the Scandinavians and the English-speaking nations. Within both those groups war has become practically unthinkable, while their growing sense of racial affinity will tend to draw them still more closely together.

Even between peoples utterly unlike in blood, a frank facing of racial facts will be helpful by showing them precisely how they differ and what are the true grounds on which their relations should be based. Nothing is more dangerous than illusions. One of the chief evils of our present political thinking is that we tend to oscillate between a narrow nationalism and an impracticable internationalism. Both doctrines ignore or oppose the racial factor, which logically stands between them, crosscutting national borders, yet recognizing the divisions which Nature has established within the human species. In the long run, nothing is gained by glozing over unwelcome facts or indulging in false sentimentalities. On the contrary, much may be lost, because such an attitude is apt to end in bitter disillusionment, leaving matters worse than they were before. Between peoples, as between individuals, an honest recognition of differences as well as likenesses is the surest basis for a true understanding.

"Know thyself!" Those words of profound wisdom, uttered long ago, were never so significant as they are today, when science has revealed to us secrets of life hitherto unknown. Armed with this new knowledge, man is endowed as never before with power to shape his destiny, and can, if he will, tread his upward path clear-eyed and unafraid.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard.

Never before in a milk-bottle cap

A NEW PERFECTION CAP—one that opens as a cap should, with a reinforced tab that won't tear off and that does away with forks, or thumbs, or ice-picks. In addition, a cap that opens *half way*, on a hinge, so you may insert a straw or pour from the bottle quickly and sanitarily.

Send the coupon for a month's free supply. See for yourself how handy they are in your kitchen or in your child's lunch box. No obligation. Just mail the coupon.

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Smith-Lee Company,
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Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps

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DRINK MORE MILK

Men who count
appearances as a business asset
—*their shaving solution*

Shaving need not be a problem any more. No need to experiment with different methods.

Efficient men seek efficiency. That's why millions of men prefer the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The reasoning is simple. It is largely a matter of blades. Each shave a perfect shave—that's what men want.

Only the Valet AutoStrop Razor can insure a perfect shave *every* shave. A few automatic strokes do it. Non-stropped blades give only a good first shave—dulling with each shave until they must be thrown away.

A Valet AutoStrop Razor blade, therefore, has two or three times the average life. Each shave is with a new-like blade.

Men who want a clean, once-over shave, who want no abrasions, no cuts, no scraping, no "pulling," say the Valet AutoStrop Razor is supreme. You'll agree when you adopt this super-razor.

Beards differ—Skins differ

But you can accept this as a shaving fact: The faster the shave, the finer. Speed alone signifies a keen blade. Slow, over-and-over shaving means a dull blade. So we advocate speed—hundreds of tests prove that with a Valet AutoStrop Razor, it's only "78 seconds from lather to towel." Don't delay longer knowing the complete satisfaction of "every shave a perfect shave" with a Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

Valet AutoStrop Razor
REG U S PAT OFF

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

WHO WILL DO OUR DIRTY WORK NOW?

(Continued from Page 6)

with the social and political theories that often govern management instead.

"In the first place," he said, "the shoe is going to pinch. There will be a shortage of this common labor, wages will rise, the common laborer becoming correspondingly inefficient, and we shall hear an outcry against restriction of immigration. Employers will insist that the country cannot do its work and grow without immigrant labor. The pinch will probably come soon. At the next upturn of business the results of the new immigration law will be felt.

"The sooner the pinch comes, the better. Then employers will turn to mechanization of their plants and processes—the use of machinery to do work that they have been content to leave to the unskilled laborer as long as he was available at a certain wage level. We speak of big business in this country, and think of the great industrial corporations. But only 1 per cent of all our factories are large enough to employ 500 or more people, and these employ only about 40 per cent of wage earners in the factories. The other 60 per cent is made up of factories employing from 500 down to as few as twenty or less. It is in the smaller establishments that the mechanization of industry proceeds slowly. The corporation president, when he is confronted with a situation like the coming shortage of unskilled immigrant labor, sets his engineers and technical men at work to devise mechanical substitutes. But the small employer may have no engineer or technical adviser. He is busy with the day-to-day problems of management as they arise. He will not try to meet the situation until it is acute. But something is coming which will force him to act, and because it promises to be a situation affecting all industry, not simply the individual employer, he will have the assistance of engineers employed by corporations offering to sell him the machinery and the power which must be substituted for immigrant labor.

"Next, we shall be driven to a relocation of our labor market. Take soft-coal mining as an illustration. Official estimates indicate that there are 200,000 more miners in that industry than are needed to produce the bituminous coal we require for domestic use and export. Here is a case of taking in so-called cheap immigrant labor and allowing it to overman one of our industries. When the shoe pinches enough to compel the relocation of labor markets, the superfluous soft-coal miners will be drawn into other occupations, like building, and instead of working six months in the year and loafing another six months, increasing the price of coal to the consumer, they will be continuously employed at better wages, and live under better conditions."

A Problem of Management

"There are too many people engaged in the white-collar occupations in stores and offices. And there are too many pick-and-shovel men in public service. On the pay rolls of our national, state and local governments we have 2,700,000 employes, receiving $3,500,000,000 a year. One person out of every twelve the country over, of the age of sixteen or more, gainfully employed, holds some kind of government job. Public work is not done for profit. In few cases are any cost figures kept. Therefore, without the keen incentive of profit and loss in management, public work is slackly done. The chief effort in cutting costs is to cut salaries, and thus an inefficient type of worker is attracted to the public job. If it were put on the same basis as private industry, the number of workers would be reduced, the efficiency increased, public work done better for less money, and many workers released for other industries. If only 15 per cent of the government employes were shifted into other occupations, that would far more than make up for the loss of immigration under the new law."

If immigrant labor can be replaced by better processes, the use of more machinery and power, there is no immigration problem. It is one of management, industrial leadership—up to the boss. And the boss isn't waiting, in every line, for the pinch to come. Even as you read, steps are being taken to transform work from a muscle to a mechanical basis.

Any street paving or road building going on in your neighborhood?

In times not so far back, streets were paved with round wooden blocks or cobblestones. When these had been laid, often right on the dirt, a couple of Irishmen in red flannel shirts rammed them into place with a heavy wooden beetle, shaped something like an old-fashioned churn, with handles to lift it by. That made a noise something like "Thump-thump-thump." Then came the automobile and the motortruck, and streets had to be paved with a heavy layer of concrete, topped with asphalt. No further back than three years ago, gangs of Italians by the half hundred swarmed on the job, tearing up the old pavement and laying the new, making a noise something like a Corsican vendetta and a Neapolitan birthday fiesta on the same wave length. Today you hear a "Pr-r-r-r-r-pt-pt-pt." There are still Italians, but they come in gangs of a half dozen, bringing machines that do the work several times as fast and a good deal better.

Novel Road Machinery

First, the old pavement is torn up with a machine used on the Italo-Austrian front in the Great War. The line of battle ran through rocky mountain fastnesses, and power was needed to dig trenches and undermine enemy positions. Since the invention of the compressed-air drill and the air brake by Americans, this form of power had been widely adapted to mining, tunneling and other big construction jobs. Until lately, however, it was stationary power, like steam or electricity, big compressors sending the air through pipe systems to the tools for which it was needed. Nobody knows who first hit upon the idea of putting a small compressor on skids and hauling it around like a sled, but that led someone to put a compressor on wheels, and when the Great War broke out the portable air compressor was a real machine, practical, ready for work—but nobody had as yet seen its advantages. The Italian army engineers saw them, and the American portable air compressor was adopted for trench digging. One New York manufacturer has machines, sold to the Italians during the war, which were damaged before capture by the Austrians, repaired by the latter, and damaged when the Italians again got them in turn, and so on, until he bought them in at the end of the war, still fit for work.

That first machine, known as the pavement breaker, cuts down through the asphalt and concrete at the rate of a foot a minute—almost as fast as you could push your finger through hard butter. If it is an old pavement laid on dirt, a steam shovel may plow underneath, lifting the stuff in big blocks onto motortrucks, helped by a handful of Italians to break up unwieldy pieces with sledges. But the air-drill breaker reduces pavement to pieces small enough to be scooped up by a steam shovel. After the street has been graded by power scrapers, a mechanical concrete mixer lays the foundation, and a gang of negroes laying the asphalt is followed by steam rollers. Maybe water pipe or gas mains are laid before the pavement goes down, in which case the trenching will be done by machinery, the pipes lowered by power cranes and the joints calked by pneumatic tools.

Indirectly, Italian army engineers cut our quota of Italian laborers when they discovered the possibility of the portable air compressors. For shortly after the war we began building automobile roads on a scale that broke all records. There wasn't enough common labor in the country to build them by the old methods, and the cost would have been prohibitive even if several million new laborers had been brought from other countries. The portable compressor and pneumatic tools were drafted, and are building roads at record-breaking cost, considering the character of the present-day motor highway. The paving job in your street is just a sample of what is going on all over the country.

Thus far, no official figures of compressed-air power are obtainable, but engineers in this field estimate that upwards of 9,000,000 horse power of compressed-air equipment is now working in the United States.

(Continued on Page 125)

95 per cent of them voted to contribute for life insurance

An employer has offered to co-operate with each and every person on his payroll in obtaining a substantial amount of life insurance . . . irrespective of age . . . without medical examination . . . at a very low and attractive rate. Ninety-five per cent voted to take advantage of this opportunity.

ÆTNA-IZE

GROUP LIFE INSURANCE has passed the experimental stage . . . it has become a definite factor in the business world. Men and management of great railway systems, factories, department stores and offices are getting together and adopting this co-operative form of life insurance.

Many individuals are barred from obtaining ordinary insurance because of advanced age or physical disability; others have not been convinced of its benefits, or have put it off because of the cost.

The growth of Group insurance is attributable to the desire of the working man to provide through his own efforts protection for his family . . . and to the willingness of his employer to co-operate and give *all* the opportunity to purchase this protection on the wholesale plan at wholesale rates. Scores of nationally known firms have arranged for all their employees to carry insurance through an Ætna Group policy. They realize satisfaction in what Group insurance has accomplished in adding to family and community happiness and fostering good-will between themselves and their employees.

Group life insurance is only one of the many forms of protection issued by the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies. Through Ætna policies you may surround your own life, your earning ability, your property and your business with the protection afforded by the resources of the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

See the Ætna representative in your community! He is a man worth knowing.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES
ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Ætna Protection Includes . . . LIFE . ACCIDENT . . . HEALTH . . . GROUP LIFE . . GROUP DISABILITY . . . AUTOMOBILE . . . COMPENSATION . . . LIABILITY
BURGLARY . . . PLATE GLASS . . . WATER DAMAGE . . . FIRE . . . MARINE . . . TRANSPORTATION . . FIDELITY BONDS . . . SURETY BONDS

Beauty, quality—not costliness

IN quality, Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware satisfies the wealthiest. In cost it satisfies the owner of the simplest cottage.

That is a rare tribute to Kohler Ware. It is a fortunate thing for the family of average means. There are not many lines in which the best is within the reach of all.

A visit to your plumber will prove to you that a Kohler built-in bath—the beautiful tub pictured above—can be yours for a very reasonable investment, with magnificent returns in comfort, convenience, and pride.

Other Kohler fixtures for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries offer the same advantages of moderate cost and the finest quality that can be made.

That quality has a mark which you should know—the name "Kohler," unobtrusively fused into the durable, snowy enamel for which Kohler Ware has been famous for the better part of half a century. Look for that mark when you look at plumbing fixtures. Why not have the best when the same money will buy it?

* *

We have an interesting booklet about Kohler Ware. May we send you a copy?

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C

(Continued from Page 122)

with at least 2,000,000 horse power added each year. This is the third great form of power, steam being first and electricity second.

"You can make your own estimate as to the number of common laborers we would have to import without compressed air," said an engineer specializing in this field. "An air drill of the type used in rock work twenty-five years ago does the work of four to six men. An air drill of the type used today does the work of five of those drills, or the equivalent of twenty-five men. We like the term 'labor-aiding' instead of 'labor-saving'; it means, not men losing their work, but being released for other work, usually with better pay. The only men supplanted are the unskilled immigrants whom we would have to bring into the country if there were no compressed-air tools. For the road-building, mining and city work going on today, we should certainly need somewhere between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 able-bodied European peasants every year.

"Compressed air has an advantage not possessed by steam or electricity—its flexibility. The portable compressor can be taken anywhere. It furnishes power not only for drills but for many other purposes. In mining, as an illustration, one-third the time of each shift was formerly needed in shoveling out the ore after a blast. Now low-head drag and conveyor machines do the work by compressed air in a fraction of the time. On the railroads the tamping of ballast formerly done by a sixteen-man gang is turned over to a pneumatic tamping machine operated by five. And the ballast is rammed so tightly in place that it need be retamped once where it was formerly necessary to do it twice. Painting is another compressed-air job nowadays. If you want a sign lettered or your automobile striped, call in the skilled painter. But there are millions of tons of structural steel and other rough surfaces to be painted for protection. Common labor is satisfactory on such work, and the compressed-air paint sprayer still better. It does the work quicker and drives the paint into inaccessible places. Yesterday you could figure a paint job as one dollar for paint and two dollars for labor, when it was done by hand, but with the power sprayer a dollar's worth of labor applies two dollars' worth of paint.

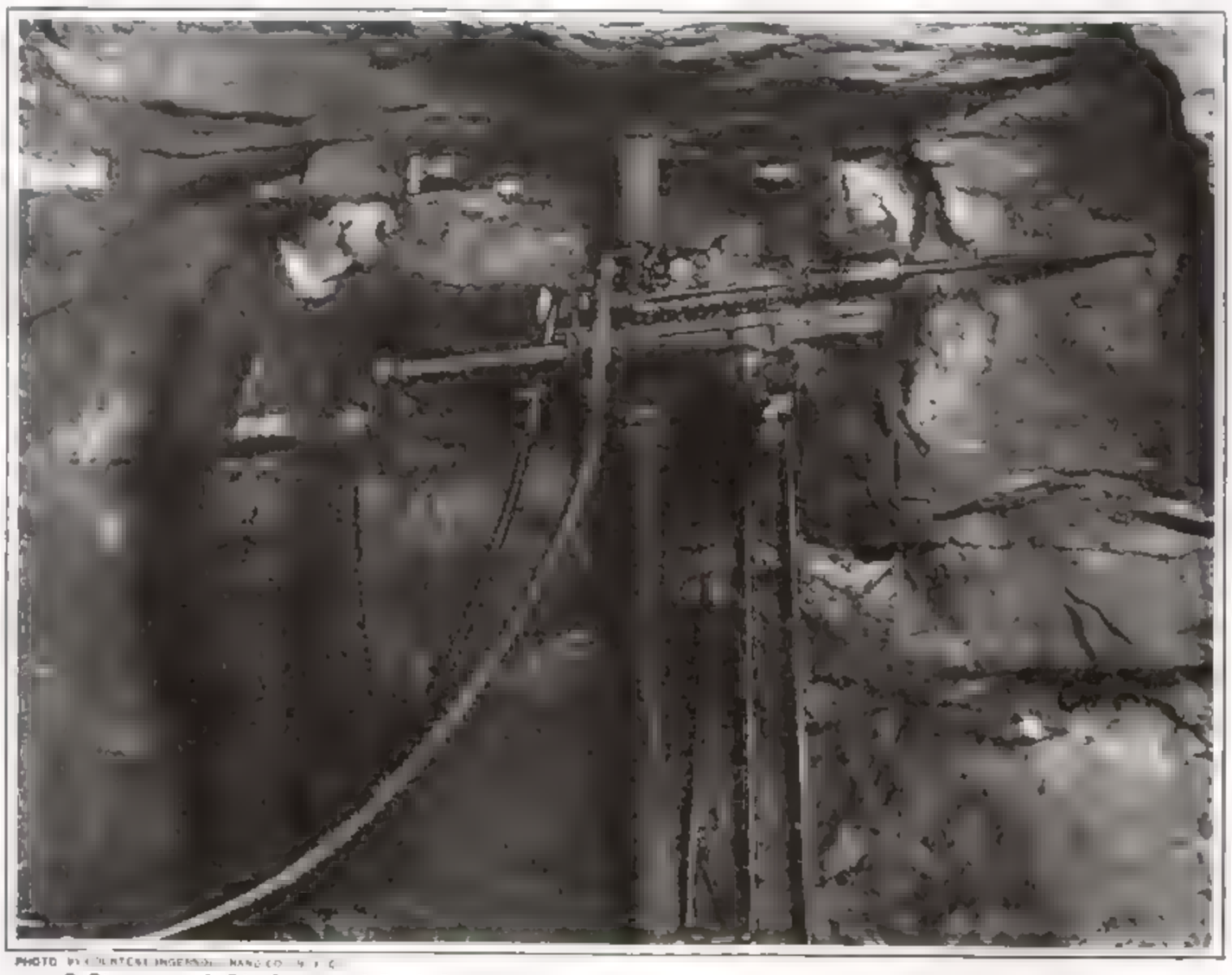


PHOTO BY COURTESY INGERSOLL-RAND CO.

A Compressed Air Operated Rock Drill at Work in a Copper Mine One Thousand Feet Underground. This One-Man Drill Accomplishes as Much as Thirty Men Could Do by Hand

"Any time during the past ten years we might have used these tools to do our dirty work, but we didn't, because common labor was still available. True, we had to pay more and more for it, but as long as the extra cost could be added to the price and collected from the consumer—we should worry! But now there is a scarcity of people to do the dirty work at high wages, so we turn it over to machines. Why, right in our own factory, where compressed air is piped all over the place, we began using these portable compressors two or three years ago, and find dozens of jobs for them every day—drilling, digging, ramming, shoveling and other tasks too far to be reached by the permanent compressed-air lines, jobs which a few years ago would have been done by pick-and-shovel men."

Making Gold Leaf

Besides 4,000,000 farm laborers, the census enumerates upward of 3,000,000 laborers in industry working at unskilled jobs. The steel business leads with more than 700,000, building has nearly that many, railroading 500,000, manufacturing more than 450,000 and from 100,000 to 300,000 employed in lumbering, road-building, textiles, coal mining, quarrying, glass making and the food and chemical industries, with 125,000 porters in stores. How each industry is turning its unthinking muscle work over to machinery is a story of mechanical conveyors, motor-driven tools, lifting magnets, gravity chutes and other appliances too numerous to mention.

For instance, slot machines. When the first elevated railroad was built in New York, and wages were as low as a dollar a day, somebody conceived the beautiful idea of having one man sell the passenger a ticket, and another man receive it in a box, where it was chopped to pieces. L followed L, and subway followed subway, and the ticket seller and the ticket chopper were accepted as standard equipment. Nobody gave any thought to the fundamentals of the thing, apparently. Where you had an L or a subway, you just naturally had to have one man to sell the passenger a ticket and another man to chop it to pieces. They were as immovable as the gods. But lately, rising wages and labor scarcity have forced engineers to examine the fundamentals, with the outcome that New York's elevated roads and subways are now being equipped with turnstiles that admit the passenger when a nickel is dropped in a slot, and these are being followed by slot machines that will change a dime, a quarter or a half dollar into nickels.

Industry looked yesterday to Ellis Island. It is looking today to the Patent Office and the equipment salesman. You must live far from the haunts of your fellow men, Mister Reader, not to have seen, and lately, some familiar beef-and-brawn job turned over to machinery. There is not room here to give specific instances, but one out-of-the-way invention may be mentioned as an example:

For thousands of years gold leaf has been used by man. The Egyptians used it for gilding their mummy cases, and we use it for gold-lettered signs. A single grain of gold can be beaten out to cover seventy-five square inches, a thickness—or thinness, rather—that would require nearly 400,000 leaves to make a book an inch thick. For centuries gold leaf has been made by hand beating; not a common-labor job, because great skill is required, yet a sheer muscle job nevertheless. After being rolled into sheets, one-inch squares of gold are placed between sheets of gold-beater's skin, and hammered down to the required thinness. All efforts to do this work by mechanical methods, such as rolling, have failed, chiefly because too much heat was generated, damaging the expensive gold-beater's skin. The value of the gold in a book of gold leaf is nominal, hand labor being the chief item in the cost of the sign lettered on your office door.

But now the problem has been tackled from a new angle by two inventors, and, though still in the experimental stage, it promises to be successful. Instead of using muscle or mechanical power to spread the gold thin, electricity is called in. By the same process that spoons are silver-plated, gold is electrically deposited upon a thin silver ribbon traveling over drums. This ribbon passes through the electroplating bath, receives a thin deposit of gold, and then passes through a bath of strong acid which dissolves the silver, but allows the gold film to float away unharmed. It is picked up by a celluloid ribbon, washed in water and alcohol, dried, and cut up into the familiar books used by the sign painter. The dissolved silver is easily recovered and used again.

The pinch in common labor will come first—in fact, is already coming—where employment is not steady, and is most disagreeable from the standpoint of dirt, danger and living conditions. Metal mining in the West is a typical industry in this class. On the plus side it attracts the common laborer and promotes him from pick-and-shovel jobs to drilling and blasting. Though dirty and often dangerous, it is a kind of work that many men like for the even climate underground, where winter and summer, sunshine and storm, make no difference. On the minus side, however, metal mining is seasonal, the workings being shut down very often in winter when it is impossible to ship ore, and also with fluctuations in metal prices. The metal miner must often be separated from his family or try to raise his kiddies in some isolated village up the gulch, where good schooling is lacking, and life lonely for women. During the past few years thousands of metal miners have taken up other trades, with the growth of community and industry in the West.

More machinery is one solution of the problem, and teaching miners to do more work and earn more money is another. In the Southwestern copper mines, excellent results follow when the most skillful miners, men who use their heads to get out more ore, are assigned as teachers to show others better ways of setting up drills and loading holes to blast out more ore. In some cases men who have never been underground before have doubled and trebled output under good teaching, and their earnings increased proportionately.

"We find no shortage of common labor," said the personnel director of an Eastern public-service corporation. "In New York there is a building boom that keeps common-labor wages up to six and eight dollars a day, partly in sympathy with wages for the skilled building worker. But the shortage of building is rapidly being made up, and eventually things here will fall in line with the national situation. In spite of the boom, our employes on unskilled tasks stick to us loyally, and we have no difficulty in hiring all the additional men needed at reasonable wages."

Why is that? His corporation provides all-year-round work, uses labor-aiding devices wherever possible, and offers advancement to employes willing to fit themselves for skilled tasks and supervisory jobs. That tells the story. In such lines the pinch will come last, if it comes at all.

An astonishing side light on the common labor situation is that though we have been receiving fewer and fewer able-bodied immigrants the past ten years, due to the war and the new restrictions, working hours have been decreasing. With fewer people to do the work, it would seem logical to have them work more hours. Actually they are working fewer. The recent conversion of the steel industry from a twelve to an eight hour day is just an outstanding instance of what is happening in industry generally. Fifteen years ago, in 1909, less than 8 per cent of the wage earners in factory industries enjoyed the eight-hour day—one man in twelve. At the last census, in 1919, nearly one-half the wage earners in factories had the eight-hour day, and there were more working forty-four hours a week than worked the forty-eight-hour week in 1914. As five years have passed since the last census was taken, the number of eight-hour workers has undoubtedly increased still further. Which may be taken as another proof that this is not a pick-and-shovel country, but one in which the man backed by mechanical power and labor-aiding machinery does more work in a shorter time and produces more commodities than any other workman in the world.

Familiar Propaganda

"The native American will not do rough, dirty work; therefore we must have a constant stream of husky European peasants flowing into the United States."

You've heard that argument again and again, and probably accepted it at face value. This is excellent propaganda for those who would let down the immigration bars again. But is it true? The center of foreign-born white population in 1920 was near Fort Wayne, Indiana, and for the first time since 1890 moved west, having moved east for thirty years. Only four states in the Union have more than 1,000,000 foreign-born white people—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Massachusetts. There are only about 3,000,000 foreign-born white people west of the Mississippi River. But there is plenty of rough, dirty work in farming, mining, road building and other characteristic activities of the West. Who does it?

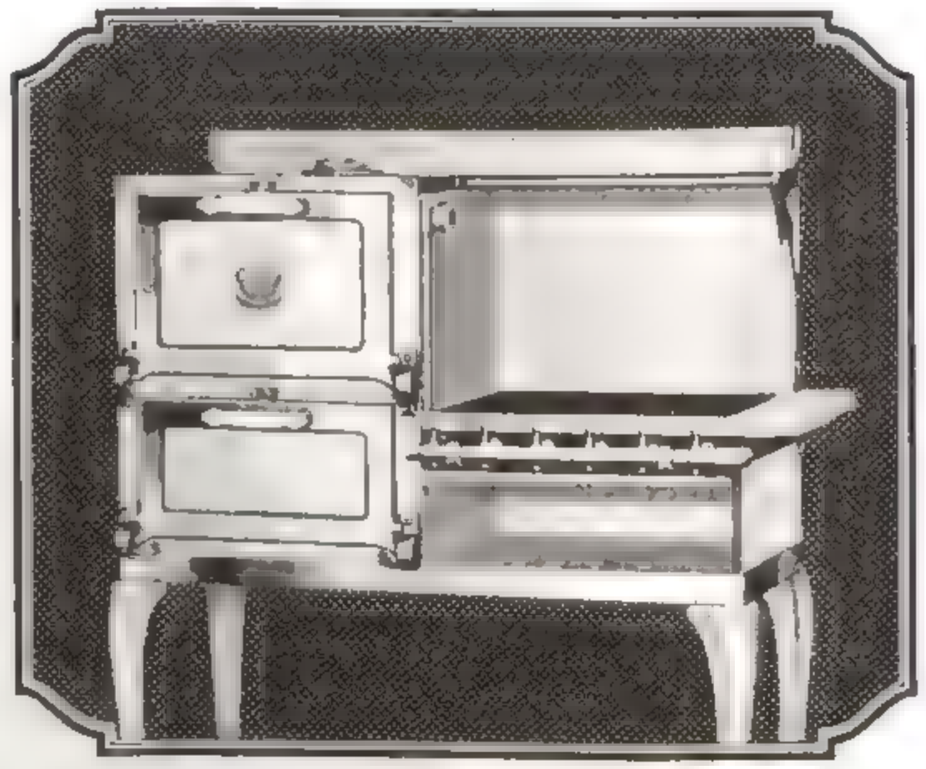
The native American, of course; helped by machinery and gasoline, steam or electricity in many cases. But falling immigration is revealing more than one reservoir of native American pick-and-shovel labor. Both the Southern negro and the Southern white man are emigrating to the industrial United States, now that the European peasant is practically barred out. And there is a steady drift from the country to the city of workers who, for a beginning, at least, tackle the rough, dirty jobs.

Ellis Island in its palmiest days had nothing more spectacular than the arrival of certain trains at the Pennsylvania Terminal around noon every day. Hundreds of Southern negroes are met on the platform by hundreds of their relatives and friends already living in New York, and the reunions are as picturesque and as touching as any ever seen on the island. Similar scenes are enacted daily in the railroad stations of Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago and other industrial cities. It is estimated by Georgia bankers that nearly 80,000 negroes left that state between January and August last year, and 30,000 white laborers besides. The increase of negro population in Georgia was only 30,000 between 1910 and 1920, which explains why more than 46,000 rural cabins were left vacant by the exodus.

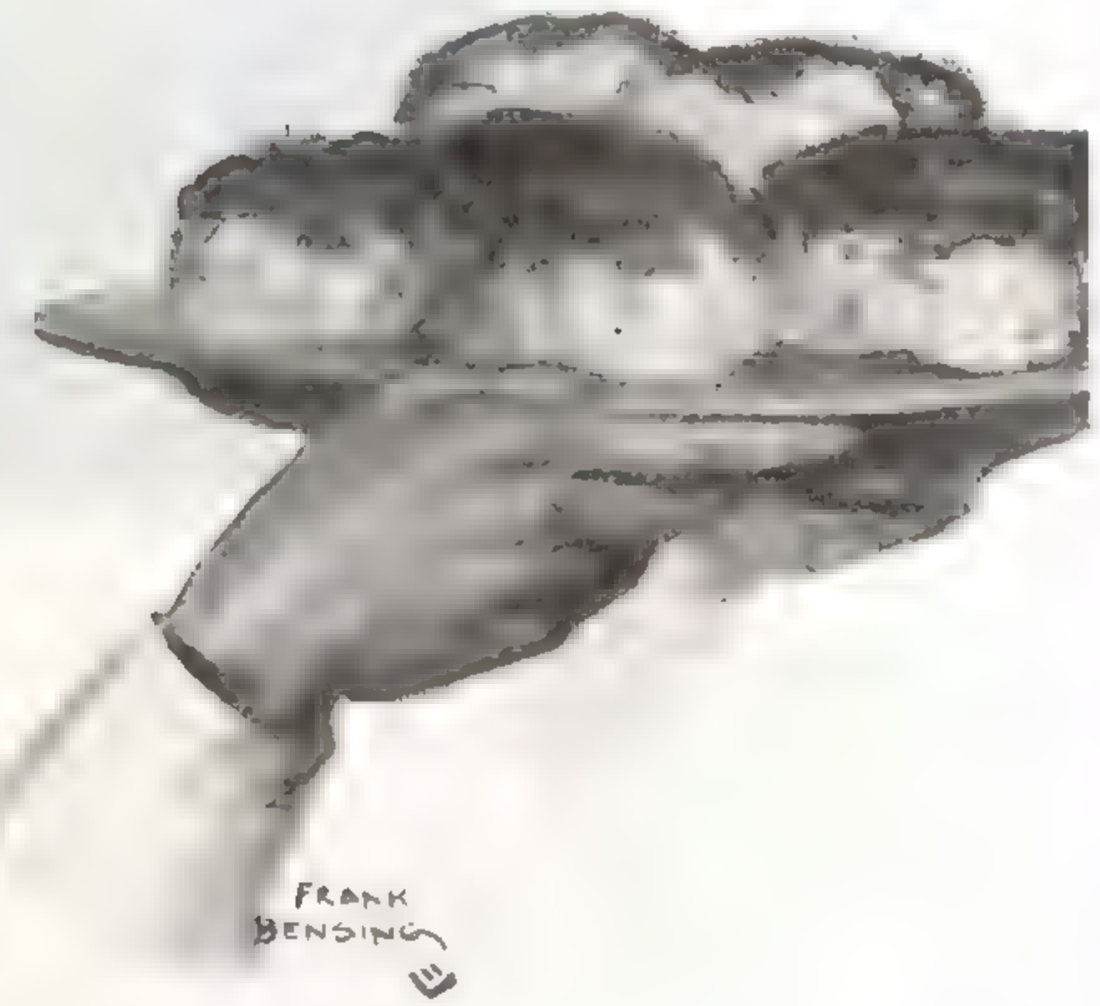
The change in immigration laws is only one factor in the migration, and a minor factor. War work and wages drew thousands of negroes North before we entered the war. Thousands of young Southern negroes went to France in the Army, and upon returning found jobs in the North instead of going back home. The boll-weevil pest is transforming cotton growing from the old darky-and-mule basis to large-scale scientific farming, with diversification of

(Continued on Page 129)

Save Kitchen Fuel and Labor



This beautiful white enameled Garland range, one of one hundred styles, also available for electricity—write us.



FRANK BENSING

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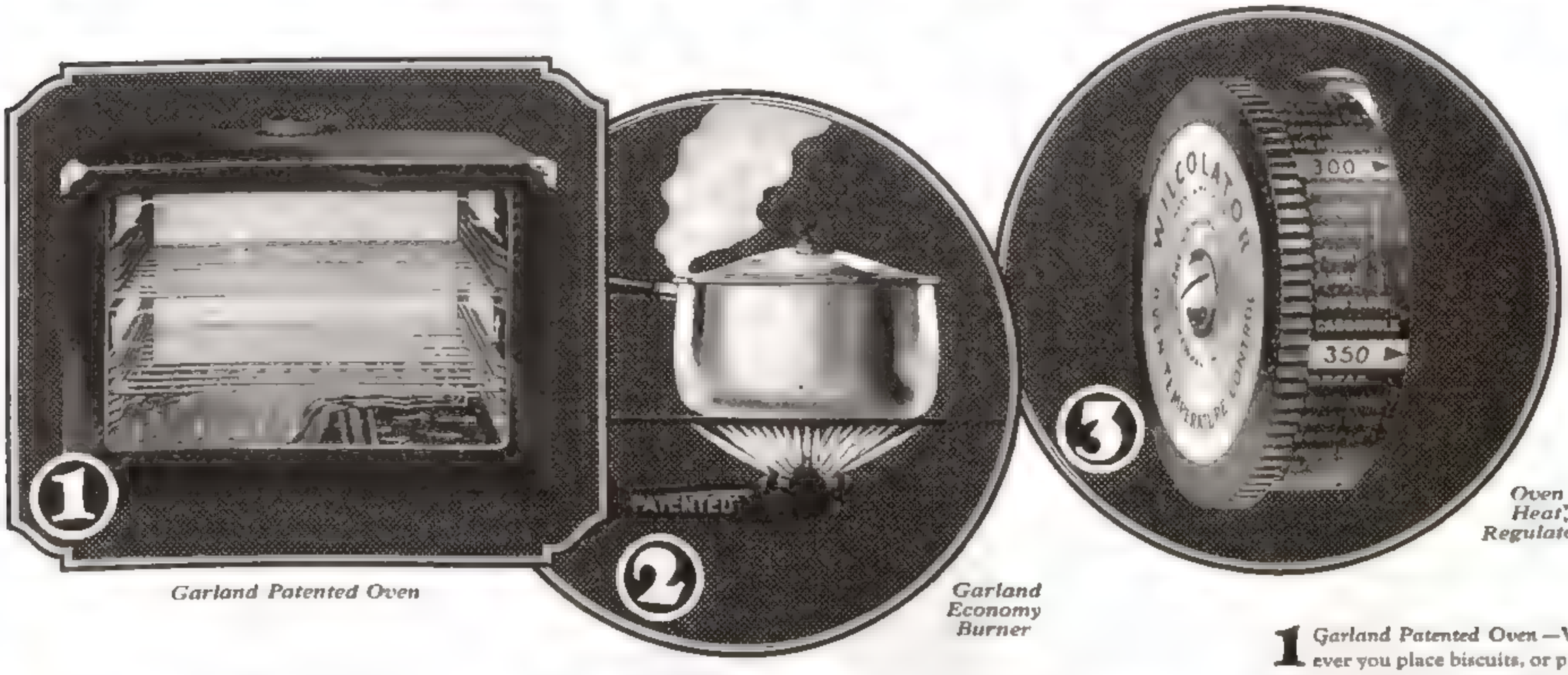

Garland Patented Oven — *Garland Economy Burner* — *Oven Heat Regulator*

KITCHEN fuel bills cut 10 per cent. The labor of cooking shortened and saved.

That is what Garland gas ranges do with their advanced and exclusive features.

Yet these important results are only two of the numerous vital contributions which Garland laboratories, in 50 years of expe-rience, have made to American house-keeping.

Garland's heat-spreading burner, its spe-cially designed oven, and its oven heat regu-lator, raise cooking to a degree of ease, accuracy and perfection hitherto only dreamed of.

The heat-spreading burner and the specially designed oven are patented and to be found in Garland ranges only.

The Garland burner is faster, more eco-nomical, more efficient, with no cold spots. The flame is in closer contact with the bottom of the cooking utensil. Combus-tion is perfect, leaving no black deposits to be scoured from kettles and pans.

The Garland oven is likewise a time and fuel saver. Circulation and distribution of heat are so perfect that there are no cold spots or pockets. On the top rack, the lower rack, or in between, you get perfect and uniform baking results in the shortest time.

The oven heat regulator automatically con-trols the heat needed for baking and roasting. Set the dial and leave the kitchen, to return and find a deliciously-baked cake or a juicy roast.

Cooking without these Garland features requires unnecessary fuel, unnecessary time, unnecessary labor; and the results do not approach Garland results.

If a cooking range has these features—the heat-spreading burner, the scientific oven, and the oven heat regulator—it must be the Garland.

1 *Garland Patented Oven*—Wher-ever you place biscuits, or pies, or cake, or bread, in this oven, you get perfection of baking in the shortest possible time. Heat uniform through-out the oven—no cold spots—because special design of perforated oven bottoms guarantees complete and uni-form circulation of heat.

2 *Garland Heat-Spreading Burner*—Saves at least 10 per cent of your fuel and much time by spread-ing flame evenly, close to the utensil, leaving no cold spots. Speeds up the cooking process. Perfect combustion. Utensils accumulate no black carbon.

3 *Garland Oven Heat Regulator*—Leave your kitchen while the oven does its work. Set regulator for heat indicated on dial for roasting or baking. Automatically controls the heat. A big factor for convenience and economy.

If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to us, because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS – COAL – ELECTRICITY

THE RIGHT BUSINESS RULE FOR MEASURING COSTS

Showing the Economies of Long-Life Steel Filing Sections

WHEN you buy steel files you expect them to last a lifetime. You have a right to.

If more business men knew all about Baker-Vawter Steel Files, there would be many more concerns using them.

We have been making them for nearly twenty years; and the oldest of them are still "youngsters."

If you measure cost by years of service—the right way to measure it—you'll find Baker-Vawter Files real economy, even though their initial cost is higher than some. Often low first cost is rank extravagance.

Quickly pays for itself

You'll find our 5-Drawer Letter File a well designed, well built file. It's as good a file as we can make—and we know how.

It has five drawers; other stock files have only four. That's a 20% saving in floor space. Even at average city rentals 4 Baker-Vawter 5-drawer files will pay their total cost in the saving of floor space alone, in 13 years;—and we wouldn't think much of ourselves if these sections didn't last two or three times 13 years.

This sure grip Follower Block—on Sections and Unitfiles—glides on the drawer's top edges. No jamming; no reaching down in the dark, fishing for the release. It's an exclusive Baker-Vawter feature.

This individual drawer latch—on Sections and Unitfiles—keeps a drawer always snugly closed when not in use. It's one more of the many "little" things that make our files a joy to work with. Your thumb naturally fits over this latch, and a slight squeeze as you open the drawer releases it. As you push the drawer shut, it *latches*. It stays shut, too.

A new Unitfile

One of the most convenient pieces of equipment for many offices is our Unitfile; single current filing units, made with one and two drawers. We make a good one; real Baker-Vawter quality, of course. It is a beautiful and lasting office utility. Eleven standard sizes for current filing. Use them singly, stack them to any height, or build them into handy office counters.

Simplified indexing

Into Baker-Vawter steel files should go Baker-Vawter indexes—folders and guides. Other makes will fit our files, but we know of no equipment which will exactly fit your needs and relieve you from worry, like ours. They're designed and manufactured to do just that—and more.

Baker-Vawter's products are sold only by our own representatives all over the country, directly from our manufacturing plants to you. This offers you a trained corps of men in constant touch with headquarters, willing to consider your own interests first, and their own profits afterwards. That's good business, not altruism. We know it pays.

Use the coupon.

How to save storage space

Put your transferred letters and papers into Baker-Vawter Storage Units. They'll look well, save space, work well, and they'll last a long time. They're made to. We make them better than some people think necessary; but they cost you no more because of it.

The compact construction of these storage units has increased storage space 20%—in some cases, fully 50%; at the same time they simplify the finding of letters and documents and also give protection against dust and fire.

These "sled runners" or die-formed rails, on the bottom edges of our Storage Units, are original and exclusive with Baker-Vawter. This device avoids drawer-friction to a marked degree. Even when heavily loaded, and stacked twenty high, any drawer in the stack may be opened and closed without undue exertion.

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Please send me illustrated folders checked below:

☐ Filing Sections ☐ Storage Units ☐ Unitfiles

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S.E.P.—9-6 Mr.____

(Continued from Page 125)

crops, releasing many negroes. Besides good wages, instead of the uncertainty of the old cotton-growing scheme which kept him in debt from one crop to another, the negro coming North finds better living conditions, better schools and other advantages. His vote is solicited by the politician. He is on a more even footing with white people—not social equality, which he doesn't particularly want, but an evener footing in getting a job and earning white folks' wages. Many of the negroes coming North are young people who, just married, have set out to get a better chance in life for themselves and their children. They correspond closely to the able-bodied European laborer who came over in the steerage during the high tide of immigration from 1900 to 1914. And census figures show that the negro is flocking to the industrial centers that formerly attracted the immigrant. Detroit and the surrounding automobile towns lead in the percentage of increase; in one automobile factory that employed thirty negro porters ten years ago there are now several thousand negro mechanics and laborers. The steel towns of Pennsylvania and Ohio come next in percentage, and the great cities like New York and Chicago follow in percentage, though they actually receive the greatest number of negroes. There has also been considerable negro migration to the Pacific Coast. Southerners who have studied the situation impartially no longer reproach the recruiting labor agent, or the lure of high wages in the North, but declare that the migration is natural and caused by fundamental changes in Southern agriculture.

Under the new immigration quotas, the Southern negro is relieved, like the white American, of his foreign competitors. During the past few years many West Indian negroes have come to the United States, particularly from the British islands—at least 10,000 yearly. The new immigration law makes them part of the general British quota.

No restrictions are put upon immigration from self-governing islands like Cuba and Haiti, but these independent islands are few and send practically no negro laborers such as come from British colonies like Jamaica and Barbados.

Arriving in the North, the negro finds himself in pretty much the same situation as the European immigrant of twenty years ago. He goes to live with his own kind in sections corresponding to the foreign quarters of the big cities. The incoming tide is so great that rents rise, and he is exploited by landlords. The climate takes its toll, for there is a great preponderance of negro deaths over births in the colder states—in New York City sixteen deaths to six births. He may be a temporary replacement for unskilled labor, but it does not seem likely that he will be a permanent one, partly because there isn't enough of him, and partly because he, too, works his way into skilled trades.

Another shoe is going to pinch in this new common-labor situation—a shoe already several sizes too small.

How Housework is Changing

People debate the pick-and-shovel man, but overlook the pick-and-shovel woman, who has been landing on our shores for many years and going into domestic service. In the days when stout young greenhorn girls landed from every European steamer, they were often met at the island or the barge office by the anxious housewife looking for a servant. Or the housewife returning as a tourist from lands of abundant servants got a thrill by smuggling in a couple of maids instead of French lingerie—perhaps to have them snapped up by some other housewife before she could get them off the dock, which was all in the game.

That's all changed! A certain number of young German women now coming in, beggared by the war, begin life in this country by taking a place in service, but the number is limited, and, being mostly women of education, they pass on to better-paid work as soon as they master English. By far the greater proportion of the quota from countries that formerly sent servants is now made up of married women and children joining foreign-born citizens of the United States.

"Ten years ago we did a regular employment agency business supplying immigrants as servants," said the woman director of an organization that meets incoming immigrants. "But no longer. It has been necessary to make a rule that applications for servants will not be received, because so few women and girls arriving nowadays are willing to enter service. Most of them come to join husbands, or to be married to fiancés, or to live with relatives; and instead of finding them places in a land where they had literally not one acquaintance, as was the case ten years ago, we simply help them with their tickets and trains."

Housework is changing too. The home is being mechanized. Electrical appliances lighten the work, and in cities like New York the compact apartment is replacing the individual house, saving space and reducing service to the minimum.

Hilda's first job when she landed in the steerage ten years ago was in a New York City house, as maid. Her day was sixteen hours long, seven days a week, with Thursday afternoons off. There was no counting the number of times she climbed from basement to attic between breakfast and dinner, but when the work was finally finished she climbed up to a little attic room and went to bed. It was a life with no privacy or independence, and paid only seven dollars a week; but Hilda was learning a lot about America, you bet your life!

Highly Paid Charwomen

Today Hilda lives in a neatly furnished room of her own, with relatives and friends and family life around her. She begins an eight-hour day by visiting a bachelor's apartment about 9:30 and spending between two and three hours putting it to rights. After a lunch out of the bachelor's ice box she visits another apartment occupied by a young married couple, and spends about the same time at the same work. Before six o'clock Hilda is back home again, her evenings all her own, unless, as may happen two or three times a week, she goes back to cook dinner for the bachelor or the young married couple, when they have guests. With a dozen clients Hilda is really in a housekeeping business of her own that pays her between forty and sixty dollars a week—and at five dollars a week from each client, housekeeping expenses are less than was the case when Hilda gave all her time to one family. Of course she does not do so much work, but she does attend to the main chores of housekeeping, and the compact New York apartment with its gas range and ice box, and the restaurant and delicatessen dealers, makes it possible for the bachelor and young couple to do the rest.

Then, there were Michael and Nora, who ten years ago lived in a big New York mansion with a half dozen other servants. Nora was cook and Michael chauffeur. Their employer was a prosperous business man with a growing family—several children between the ages of ten and fifteen.

Today those children are married, and when they left the big house it became so lonely that the parents sold the property and moved into a Park Avenue apartment with hotel service. Several blocks away stands a new coöperative apartment of six stories, with twenty co-owners—a couple of authors, a couple of painters, three or four doctors, an interior decorator, the professional folks of New York whose incomes are not of Park Avenue proportions. Michael and Nora are the superintendent and housekeeper of this apartment building, and you will find thousands like them who have dropped out of domestic service and secured employment that enables them to lead their own lives.

When the pinch comes, all blame will be laid upon the new immigration laws undoubtedly. But those laws simply express feeling that has grown out of our experience with almost unrestricted immigration.

There is the feeling voiced by a dredge engineer with whom I talked on the ferry going over to Ellis Island. An American of Irish parentage, he pointed out places in the harbor where he had worked on dredging jobs, and then the talk drifted naturally to the changes in immigration.

"I live in Hoboken," he said. "Before these foreigners began coming in, you could find an apartment or a house over there easy enough, and rents were reasonable. You could talk to your neighbors, because they were Americans, born in the country, though maybe of German parents. Then they began flooding the country with foreigners, and now Hoboken is so crowded you can hardly find a place to live at all, and the rents are twice what we used to pay. You can't talk to your neighbors; they don't speak English. Their kids crowd your children out of the schools. Crime has increased, everything from sneak thieving to holdups. They catch about one crook out of every ten, and three out of every four they do get are either foreigners or children of foreigners."

America as a refuge for the oppressed peoples of the world looks somewhat different when the oppressed peoples move in all around you and raise the rent. And bringing in cheap foreign labor to do our dirty work looks different when you find yourself in competition with it for a job at decent wages.

But there is another kind of opinion behind the new immigration laws—that of the employer who has learned that immigrant labor is far from cheap.

"The fight in Congress while the new laws were being shaped up showed that there are still plenty of employers in this country who want to go out to the factory gate tomorrow morning and find a crowd of men begging work, as in 1914, after the first war slump," said an immigration official. "They want to manage their plants with an oversupply of greenhorns to take in, break and throw aside, with a constant stream of new greenhorns pouring into the country."

That type of employer may even be in the majority among those who use a great deal of common labor. But there are other employers who, after experience with unskilled foreign workers, approve the new laws as heartily as the native American in competition with the immigrant.

Their feeling was accurately expressed not long ago by Prof. Thomas Nixon Carver, the Harvard economist, who insists that a quiet revolution is now going on in the United States.

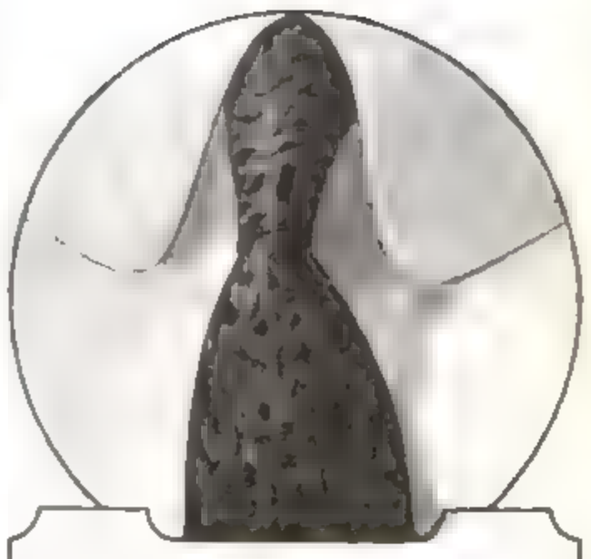
"While business was expanding and the demand for labor increasing," he says, "we were importing cheap labor by the millions. That was good for labor because it enabled more men to get jobs at such wages as were paid. Presumably, most of the workmen who came improved their condition by coming, for most of the benefits went to the immigrant and not to those already here. Since the restriction of immigration, the results are beginning to show. The war practically stopped immigration. The restrictions that have been enacted since are making labor scarce and hard to find. Wherever labor is scarce and hard to find, it is always well paid and well treated."

Where Business is Respectable

"I think we are approaching very rapidly something that might be called equality. We have made rather notable achievements already in the direction of eliminating poverty. We already have high wages, even for manual trades—and they are going higher. The process has only started. Unless we embark on some unsound policy, the present tendency will carry us farther than most of us dream. There will be higher and higher wages for the manual worker, and also for those of the white-collar people who are not so well off as some of the manual trades.

"Business in this country has always been respectable. There are not very many countries of which that is true. England comes next—it has been rather democratic, and a good deal of the best talent in England has gone into business; still the graduates of the great English universities think it is a little more respectable to go into a profession. A good many go into business, but not in such large proportions as in this country. That is one of the things that has enabled us to achieve greater equality than they are achieving in any other country today—we have managed to get a larger percentage of the most talented men into business. That is why laborers get more work and better wages.

"During the sugar shortage in the World War the cranberry growers on Cape Cod had difficulty in selling their berries. There wasn't an unusual crop of cranberries, and people were just as fond of cranberry sauce as ever. Yet, the cranberry crop didn't sell. Why? One doesn't make cranberry sauce out of cranberries—one makes it out of cranberries and sugar. If one ingredient is missing, the other ingredient isn't worth much. Which illustrates what, I think, is the most important and far-reaching law of the whole field of economics: Whenever two or more ingredients have to be combined to get a given result, if one ingredient



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You'll smile when you find out how easily they slide around the collar—save your collar, save your neck, save your tie, save your time.

Woven in one piece so they'll keep their shape—no seams to rip, no lining to get displaced.

Plain colors, stylish stripes and fancy patterns—65 cents to $1.50. Good haberdashers have them.

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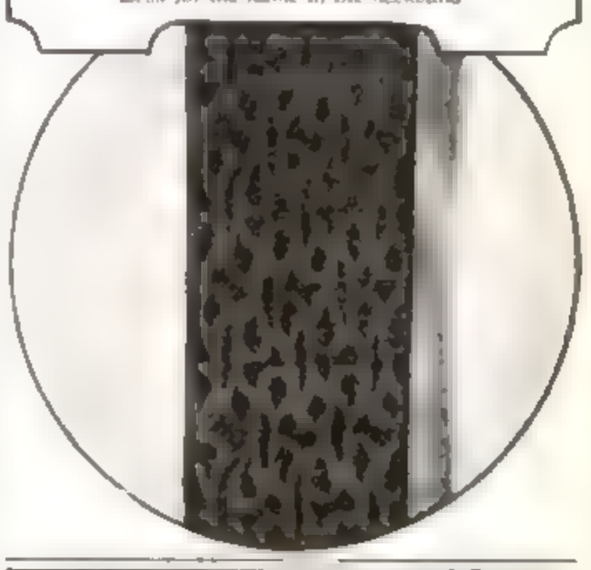

LE PAGE'S *mends for keeps*

COMPARED to the value of the article mended, the cost of the glue you use is practically nothing. Then while you are about it, why not use the best glue—LePage's? Have the satisfaction of knowing that the article is mended *for keeps* and that it won't come apart in a little while and have to be mended over again. Insist on LePage's.

LEPAGE'S GLUE

Clark's Around the World and Mediterranean Cruises Jan. 20 and Jan. 31, 1925; 122 days $1250 up; 62 days $600 up. Chartered steamers; ask for either program. FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Tom Wye

KNIT JACKET

The man in a Tom Wye Knit Jacket can snap his fingers at Jack Frost. For Tom Wye under a coat or overcoat keeps the body warmth in and the cold out.

Stylish, too, in every line. The exclusive Tom Wye stitch means elasticity that makes the garment hold its shape.

Two and four pocket models. Handsome colorings in a wide range from the most sedate solids to gay checks and blazer patterns.

Look for the Tom Wye label.

At Haberdashers', Sporting Goods Stores and Department Stores.

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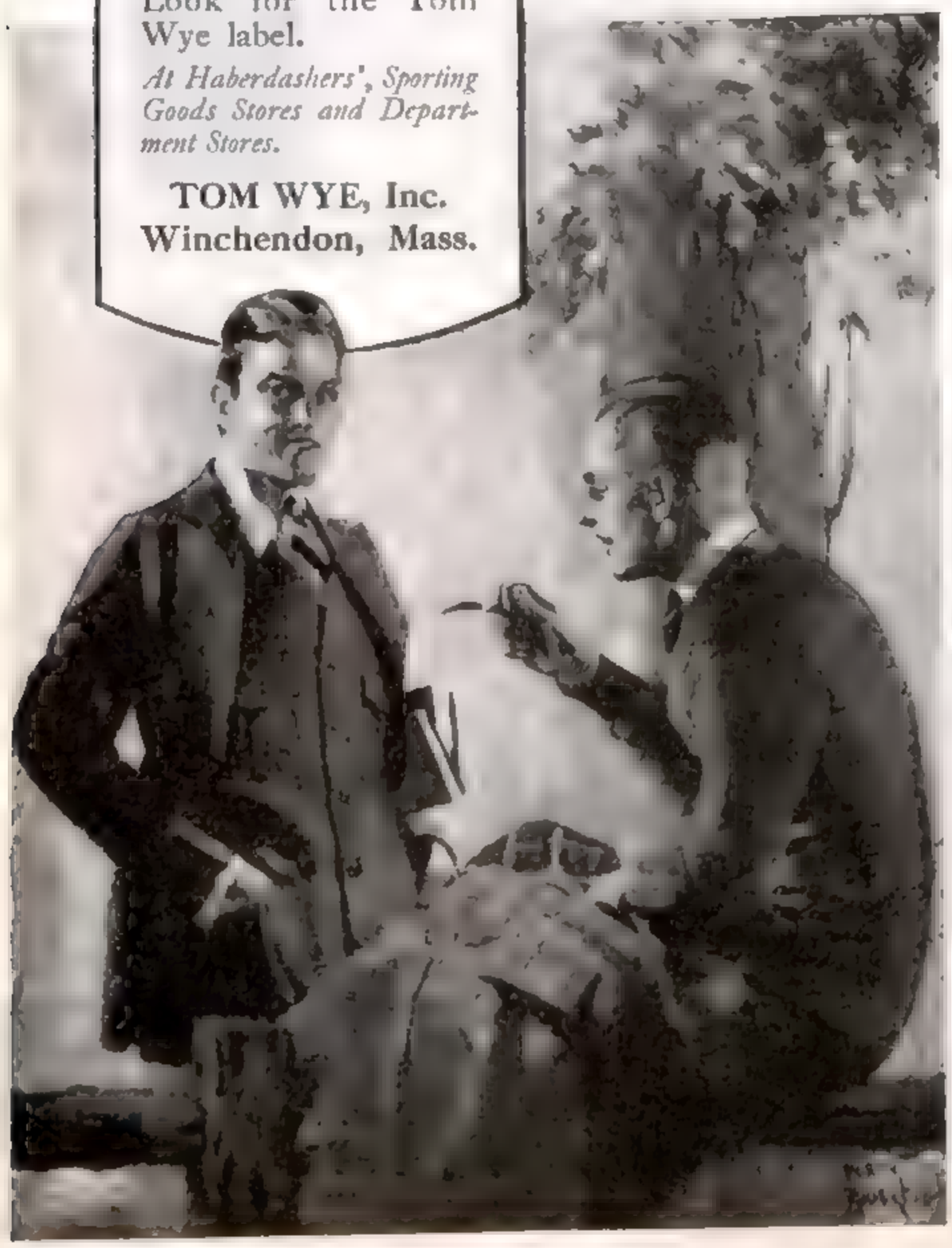


is scarce, it practically destroys the demand for the other. There are thousands of illustrations of this principle.

"One kind of labor does not produce anything that I know about. Hodcarriers do not build buildings. Suppose there happen to be more hodcarriers than would combine with the existing number of masons. The masons then would be in exactly the same situation as the sugar, and the hodcarriers in the situation of the cranberries.

"The hardest thing to find is the independent business man who knows how to get all the other factors working together, and who can so organize them that he can pay the bills out of the receipts. That everlasting problem spoils a good many business enterprises. I think I could run almost any business if somebody would pay the bills. I talk to a great many radical clubs. They say that capital exploits labor, that all the capitalist does is to hire some labor, underpay it, sell it at a high price and pocket the difference. Sometimes I say to them, 'Now, if that is all there is to do, why don't some of you do that and make money yourself? The reason you don't is because you can't.' If there are one hundred radicals present, I am pretty safe in saying that there isn't one man among them who can hire any kind of labor, pay the current wages, and get a product that he can sell for enough to pay the wages. There are men who can do that, but it isn't every man. Mr. Ford seems to have succeeded pretty well. Suppose there were two Henry Fords where there is one now—there would be considerably more employment of labor.

"We have, first, the democratic idea that business is just as respectable as any other occupation. We have, in the second place, the fact that great schools of business administration have trained large numbers of men for the higher business positions. In the third place, the restriction of immigration has reduced the supply of unskilled labor. These factors working in coöperation are giving us something like equality.

"There is another important factor - capital. You can call capital past labor if you want to, but somebody has to bring that past labor into coördination with present labor. And that is the capitalist. He is one of the links in this chain, and he is rather important."

Labor Banks

"Two or three times when I have spoken to socialist clubs about this, somebody has got a little hot under the collar and said that labor does not need capitalists any more than a dog needs fleas. Usually I say, 'Suppose the dog knew of one place where there weren't any fleas at all, and of another place where there were a great many—which place would he prefer? If your analogy is good at all, would labor migrate from countries where there is not much capital and go to a country where there is a great deal? A great many people have come into New England the past forty years. What did they come for? There is no mineral there but rock. They came largely because of the factories. These are capital and their owners capitalists. If capital is parasitical they did not show much intelligence in coming. But if capital is a good thing for them, then they were wise in coming.'

"One of the most striking and dramatic phases of the revolution now going on is the amount of money that wage earners have invested. First, there are labor banks. I do not know anything like them in the history of the world—labor banks with the deposits of laboring people managed largely by the representatives of labor. Laborers have money and they are going to have more unless they go wrong or are badly led. With the fusing of the two classes, the laborers becoming capitalists, there can be no class-consciousness after that. There will be a blending of the two classes until all but the very poorest laborers will have some capital, and all but the very richest capitalists will have to do some work to make a living. Then we shall have achieved something like equality in all occupations. We shall have wiped out the distinction between capitalists and laborists, and one of the ideals of modern democracy will have been realized."

The employer who approves restricted immigration has seen this quiet revolution going on. Realizing that it would be impossible to import enough human beings to keep pace with the country's growth without swamping the country, he acknowledges the responsibilities of management, and is adjusting his industry for production with machines plus well-paid workers.

Studying the cheap imported laborer as a producer, he has found that he doesn't stay cheap. Five or ten years of exploitation at the most, and the greenhorn becomes wise, organizes, and brings his wages up to the general level, if not beyond.

Quong's Complaint

Studying him as a consumer, this type of employer is beginning to discover that there is an even greater revolution going on. The greenhorn of ten and fifteen years ago is a good customer. What you can sell him at profit is far more important than anything you might save on the temporary low wages of a new greenhorn. The increase in automobiles, income-tax payers, savings-bank deposits, health insurance, money in circulation, radio—practically everything by which purchasing power can be measured—shows that the consuming capacity of this country, the ability to get things desired and pay for them, breaks all records. And that consuming capacity is based upon ability to produce with machinery, at splendid wages.

The other night my friend Quong said something that clinched it all. Quong manages a Chinese restaurant, and what he said brought back in memory the first Chinese laundryman who moved into our street, in the mid 80's. A fascinated crowd watched him spray clothes by blowing the water with his mouth. I was the only kid that succeeded in learning how to do it—an accomplishment that has never had any commercial value. Then the Chinaman was a coolie, ready to take the first work he could get, beginning with rough labor and graduating into the laundry business. Today Chinese laundrymen are becoming almost as scarce as cigar-store Indians, because the Chinese in this country have created a demand for their cooking, graduated into the more profitable and dignified restaurant-keeping, and become business men.

Quong had been reading an editorial explaining why we cannot admit Chinese or Japanese laborers into the United States.

"Cheap Chinese labor!" he said resentfully. "I wish you show me how to get some. I need thlee-fo' waiters light now!"

Who will do our rough, dirty work now that Giovanni's gone?

Why, we'll do it ourselves. Not with muscle, but with power. It will still be rough and dirty—running an air drill or a steam shovel is no clerical job. But it is pure fancy to think that native Americans avoid rough, dirty jobs, and pure propaganda to maintain that this part of our national life must be turned over to green immigrants. Let the job be ever so rough and dirty, let's do it with power instead of muscle; use the man to run the machine, and pay him native American wages. You won't have to go far to hire native Americans.

The Brooklyn Bridge, connecting Manhattan Island with Brooklyn, N. Y., is the longest suspension bridge in the world. It was completed in 1883 at a cost of $9,000,000. Its total length is a little more than a mile

Where lead is a shield for steel

STREAKS of red stand out against the sky. Tiny figures suspended in mid-air cover the steel cables of the bridge with red-lead.

The engineer correctly estimates the stresses and the strains on such a structure. He specifies steel of the proper tensile strength and dimensions for it. But from the time the bridge is built, rust seeks to destroy it.

Lead is the shield that protects the steel cables, girders, and beams from rust and prevents the bridge from becoming a death-trap. It keeps the bridge strong today, strong tomorrow, and for years to come.

This is only one of the many ways in which lead constantly serves you and guards your safety. You do not always see lead in use. But as red-lead in paint you see it on metal surfaces everywhere. Red-lead is the standard protection for iron and steel. It is used in its natural orange-red color or tinted to dark colors.

Nearly twenty million pounds of red-lead are applied to metal every year in this country. Yet this is not enough. Rust still destroys millions of tons of steel. Between 1860 and 1920 the world's output of iron and steel was about 1,860,000,000 tons. Of this total it was estimated that 660,000,000 tons were wasted through rusting in use. Just as unpainted houses decay and crumble, so iron and steel, unprotected by paint, rust and are soon ready for the scrap-heap.

Where red-lead saves metal

Wherever iron and steel are, there red-lead is needed to save the surface. Special care should be taken to cover with red-lead iron and steel that become inaccessible for painting after erection.

Railroads in the United States use red-lead to protect their bridges, steel rolling stock and steel structures. Gas and water companies put red-lead on stand pipes, tanks and gasometers. They have found from experience that red-lead protection lowers the cost of maintaining iron and steel structures.

In ships of the United States Navy and on vessels of all types, red-lead

This painter is risking his life to save the steel cables of the Brooklyn Bridge paint protection. He is putting on red-lead, the strongest shield that steel can have against rust

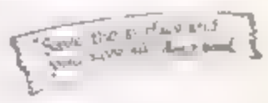
guards hulls, cargo holds, coal bunkers, chain lockers—all metal parts of a vessel—from deterioration due to exposure to salt and fresh water and varying atmospheric conditions.

Red-lead keeps rust from attacking metal roofs, steam radiators, registers, pipes, fire escapes, fences, iron gates and exterior ornamental work of all kinds. It covers machinery, trucks, iron pipes, and metal equipment.

Red-lead has been used for generations as the standard protective covering for metal. Mixed with pure linseed oil, pure red-lead makes a paint that dries to a hard, tough layer and clings tightly to the surface. It is insoluble in water.

Red-lead should be and usually is used next to the metal in its natural orange-red color. It is tinted to dark colors for finishing coats for the sake of appearance or for inspection purposes.

Dutch Boy red-lead is the name of the pure red-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. On every keg of *Dutch Boy red-lead* is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown below. This well-known trade mark guarantees a product of the highest quality.



Dutch Boy products also include white-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals and solder.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. If you want information regarding any particular use of lead, write to us.

Further information about lead

We have a special booklet, "Protection of Structural Metal," which we will gladly send to anyone who is interested. This booklet contains information telling when and how to give red-lead paint protection to structural iron and steel.

If you desire to read more about the use of lead, not only in paint but also in many forms and for many purposes which will surprise you, we can recommend a number of interesting books. The latest and probably the most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by the Century Co., New York. Price $3.00. If you are unable to get it at your bookstore, write the publishers direct, or we shall be glad to place the order for you.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State Street; Buffalo, 116 Oak Street; Chicago, 900 West 18th Street; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street; San Francisco, 436 California Street; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

MELONS OF PERSIA

(Continued from Page 20)

Had he fallen in love with her, as the saying goes? Was that what had turned down his smile to a wan flicker of its full strength? Yes; and no. If by love is understood that strange affection of the human pulse which transforms it into a glorified Liberty motor, hitting on thirty-two cylinders as it drives one into the empyrean blue, and then missing fire with dizzying results over a pocket in the air, the answer is an emphatic No. That peculiar brand of engine trouble had fortunately passed over him to land squarely on his friend, Hilary Pell.

But if by love is meant the deep stirrings of those gentler emotions we all gladly feel and are ashamed to show, which momentarily redeem man from the accusation of being a little lower than the angels, assail only to free him from the flesh and yet teach him that he dare not live alone—why, then, Trumper was hard hit. Even so, he was not in love with Trebizond, but with all the half-dead things which had started into life within him at her contact, like crocuses pushing through the snow to say hello to a quite new sun. In other words, in the midst of plenty of money and swarms of people of all ages, many of whom were his friends, he was desperately impoverished and lonely.

Glancing ahead while in this pathetic state of mind he saw a dog, but a dog of such stately beauty that the whole mass of the traffic seemed to slow up for admiration as it passed him. Trumper lengthened his stride and presently verified that it was a Russian wolfhound of noble proportions, snow-white except for two patches and a saddle of brown. His muzzled nose was unbelievably slender; his legs, his body and his tail were all long and covered with well-brushed silky hair. Seeing him walk, even the street urchins did not have to be told that he was an aristocrat from teeth to stern and from high shoulder to softly falling pad. Just as the lovely rug in conjunction with Trebbie had spirited Trumper away from worry, so did the mere sight of this lovely animal perform the Herculean task of lifting up the corners of his mouth. He smiled. Having smiled, he promptly increased his pace and a moment later was shocked at the sound of his own voice, speaking with its most ingratiating intonation.

"Oh, please, may I pet your dog?"

"Certainly," said a crisp voice, issuing from a once-smart *cloche* hat, "that's what I have him for."

"Janet!" gasped Trumper.

"Trumper!" cried Janet.

"Well, Janet," with a falling inflection.

"Well, Trumper?" in the ascending scale.

"Where did you get that dog?"

"I might tell you I bought him at the Madison Square Garden show, but as a matter of fact he was given to me by an admirer."

"I'm surprised," declared Trumper with ungracious frankness.

If the truth must out he was altogether too busy thinking to reflect on what he said or how he said it. He had not seen Janet even in the distance for several months, and to find her looking like a lady's maid—as if she had given herself a full set of discarded clothes and then had been sent out to walk the dog—was a distinct shock. That sort of thing had been all right when everyone was hard up and personally interested in the shoppers' strike, but no one was in a better position than he to know that Janet's income was practically back to normal, which was just another way of saying she could treat herself to anything short of an ocean-going yacht. This line of thought brought him back to the wolfhound, worth a thousand dollars of any fancier's money.

"Janet," he asked for the second time, "where did you get that dog?"

"Michael? Why, I told you; an admirer gave him to me. Do you want me to lie about it?"

At that psychological and coincidental instant Betty Williams passed them, walking along on high, and cast over her shoulder, "Frightfully extravagant, Janet, but I don't blame you a bit. I'd have bought him myself if Magyar ——"

Then she really perceived Trumper and her tongue stopped short while her widening eyes and expressive face said volumes before they were buried from view by the milling crowd. It was nothing to run across Trumper or Janet on the Avenue, but to meet Trumper with Janet, that was—well—that was a pink horse! In other words, something to look at.

Janet did not blush or otherwise show any sort of chagrin at fate's unkind betrayal. Far from it. To look at her face one would have said that she was absorbed in dreamy speculations totally unrelated to the sacred office of the spoken word. So much so that Trumper forfeited his advantage in exchange for an artistic delight in herself. He perceived that in spite of her shabby clothes she was still slight, small boned, transparent as to skin, amber haired and brown eyed, collected without being cool, vivacious without vulgarity. In four words, she was still Janet!

At that revelation, piled on top of all the things Trebizond had done to him, something in his breast turned a sort of floppy somersault and landed staggeringly on its feet. He was interiorly startled, and to avoid a repetition of the phenomenon he diverted his attention from Janet to the dog, Michael, who was looking up at him at the moment with a strangely familiar quizzical expression. Not his shoulders or his head was slanted, but his eyes gave that impression, one eyebrow being distinctly higher than the other.

Never had Trumper seen a look more packed with dignity or ironical self-sufficiency more patently distilled from worldly wisdom. Foolishly he surrendered to impulse and laid his left hand suddenly on the dog's silky fur.

Now so long and so slender is the cantilever snout of a Borzoi that no muzzle on the market can prevent him from biting if so inclined. Also the more purely he is bred the more exquisitely nervous is his temperament, loathing surprise of any nature as the devil is reputed to loathe the touch of holy water. Consequently it was entirely in the natural course of events that Janet's blue-ribbon hound should sink his fangs through Trumper's overcoat, coat and shirt sleeves and halfway through the skin of his forearm.

Janet turned white, but even in the instant of panic felt a surge of admiration for Trumper, who remained absolutely still, as if he had given his left arm to Michael for a bone and had forgotten it. Regaining her self-possession she spoke reprovingly to the dog, seized his jaws and told him to open them. He obeyed. Trumper crooked his elbow and pulled open his cuff, trying to see what damage had been done and if blood were flowing. When again he looked at Janet he found her eyes filled with concern and a moisture which gave them an unusual and astonishing luminosity.

"It's nothing," he said with a happy smile. "Just a scratch."

"A scratch!" exclaimed Janet. "Why, that's terrible. Oh, I'm so sorry, Trumper. Let's go to a drug store."

"No; no drug store," said Trumper emphatically; "they smell so of themselves. Besides, I've got everything I need at the studio around the corner."

He started off briskly with Janet at his side. Already he was thinking more of her than of his scratched arm. It was surprising that he should be walking up the Avenue with a shabby woman, but that that woman should be his wife was positively startling. He could imagine acquaintances looking at his well-groomed self, at the magnificent dog, finally at Janet, and then saying, "There you are! Any way you fix it, the woman always pays." He was relieved when they arrived at the entrance to the building in which the studio was located.

"Coming up?" he asked casually.

Janet paused abruptly. "I suppose," she said with unveiled irony, "you keep somebody up there to bandage your arm whenever you get bitten."

"No," replied Trumper, frowning. "I don't. I hadn't thought of that—the arm, I mean. I guess you'll just have to come up."

Arrived in the studio they went directly into the dressing room and Janet proceeded in the most matter-of-fact manner to bathe with corrosive sublimate the almost imperceptible abrasions on his arm and then to bandage it with an expertness which did credit to her course of instruction in first aid.

"There," she asked, "how does that feel?"

"Fine," said Trumper. "Thanks."

"I think you ought to wear it in a sling for a few days," she added, standing back, tipping her head to one side and regarding her handiwork pensively.

"Not on your life!" he protested. "Why, it feels great just the way it is."

"It would look better in a sling—more interesting. I could tell about it and say you had been mauled by a dog—a wolfhound."

"But I wasn't mauled," argued Trumper as they passed back into the studio; "I was hardly scratched."

"Well," said Janet, "it's the shock one has to think of in these cases. You had better lie down for a while."

To his amusement she insisted that he stretch himself on the couch, where she first propped him with pillows and then rummaged around for something to throw over him lest he should fall asleep and catch cold. The dog followed her in all her movements until she turned on him and began to scold.

"Don't come near me, Michael. You did this, and you ought to be hiding your head in shame. You bit Trumper."

He stopped, looked up at her solemnly and waved his tail with a majestic slow sweep; then he turned, approached the couch and stood, his quizzical eyes on a level with Trumper's. They gazed at each other for an unhurried moment, then Michael raised one paw and laid it on Trumper's knee.

"I accept your apology, sir," said Trumper gravely, "and since we're friends let me do you a service."

He took off the foolish muzzle, tossed it aside and began to scratch Michael gently behind the ears. What a noble dog! What a glorious spring day! What a happy, companionable world, and how pleasant to be in it!

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Janet, breaking in on his rhapsody. "Whose dog do you think he is and why did you take off his muzzle? We've got to be going, Michael."

"Please don't go," begged Trumper. "There's an electric kettle in the corner and all the tea things, including caviar and a lemon. I'm sure I ought to have tea."

"Do you feel faint? If you tell me you do I'll stay."

Trumper wished very much that she should stay and made a violent but unsuccessful effort to feel faint. He tried holding his breath, closing his eyes and imagining that his head was being spun on a top. He had been told that if one did this with sufficient earnestness, at the moment the top began to wabble dizziness would ensue. But nothing happened.

It would be foolish to say he felt faint, as anyone could see with half an eye that he had never in his life been farther from fainting.

"I want tea," he muttered, "and some toasted wafers."

"Exactly!" cried Janet wrathfully. "But not enough to tell a downy tiny little white fib. I'm going."

"No, you're not," said Trumper, throwing off the rug she had cast over his knees and leaping to his feet. "You're not going until we have an accounting."

"Have an accounting?" repeated Janet. "What do you mean?"

"Yes; have an accounting. When I asked you, supposing you to be an utter stranger, might I pet your dog, you said yes, and that that was what you had him for."

"Are you testing your memory, Trumper? If you are, you needn't worry; you have remembered everything exactly as it happened."

"Don't be brazen!" commanded Trumper. "You know perfectly well what I mean. What if I'd been somebody you didn't know? How would you have felt if you'd talked like that to some bounder, trying to pet your dog and looking sideways for a free ride to home and fireside?"

"Why, Trumper!" exclaimed Janet. "What language!"

"Never mind the language," continued Trumper excitedly. "What I want to know is how many men petted that dog before I tried it, and ——"

"And what I said to them," interrupted Janet.

"Yes; and what you said to them."

"You can count them up on your own fingers, dear. How many blood trails did you see on the Avenue before you caught up to me?"

"That's so," admitted Trumper; "he didn't act as if he'd been petted a whole lot. But that doesn't change the fact that you were certainly ready with your answer when I asked might I do it."

She threw up her head and laughed. Now laughter is the most mysterious of all the functions of the human mechanism. Nobody knows what it is, where it comes from, or why. It even dodges the most superficial observation, so that if you pick out the persons you know best and try to remember how they laugh, your groping ear is almost sure to blind the seeing eye. How a laugh sounds is really the least significant of its attributes; how it looks is by all odds the most important. When Janet laughed the lids of her eyes almost closed, leaving two gleaming slits like inverted crescent moons. To read about it means little, but the next time you see eyes act like that, throw out your anchor.

"Trumper, is it possible you've grown amusing?"

"Grown amusing? What did I say?"

"It isn't what people say that makes me laugh," explained Janet; "it's what they are. For every flaw in monotonous perfection, one laugh. Oh, don't try to puzzle it out! In your present nervous condition thinking can't be good for you, or worry; so I'll tell you I recognized that funny step of yours when it was half a block behind me."

"While you're in your frank mood," said Trumper, a vague look in his eyes, "do you mind telling why you lied about how you got the dog?"

"No, I don't," replied Janet, lifting a guileless face to his. "I never thought I'd feel like telling you the truth about it, but somehow I do. It was this way. Everybody was saying the same thing about him and the ones who didn't say it were noticing it. They got me so worked up that I simply couldn't stand the thought of some other woman leading him around on a string. So I bought him at a perfectly frightful price."

"Glittering sunfish, Janet!" groaned Trumper. "Do you really think you've told me anything? What was it they said about him?"

"Why, look at him!" cried Janet. "Can't you see it for yourself? They said he looked enough like you to be your transcendental brother."

Trumper's first reaction to this astonishing statement was to consider it Janet's supreme achievement in prevarication, but instinctively he had obeyed her and was looking at the dog. He remembered a sense of familiarity when he had first met those quizzical eyes, one under a raised eyebrow, and now the impression became suddenly vivified into an indubitable likeness to himself. Once seen, it was amazing—and Janet had bought the dog on account of it! He whirled, caught her in his arms and kissed her on a genuinely surprised, half-open mouth.

The events of the next few moments were destined to remain as a blur in recollection. Vaguely he remembered accusing her of having kissed him back and her furious denial. The next instant there had come the slam of the studio door with Michael inside, standing five feet high against its panels, scratching them and whining to get out.

Trumper went slowly to the couch and sat down on its edge. He reflected that he had kissed several women in the course of his inquiring life, Janet included, but he searched the past in vain for a kiss with anything approaching the voltage of this latest and most puzzling experience. What on earth had happened? His own wife, if you please; and looking shabby, at that! But the important thing was whether such a kiss did not necessarily kick two ways. He frowned, and wished he knew more about watts, amperes, alternating currents and electricity in general.

The next twenty-four hours were among the most restless of his entire career. His first impulse was to return Michael to his mistress, but he was prevented from carrying out the intention by a half-formed premonition that he might need him for a hostage. Equally vague were his plans and the desires aroused by memories from behind the wall of years. He and Janet had been young together; marriage had come to them almost casually as the natural thing to do, and just as casually it had simply faded out. Why?

(Continued on Page 137)

The wheel of the hour

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WE BELIEVE WE MAKE THE BEST TYPEWRITER RIBBON IN THE WORLD—AND ITS NAME IS PARAGON

(Continued from Page 132)

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, he truly did not know; nor was his case especially remarkable, for in these days of feminine insubordination many a wife has dispensed with her husband's too continual presence without going to the length of hurting his feelings. All he knew was that Janet had so skillfully withdrawn from him, before and after actual separation, that he could not pick the day when he had been returned, carriage prepaid, from the promised land back to Nebo's crest. The operation had been painless—so painless that he had been, and still remained, under the illusion that he was content with the status quo. Such being the case, he certainly could not be in love with her, which made the perturbing kiss just that much more of a puzzle.

One resolution, however, evolved from his aimless ponderings as he returned absent-mindedly to the studio on the subsequent afternoon: The legal wife of such a personage as himself, and the mistress of such a majestic dog as Michael, could not longer be permitted to walk the streets in the garments of year before last. Either Janet would buy herself some new clothes or get rid of the dog or she would have to wear a label stating the amount of her allowance. His gaze wandered to the wolfhound, lying close against the door, his paws extended before him, his long nose cradled between them, his flickering eyes full of patience and wisdom.

"Help me, old-timer," said Trumper aloud, with an uncanny feeling that he was looking at and talking to himself.

The dog twiddled his nose, raised his arched eyebrow a notch higher and swayed his tail; otherwise he did not move. Nevertheless there was a sort of eloquence in the sum total of his demeanor, as if he were trying not quite in vain to get some message across. Trumper stared at him, grew nervous, jumped up from his chair, threw open a window on the balmy, blue-skied afternoon, sat down again, stared some more, and then cried, "You're right! Of course you're right! We ought to fetch her."

He caught up the telephone and called a number.

"Janet," he said, speaking rapidly, "it's about Michael. I've offered him every kind of food; I've walked him around the block twice, once last night and again this morning, but he won't eat. All he's touched is a bowl of water. I think you'd better come around at once and bring his dinner with you."

"Didn't it occur to you that you might have walked him home?" asked Janet.

"I suppose I might have if I'd thought of it in time," said Trumper, frowning intently in the effort to avoid a lie, "but now when I speak to him he doesn't move. You'd better come, Janet."

"I hardly think I ought," said Janet after an appreciable pause. "Not after what you did yesterday."

"In that case," said Trumper gravely, "when the end comes I'll telephone to know what to do with the body. Good-by."

He rang off but did not relinquish the apparatus. Scarcely a minute passed before the telephone bell rang and Janet's voice said, "He can't possibly be too weak to stand already, but I'll come on condition that you give me your word of honor not to attack me again."

"Attack you!" gasped Trumper. "If you mean that one little kiss, I'll promise not to take another unless you stay for more than an hour. You'll have to come to the door at the end of the hall, as Michael is lying so close to the other one I can't open it. Don't forget his dinner."

"I won't," said Janet.

"What?"

"I mean I won't forget."

For a quarter of an hour Trumper watched the immovable Michael, wondering what he would do when he heard his mistress' footsteps. He knew that the breed was exceptionally undemonstrative, never in haste save on the trail of a stag, but it seemed too much to hope that the dog would retain his supine pose long enough to save the face of his temporary host.

"Will you?" asked Trumper.

Michael raised his eyebrow one more notch and flicked an ear forward. The bell rang. Trumper arose quietly and a moment later admitted Janet into the back room. As they crossed it and passed beneath the Bokhara rug which masked the passage into the studio he noted with a sense of outrage that she wore exactly the same clothes she had had on the day before, and carried a large paper bag to make them look worse. The next moment they were standing together at the entrance to the tiny hall, looking at Michael, still prostrate. He arose very slowly, moved toward Janet with a swaying movement of his whole body which might indicate either dignified joy or extreme weakness and laid his cold long nozzle in her cupped hand.

"So he could get up!" exclaimed Trumper, trying to make ardent admiration sound like surprise. "Feed him, Janet. Here; let me get you a bowl."

"I've brought his own," said Janet, took it full of food from within the bag, and set it on the floor.

Having watched Michael dispatch its contents in about six gulps, Trumper murmured, "Now I understand why they still call them wolfhounds." The dog looked at him, waving his tail to and fro; then at Janet. Janet looked at Michael; Trumper at Janet. "I'm short of models," he continued, glancing at his watch surreptitiously and noting that it marked the stroke of four. "If one good turn deserves another, you both ought to pose for me."

"I pose for you, Trumper?" said Janet, not in anger but pensively. "Which do you take me for? Loretta, or Betty, or Daphne, or that terrible viper person, or Hilary Pell's sweet but outrageous flower?"

"I take you for all of them," said Trumper blandly. "At present you are obscured by a mental and textile fixation. The hideous rags you've got on limit your brain action as well as your appearance. If you should consent to return to a state approximating nature, I would undertake to give you, body and soul, as many colors as a chameleon, and most of its other attributes."

"Why, Trumper!" exclaimed Janet. "I believe you've been learning to talk. What other attributes has a chameleon?"

"It can protrude its eyeballs and move them independently," continued Trumper gravely. "It can stay still for hours on end. It can run its tongue out to an extent equal to the length of its body. Most important of all, it can live on air for long periods at a stretch, a valuable accomplishment in the face of the modern demand for a pipestem, stream-line body."

"You really think you can make me perform like that?" scoffed Janet.

"Morally, if figuratively," Trumper assured her. "In other words, I can make you into a dumb-bell, an artist, a mischief, a viper, a lovable girl, or all five in one, by changing your clothes."

"Thank you," said Janet. "A sort of bound edition of all your works in one volume—a reprint. I think I'll go."

"Oh, please don't," he begged. "Janet, you don't realize how I work—my system, I mean. I never know what I'm going to do until I do it. Just put yourself in my hands, let me sketch and model you, and the first thing you know something'll pop into my head that when you catch sight of yourself in a mirror will make your eyes stick out and curve around your neck."

"Back to the chameleon," murmured Janet.

"Please be serious," entreated Trumper, pounding his head with his closed fist and half closing his eyes. "It's here, if you'll only let me dig it out."

"Oh, all right." She took off her hat and tossed it aside; then her cloak. "Now what?"

"The rest," he cried excitedly, going to the Phyfe cabinet and starting to rummage in its drawers. "Take off the rest."

"Trumper, are you mad? Is that the sort of thing ——"

"Oh, rot!" he interrupted, tossing a wisp of a one-piece bathing suit at her. "Not here, Loretta Dumb-bell. In the dressing room—and put on that."

"My own bathing suit!" cried Janet, holding it up by one leglet. "Well, I like your nerve! How many of your protégées have worn it?"

"That bathing suit, as you call it," declared Trumper, "has been worn only twice—once when you had the courage to spring it at Long Beach and once here after I got it back from the police. You know I would not tell a lie, don't you, Janet?"

"Know it!" she murmured as she passed behind the red lacquer screen. "Oh, yes; I know that much about you!"

As once before, Trumper waited a long time—a much longer time than the most dilatory model should take to disrobe; then as on that other occasion he quietly got down on his knees and looked under the screen. For a moment he was nonplused; he could see only one foot and the beginnings of one erect leg. He shamelessly crept closer and through the crack between two leaves beheld Janet standing like a stork in cold weather, one instep clamped to her other calf, both arms wrapped around herself, and her brown eyes round and bright as creamy agates. From the ears down, she was actually childlike—the youngest, fairest slip of womanhood ever imagined.

He wanted to gasp, laugh and weep, all in the same breath, but restrained himself, moved stealthily back to his easel, coughed to clear his throat and said as casually as his pulse would permit, "It's all right, Janet. After all, you're not a baby giant crane, but if you want to be drawn that way, hop out where I can see you better."

She moved into view slowly, stole to the model's throne, perched herself uneasily on its edge and stared at him. He forgot to draw, and stared back. In that fantastic moment they were not man and wife, but strangers—utter strangers on the breathless threshold of acquaintance. A faint pink glow suffused her body, and perceiving it Trumper's blood began to pound in his temples even while his reason was calling him an abject fool.

Now there is no breath of color quite so delicate in its shaded variations as the phenomenon known as a blush; the longer Trumper stared the deeper grew the glow, and yet throughout it remained pink.

"Trumper," she whispered, "is—is it all right?"

"Yes; of course it's all right," he answered, running his fingers nervously through his hair and trying to dismiss a guilty feeling never before experienced. He thought of all the lovely flesh and blood which had displayed its careless pageant in that studio without ever once shaking his equanimity, and wondered how it was that only now, when he was face to face with his wife, did the still small voice of conscience advise him to go and butt his head against the wall. He did the next best thing; he took up his crayon and began to draw furiously.

Before long he could say quite calmly, "There's something wrong with your hair. Take it down." She did. "Oh, put it up again; it's worse." She obeyed. "Bad; bad. Pile it up. Drag it back. No; pile it up again. Gee! Tear it out by the roots!"

"I won't!" cried Janet. "If I'd had time to have it waved before I started this silly game I might do something with it. But now that you've made me fuss it into a pretty mess, all you can think of is to tell me to pull the stuff out by the roots! Well, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going straight out and have it bobbed."

"Say that again," ordered Trumper, a sudden gleam lighting in his eye.

"I'm going to have it bobbed," she repeated defiantly.

The gleam deepened to a look of exultation. He opened his mouth to shout, but unfortunately another sound struck across the momentary silence and made him close his jaws with a snap while simultaneously his eyes widened. The chimes in Saint Patrick's were announcing their intention presently to strike five.

"Forget the hair," said Trumper in a forcibly controlled voice. "Tilt your chin." The chimes began to strike the hour. "No; not that way. Higher, and a little to the left." He frowned, and shook his head while five strokes of the great bell marked the passing of an epoch. "No; that won't do."

He laid down his crayon, left the easel, walked to her, put two trembling fingers of one hand under her chin, two of the other on the crown of her head, tilted up her face and kissed her. Before she had time to think she kissed him back. Then the realization that she had had no desire to be kissed at that moment swept over her in a flood. She turned into a fury, slapped him, slid to her feet, pushed him away and called "Michael!"

A low snarl and four sets of claws digging into the floor for a flying start caused Trumper to turn his head. He saw a blur of white-and-brown fur hurtling toward him through the air. Instinct is quicker than thought. He leaped within the high red lacquer screen, closed its four leaves around him in the very nick of time, held on literally for dear life—and then wondered how he had done it all.

"Sic him!" cried Janet as she made for the dressing room. "Get him, Michael! Hold him!"

"Janet!" called Trumper presently, his eyes aching with staring downward at Michael's long nose, prying like a crowbar until he yelped with the self-inflicted pain. "You don't understand! I said I wouldn't touch you for an hour and I didn't. You got here at two minutes to four."

"That has nothing to do with it," replied Janet's distant voice. "I didn't stay here for an hour just to be kissed by force, and you know it."

There ensued a long silence, at the end of which he heard her steps emerge and come to a halt close by the steps of the screen, but on the side toward the hallway.

"Janet," he said humbly, "you're right. Please forgive me."

"Any man, Trumper," she replied in a tone of genuine sincerity—"any man mean enough to do the things you did to keep me here deserves exactly what you're going to get. Don't worry about Michael; I'll bring his breakfast in the morning."

"Why, Janet! Wait! Listen! You don't think for a minute —— Janet! Oh, hell! You won't need to bring him any breakfast; he can have me now."

"Trumper! Don't!" cried Janet. "Don't come out!"

But she was too late; he had thrown open the screen and stepped forth. Of the three in the room Michael was the first to realize that the game was over. He cocked his eyebrow, one ear and his head at Trumper and gently waved his tail.

"What a dream of a dog!" gasped Trumper, his face still white with its recent resolve to do and die. "Doesn't he make you feel like a bit of a fool, Janet? He does me."

"Well—a little," she admitted, a smile struggling to curve her quivering lips.

"Now listen to me," continued Trumper. "I wasn't putting you over the hurdles just to keep you here for an hour. By the living sunfish, I was in dead earnest, and this is my last and final word to you for the day. Take yourself and your dog out of here, have your hair bobbed to the middle of your neck and come back tomorrow at three sharp."

"What for?" asked Janet out of a daze.

"Never you mind," he replied with the fanatical fervor that makes converts while you wait. "You step along and do as I say."

Trumper had given many a supper at the Bonne Nuit, but always to one girl and several men. Three weeks had passed since Janet had gone forth to bob her hair and they had been crowded with more kinds of sensations than any one man is entitled to sample in a lifetime. The net result was that Trumper was broadcasting joy and suppressed excitement from every pore as he sat at table with an empty chair on his right, Loretta on his left, then Betty, Hilary Pell, Trebizond, Magyar Williams and Jimmie Van Peiss, all properly distributed.

Daphne was not there because she had recently broken a leg trying to inaugurate a physically impossible dance step of her own invention. Nor was the Viper present. Somehow the Screaming Woman, most blatantly successful of all Trumper's emanations under the urge of the creative impulse, had come to hang like a barbed fishbone in his artistic gullet. No longer could he laugh at her angular antics. By what gross twist in his fastidious make-up had he ever found her funny? She was a bad egg—the only one in a large and handsome brood—and he was sorry he had hatched her out. He thus dismissed her from mind; then his thoughts as well as those of all his companions became centered on the empty chair at his side.

Presently an electric wave stirred and swept the supper room, only half full, as the season was nearing its close. Trumper flushed in anticipation, looked eagerly toward the entrance, slowly rose to his feet, and stood erect, waiting. His guests turned their heads and immediately became fixed in awkward poses, their eyes riveted on one whom they knew and yet did not know. The thing that made them gasp inwardly as she approached across a corner of the dancing floor was the instant consciousness that whether they had ever heard of her or not, they would have stared just the same—just as everyone else at every other table was staring.

Her straight amber hair, smooth as the sheen on gold, was bobbed to the exact middle level of her neck. She held her head erect, but walked with down-cast eyes, her hands hanging easily at her sides. Her face was lovely, alive, yet grave; her bearing fearless without suggestion of bravado. Not a jewel adorned her bare arms or neck or hands and yet the whole of her gave the

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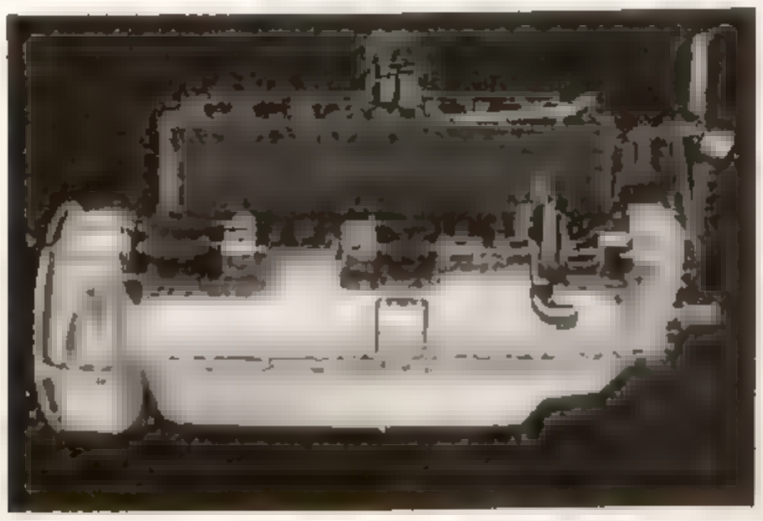

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impression of a cut brilliant. In a word, the gem offered to view was her lissom boyish body itself, wearing a gossamer silver coat of mail fastened at the shoulders with steel buckles. One knew that what she wore was as light as air, and still there persisted a masterly suggestion of purity in shining armor. Women pressed their escorts' arms with that sudden insistence which forgets self and lays individual vanity for a moment on the altar of homage.

"My dear," Trumper heard a voice behind him say, "I wonder if she knows. I wonder if she meant to do it."

Then spoke the man, impatient at having to think when all his attention was bent on taking an eyeful while he could get it: "Meant to do what?"

"That's it," murmured the unknown woman's voice; "I don't quite know. And yet, it's as plain —— Oh, I wonder if she knows herself!"

Sweet were those puzzled words in Trumper's ears, marking as they did the apex of his triumphs. He had risked everything and had escaped the banal by the flick of a butterfly's wing. Let the stranger woman and his guests—let Janet and himself—let everybody—wonder as to whether he or she or Binotinelli had consciously visioned the goal at which they had arrived. Enough that the suggestion of a world-wide familiarity was there in airy symbolism and yet defied a name; more than enough that filmy clothes could idealize an iron legend.

While Janet was still at a distance he could revel in the artistry which had taken the shabby woman of a few weeks ago and distilled from her the essence of the enduring soul of unseizable beauty, seen though ungrasped. Remembering her as she had been and beholding her as she now was, who would dare to say he had fallen short of creation? Then she drew near and something happened—something radical that reached down to the center of ultimate sources. She became real, as real as a live tree.

Trumper felt a tremor shake his whole frame as if some outraged power had struck up through his bones to get at his pride and crush it into a pitifully little heap of dust. Beneath that wrathful onslaught all the arrogance within him crumbled into humility. It was as though some deafening voice, heard by him alone, shouted inside his head, "Fool and upstart, it took me a hundred centuries to make her!"

And yet she was not far away; she was here beside him—real, alive, warm, and breathing through half-parted lips, looking up at him from the luminous depths of her brown eyes. If he dared he could touch her. He did dare. He laid trembling fingers on her bare arm. Immediately he knew that they two were alone, a million miles above and away from the twirling marble of the world.

"Janet," he breathed inaudibly, "I want you. I—I love you."

She read the words rather than heard them. Her eyes began to crinkle and her lips formed the silent answer, "I think I love you too."

Then she whispered, "Wake up, Trumper! Please wake up!"

Still forgetful of where he was, he rumpled his hair, then in a panic tried to smooth it down again. He drew Janet's chair for her amid the stunned silence of their friends, subjected as they were to a double blow, for they alone in all the room had two causes to gasp: Janet's appearance, and the astounding fact of Janet herself demurely taking her place at Trumper's side.

"You all know Janet," he murmured.

His words released the tongues and limbs held in leash by admiration. There was excited chatter from the girls and antiphonal interjection from the men. Trumper alone was silent, basking in an overdose of sunshine, happiness, content and love at second sight. He sat, ate and drank in a hazy trance with his feet on the floor, his knee against Janet's and his head above the clouds. Consequently it is conceivable that he actually did not hear what everyone else heard when Trebizond leaned across Magyar to lay her incredibly slender hand on Janet's arm.

"Will you tell us one little thing, Janet?"

"Of course, Trebbie. What is it?"

"Why did you ever lift your hooks off him, even for a minute?"

Janet glanced at Trumper's rapt face and smiled. "Because he wasn't interesting," she stated.

"Not interesting!" gasped three young women, while an identical look of dismay dawned in the faces of their three men.

"Well," explained Janet, "it just never occurs to him to tell a lie. If any of you had ever had to live with a man who told the truth day in and day out you'd know what I mean."

A dead silence ensued which aroused Trumper to his duties as a host. "You know," he said casually to Betty Williams, "Janet and I are off on Saturday for Persia."

"For Persia?" interjected Janet. "Really, Trumper?"

"Why Persia?" asked Hilary Pell. "Has your rug bitten you into wanting all there are?"

"Oh, no," said Trumper. "Nothing like that. We're not going after rugs; we're going especially to eat a melon. We'll get there just in time. You may not know that the melons of Ispahan are one of the few supremacies of the earth. Eat one, and die. That sort of thing."

"Why not make up a pool among us," suggested Magyar, "and send for a ton of them?"

"You don't understand," said Trumper, giving him a commiserating glance. "These melons can't be transported even for a few miles unless they are nested in cotton wool."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed James Van Peiss at the thought.

"You wouldn't be allowed to travel in Persia with that laugh, Jimmie," said Trumper gravely, wholly unconscious of the growing wonder and hope in Janet's eyes. "I'll tell you why. It's a matter of fact that along the byways they put up signs asking horsemen to ride gently for fear they'll ruin the melons in the near-by fields."

At that they all laughed unrestrainedly—all save Trumper and Janet. She half arose from her seat, steadied herself with the tips of her fingers, and looked at him with such a softness in her eyes as he had never before seen—there or elsewhere.

"Oh, Trumper," she stammered, "I—I want to kiss you."

"Be patient," he advised her, grinning happily. "Your turn will come; and when it does, I won't set a dog on you."

One week later, sitting on deck in a secluded corner, he looked up from his book to ask her, as is the way of all flesh, just when she had finally fallen in love with him.

"Let me see," replied Janet, wrinkling her brows. "Of course I felt I was going to when I started wearing those shabby clothes; but I think—yes—I think I really and truly did only at the moment you deliberately told that gorgeous lie about the melons of Persia."

"Eh!" exclaimed Trumper, round-eyed. Presently he arose thoughtfully to go for a walk by himself and took his book with him.

Two weeks after that to a day, on the deck of another steamer, Trumper having been dragged away to play off a foursome at shuffleboard, Janet chanced to pick up that same book and ruffle its pages. There followed in due course the discovery that almost half a leaf had been neatly cut out. Have you ever known a woman who was not enraged at finding that kind of gap even in the advertising columns of a small-town newspaper?

Janet examined the volume carefully and found that it was a very old, extremely dull but exceedingly authoritative work on Persia. It fairly snorted authority and smelled of musty truth from cover to cover. She tossed it aside, sniffed, and looked around.

Her eyes fell on Trumper's coat, discarded by reason of the heat, hanging from the back of his chair. She reached over, deftly lifted a wallet from the breast pocket and proceeded to rifle it. Of course she found the missing link.

"The superlatively delicious melons of Persia," she read with a sinking feeling in her stomach, "have no counterpart and no rival among the famed delicacies of the world. Like the tobacco of Havana they cannot be divorced from their native soil. So thin is their rind and so extremely sensitive their texture that they can be moved only for short distances, and that in nests of cotton wool.

"Many travelers have reported, and the present writer can testify, that along the byways in the district of Ispahan it is no unusual thing to see signs petitioning horsemen to ride softly lest they injure the crops in the near-by fields."

For an instant Janet's enlarged eyes glared angrily at the clipping; then they crinkled into two inverted crescent moons, and she gave a chuckling laugh.

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CONSERVING THE REMNANTS

(Continued from Page 7)

to a few thousand. The industry had almost destroyed itself in its greed.

The sea otter, inhabiting the Western coast and adjacent islands in hundreds of thousands, was hounded to practical extinction, until but a few scattering skins now reach the markets and these bring prices ranging up to $2000 each.

The fur seal, swarming in the northern seas in untold millions, seemed slated to be the next in line for extermination. At the instigation of the conservationists, the Government, not the fur trade, stepped in just in time to prevent the actual extinction of the fur seals, and they are now on the increase under Federal supervision.

In fact, the history of the fur trade reveals that instead of a single constructive move to perpetuate itself, it seems to have devoted its efforts toward self-extermination. It has been the work of conservationists, the efforts of various protective societies, and so on, that has resulted in constructive legislation in the various states. In most of them there are now closed seasons on fur bearers that are approaching extinction, open trapping seasons on others only when their fur is prime, regulations against poisoning, smoking or gassing apparatus for suffocating animals in their dens; against digging out the dens of burrowing fur bearers, destroying the houses of muskrats, beaver, and so on.

Had it not been for the efforts of conservationists in procuring at least a measure of protection for fur bearers, the raw-fur trade in the United States would have been as defunct as the dodo today.

Yet in the face of past catastrophes that have been directly traceable to the ancient policy of procuring every possible pelt each year regardless of the future, that same general scheme has prevailed to date; and the fur trade, instead of endeavoring to procure more and better restrictive laws to procure more and increase the supply of perpetuate and increase the supply of creatures upon which its very existence hangs, has abetted the evasion of such laws as the conservationists have effected. There are not less than 5,000,000 circulars and price lists sent out by various fur dealers in the United States annually, perhaps twice that number. Many of the circulars include advertisements of smoking, gassing or poisoning equipment. Practically every price list carries quotations for unprime hides of every known American fur bearer; this in the face of the knowledge that these contrivances and methods are taboo and that unprime hides, in addition to being of very little value, are caught out of season in every state that has enacted wise trapping legislation.

Young Antelope in the Wichita National Forest, Oklahoma

Havoc of the Loggers

There is nothing surprising in this shortsightedness of the fur trade. On the contrary, it has been duplicated by practically every other interest whose stock in trade was derived from publicly owned natural resources. The really surprising thing about it is that the fur trade has quite recently reversed itself and through David C. Mills, general director of the National Association of the Fur Industry, has gone on record for conservation.

This was no mere weak and meaningless assent to placate the conservation interests, but a direct, forceful effort on the part of Mr. Mills to rouse the fur business to methods of self-perpetuation; and his platform is thorough, comprehensive and constructive, some of the details of which will be touched upon later.

The case of our forests has been tenfold more flagrant. The American public owned the greatest and most varied supply of timber that has fallen to the lot of any nation. As the New World civilization trekked toward the West the settlers cleared the hardwood forests to make homes. Millions of acres of standing timber fell before the ax and was burned. This was early in our history—yet within the recollection of some now living—and cannot properly be classed as wanton, since the process made homes and tillable land available for hardy American settlers. But it was carried too far. Today the land so cleared produces crops that net annual returns based on land values ranging from $100 to $300 an acre. Much of it, if covered with the virgin stand of oak and hickory, maple and walnut that once graced it, would bring from $1000 to $10,000 an acre for the trees alone. That part, however, was inevitable. It was the loggers who followed in the wake of the settlers that wrought the havoc.

They swept through the hardwood forests of the East and the Middle West, the pine belts of North and South, the forests of the Rockies, and the spruce, fir and cedar forests of the Northwest coast, the grove of giant sequoias, fir and yellow pines of California—the most magnificent forests that the world has ever known. Did they log our forests scientifically by a process of selective thinning that would perpetuate our supply? No; they laid them flat, every stick of them. The smaller trees were cut for piling and for ties, others for fence posts or firewood, and they cut the saplings for rollers or to get them out of the way. They left hundreds of millions of acres of desolation clogged with worthless brush and blackened rotting stumps.

That is how the lumber industry took a hand in developing the natural resources of the country. The conservationists who fought every inch of the way to institute sane logging methods that would perpetuate our future supply were swept aside as impractical visionaries retarding development.

The former attitude of the fishermen of our inland waters is another illustration. They would long since have fished themselves out of existence and deprived the American public of its Friday menu if conservation interests had not fought for fishing restrictions to govern the catch in our rivers and lakes. The most of the fishermen themselves resisted every effort made toward limitation of catch and perpetuation of the supply. Their idea was that as free-born American citizens they were entitled to take everything from the water down to the last minnow, forgetful of the fact that 100,000,000 other free-born Americans with rights equal to their own would soon be deprived of their fish and themselves of a livelihood. The idea was to take every fish right now, regardless of next season's supply, and to take them in any way that came handy: net, seine them, spear them or dynamite 'em. Thanks to the conservationists, however, our inland fisheries are now somewhat regulated and there is a nation-wide system of restocking and effort toward maintenance of supply. However, there are still many of our streams that were once heavily productive of commercial fish that are now practically fishless.

Fish conservation is no mere matter of sentiment, but an economic factor of tremendous importance. The fur trade places the annual retail turnover of manufactured fur products in the United States at $500,000,000. I have not the figures on the annual volume of the trade in fish, but it is safe to assume that the yearly expenditures of the average American family for fish exceed its annual outlay for furs.

Our inland and coastal waters furnish scores of varieties of fish, shrimps, crabs, lobsters, oysters, clams, turtles, frogs, and so on, that are staple articles of diet, displayed in every market and gracing the menus of every restaurant. We accept this as a matter of fact and vaguely consider the supply as somehow inexhaustible because it comes from the mysterious depths of the waters. Not long since we similarly regarded our supply of game meat inexhaustible because it came from the mysterious heart of the wilderness.

Moose are Abundant in the Superior National Forest, Minnesota

Wild Mountain Sheep in the Uncompahgre National Forest, Colorado

It is difficult for the rising generation of Americans to visualize the stupendous numbers of game animals and game birds with which this continent was populated a few decades ago. There are millions now living who can recall the days when game meat of a score of varieties figured as prominently in the markets and the restaurant menus as fish and other products of the waters do today.

Market hunting was a tremendous industry. The whole nation was alive with swarming millions of pigeons, plover, ducks, geese, grouse, woodcock, snipe, prairie chickens, quail, shore birds, wild turkeys and other game birds; and all these reached the markets in untold millions annually. There was a similar traffic in big-game animals, tens of millions of which roamed our country—bear, deer, moose, caribou, buffalo, elk and mountain sheep. Some faint conception of the extent of this traffic may be gained from the few available figures.

Dr. W. T. Hornaday states that in 1869 there were three carloads of pigeons shipped daily for forty days from the town of Hartford, Michigan, a total of 11,880,000 birds. Another Michigan town shipped 15,000,000 pigeons in two years.

When Game Was Plentiful

There are no available statistics as to the total annual volume of game birds that reached the markets; but with 11,880,000 birds of one variety shipped from one town in forty days, and with the slaughter raging throughout the whole nation, recalling, too, that every bay along our shores, every river, marsh and stream within the inhabited area of the country was worked by market gunners who shot wild ducks, geese and shore birds with batteries of swivel guns, while other gunners scoured the woods and prairies for turkey, woodcock, snipe, prairie chickens, grouse and quail, we may conservatively estimate that not less than 500,000,000 game birds were taken annually for the home markets or for export. This in addition to the traffic in big-game and small-game animals, and considering, too, the fact that all outdoor America subsisted the year round upon wild meat and the eggs of turkeys, prairie chickens and quail.

The original numbers of the buffalo have been variously estimated at from 40,000,000 to 60,000,000. Approximately 5,000,000 of these shaggy beasts were shot during the last five years of the hide hunting. These numbers were probably also attained, if not exceeded, by the prong-horn antelope, the smaller plains mate of the bison. Deer, being more widely distributed, probably far exceeded the buffalo in numbers. Bear, elk, moose and mountain sheep, though in no such numbers, still existed in millions.

Dr. E. W. Nelson quotes the instance of 2400 moose having been snared in one winter on an island in Lake Huron. A friend has told me of seeing the deer streaming down to the Oak Hills in Colorado in tens of thousands and of seeing forty-four freight wagons loaded out with saddles of venison in one day. These were

(Continued on Page 146)

"Young Handel"

The father of Handel the composer was a barber who practiced surgery. Ambitious to raise the station of his family, he planned that his young son should be a lawyer. The boy Handel was interested in music, for which his father cared so little as thoroughly to disapprove of it as a career. In the attic of the Handel home was stored away a spinet which could be heard only faintly beyond a closed door. Here young Handel used to steal and play. This painting by Margaret Isabel Dresser portrays the discovery of the boy at the spinet after his parents had retired for the night.

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ETUDE (in thirds)	Chopin	Rosenthal
THE ROSARY	Nevin	Brockway
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FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, DETROIT

FEDERAL-KNIGHT

A SPEEDY BUSINESS TRUCK

(Continued from Page 141)

destined for the mining camps of Colorado, where they were sold for three dollars a s[illegible] Another friend related the fact that while market hunting for Red Lodge, Montana, in the late 90's, he killed thirty-two mule deer before breakfast one morning during their migration through the foothills of Northern Wyoming. As late as 1910 to 1918 there were seasons when from 6000 to 12,000 elk were killed in one small area of Southern Montana. Scores of other illustrations could be cited.

The feather trade is one more link in the chain of waste. Every piece of swamp land that contained a nesting ground for plume-bearing varieties of birds, every flyway and migration route, every island rookery along our coasts—all were besieged by plume hunters who shot and clubbed, slaughtering the parent birds on the nests by tens of thousands and leaving the young birds to starve. This organized massacre speedily reduced our plume-bearing birds to the point of virtual extermination, some species passing to actual extinction, and the plume-hunting industry died of its own greed. Perhaps it would be best to state that it was crippled, not dead, for the traffic still exists in a fugitive sort of way, and will probably continue as long as there is a bright-plumaged bird left alive.

The traffic in eggs from the Northern rookeries, from which boatloads of eggs were brought down for various manufacturing processes; the overshooting of the eider duck for its down; the killing of elk for their teeth and the slaughter of the caribou of Alaska and the Yukon for their tongues—these are but a few of the many instances that could be cited as contributing factors that have reduced our wild life, originally more abundant than that of any other continent save Africa, to its present point of exhaustion.

No sane mortal could escape realizing the fact that such a tremendous supply of wild life was an economic asset of vast importance, yet the conservationists who counseled moderation and perpetuation were snowed under by the protestations of the market gunners, the plume hunters and the hide hunters.

The Survivors on the Wichita National Forest and Game Preserve, Oklahoma

Reclamation Run Wild

The livestock industry has persisted in overstocking the unallotted lands of our public domain and of our national forests, in all comprising approximately 1,300,000 acres. These public lands have been so seriously overgrazed that their carrying capacity is far less than it was twenty-five years ago. Yet the stock interests continue to protest every effort made to install any methods for the sane regulation of grazing on the public domain. This overgrazing has been another contributing factor to the disappearance of our wild life.

Another contributing cause has been various ill-advised reclamation projects. Reclamation has accomplished much good, providing homes and productive lands for thousands of sett'ers. But it, too, was carried too far, until it became a frenzied campaign, the slogan of which might well have been Drain Half the Earth and Flood the Rest, and it became the fashion to dam every stream and mountain lake and drain every bit of marsh and swamp land regardless of cost or consequence, with the result that there are now well over 10,000 untenanted reclaimed farms and ranches, deserted by the settlers either because of too high a cost of water for the land, for draining the water from the land, or because the land itself was unproductive regardless of cost. Many lakes have been dammed, hundreds of thousands of acres of swamps and marsh lands drained to no purpose save cost to the people, ruin to the settlers and destruction of the habitats of vast numbers of game, game birds, food fishes and fur-bearing animals. With all those thousands of deserted farms, it might be well to halt this headlong campaign till settlement overtakes promotion.

Through all these various causes our wild life has been depleted to the point where there are now millions of robins, bobolinks, larks, woodpeckers, snow buntings and other song and insectivorous birds slaughtered annually for meat. There is insufficient space here to enlarge upon the economic value of birds, but a few points will illustrate the fact that their conservation is not a matter of sentimentality, but one of vital necessity. There is well above $1,000,000,000 of damage inflicted upon the agricultural interests of the country annually by insects. Tens of millions of dollars are spent annually in fighting insect pests. Everywhere we hear of the encroachment of devastating insect hordes: the boll weevil, the potato bug and grasshopper, invasions of moths, caterpillars, beetles, cutworms, cankerworms, Hessian flies, fruit flies and plant lice. On every hand men are fighting the inroads of these pests with spraying apparatus, with torches, nets and fumigating appliances, with poison pastes and powders. Crews of men are busily engaged in cutting and burning areas of bug trees in our forests. Still, that appalling annual loss of more than $1,000,000,000 attributable to insect pests goes on.

Deer on the San Isabel National Forest, Colorado

Bird Scavengers

A single robin requires from eight to eleven ounces of insect food a day to keep life in its body—approximately its own weight. A pair of nesting robins then will consume not less than a pound of insects a day, or 210 pounds during the seven months they remain in the breeding grounds. This is exclusive of the insects consumed by the two broods of young birds they will rear during the nesting season.

I quote from works of Dr. W. T. Hornaday, bulletins of the Biological Survey and from other sources a few proved facts as to insect destruction by various birds.

A quail has been known to consume 84 grasshoppers, 100 chinch bugs, 568 mosquitoes and 24 other insects in three hours! At other single meals 1350 flies and 1286 rose slugs were consumed.

Meadow larks, orioles, swallows, flycatchers, warblers, woodpeckers and hundreds of other birds, all voracious eaters, can boast of an insect diet ranging from 65 to 95 per cent of their total food requirements.

The stomachs of two pine siskins contained 1900 black olive scales and 300 plant lice. One nighthawk ate 340 grasshoppers and 58 other bugs at a meal; and so on indefinitely. Consider, then, that there are not less than 150 pairs of nesting birds to the average section of cultivated land and the enormous poundage of insects and larvæ consumed by them daily. This feathered army is always on the hunt, some on the ground and some of the long-billed varieties prospecting beneath the ground; others in the bushes, hunting in the trees, examining every leaf and bit of bark; still others on the hunt in the air above. Without the assistance of these feathered hosts, the agriculturist would be helpless. The birds of any farm or orchard consume more insects in a single day than a man could destroy with all his sprays, torches, smudges, and so on,

A Black Bear, Saw Bill Ranger Station, Superior National Forest, Minnesota

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in a week of hard labor. Without them, in fact, he would be put out of business, since the insect hordes would make agriculture impossible.

This has been proved by actual instances within the last two decades. The birds were shot out of certain districts in New South Wales and the land that had been won over from the bush and put in crops was entirely devastated by insects within a few years after the disappearance of the birds. The settlers entirely deserted one area of thirty square miles. So it appears that the conservation of song birds, too, is a matter of sound economic importance and not a matter of mere sentiment.

One illustration will serve to show that, even in their present state of depletion, the game and the fur are economic assets of no mean importance.

The hunters of the state of Pennsylvania bagged 18,435,294 pounds of game meat during 1921. Placing the value of that meat at twenty-five cents a pound, less than the price of domestic meat, it had an actual food value of $4,608,823.50 to the people of the state. The actual cash return of the 1921 catch of fur in Pennsylvania was $2,500,000. A survey taken not by the idealists but by practical men from actual statistics places the figure of $7,500,000 as the annual return to the people of the state of Pennsylvania from its wild life. That is an annual yield of 7.5 per cent on $100,000,000.

The food-producing livestock of the state, including even poultry and bees, was valued at only $120,000,000 for the same year by the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.

Consider, then, if one thickly populated state derives an annual benefit of $7,500,000 from its wild life, exclusive of fish and the protective work of song birds, to just what figures the value of our total remaining wild life of the nation will attain. Consider further what it constituted in the days when the whole country was swarming with a score of varieties of game birds whose numbers could be figured in billions, when big-game animals ranged in tens of millions—when 11,880,000 birds of one variety could be shipped from one town in forty days!

The Inevitability Hoax

We have been led into all this criminal waste under the phony banner of practicality and the pressing necessity for the development of our natural resources. They have not been developed, but destroyed—looted, sacked, frittered away. Yet the conservationists who have fought for moderation and perpetuation have been cried down as sentimental obstructionists.

There is no adequate reason why we should not still have a supply of wild game that in abundance and variety should be at least relatively proportionate to our present supply of fish—no reason save that we wasted it. There are current among us a number of moth-eaten platitudes explanatory of the disappearance of our wild life, each tending to maintain the illusion that it was inevitable in the natural course of events and so not in the least attributable to our own apathy and shortsightedness. One hears: "The game must always go as civilization advances." "The game must go to make room for the stock industry." "Game and fur-bearing animals cannot exist as the country becomes populated."

We accept those utterances as true because they have been fulfilled, but we have not questioned the necessity of their fulfilment. The inevitability of it is sheer rot. Every such statement is 80 per cent fallacious.

The game and the fur are largely gone, but they did not have to go. The beaver was cleaned from the Western streams a full half century before that part of his habitat was even inhabited by the white men. After three-quarters of a century of beaverless streams, civilization has taken over the beaver's old range; and now, throughout the Western mountain states, the beaver are gradually coming back and may soon reach the point of relative abundance where we shall see their pelts once more become an item of considerable economic importance. New York State is both civilized and populated, yet beaver have once more become very abundant there. Pennsylvania is likewise settled, but there were 4840 buck deer and 510 bears killed in that state in 1921. There were 8293 buck deer and 189 bears killed in the state of New York in 1918.

Big Game in the East

Incidentally, New York State has protected its fur-bearing animals until they are on the increase. The otter is now very rare in all the Western mountain states, even in the wilder parts, and largely extinct throughout the Middle West. The fisher is likewise becoming very scarce. Yet there were 591 otter and 396 fisher trapped in New York State in 1918. There are 50,000 deer in that state. The area of Massachusetts is small, as states go, and it has been both civilized and settled for some time; yet there was a total of 13,081 deer killed legally and reported by the hunters of that state during the ten-year period from 1910 to 1920. Vermont is likewise small in area, and long since civilized and populated; yet in 1915 there were 6042 deer killed legally in that state.

Such illustrations of even big game and the larger fur-bearing animals that are taken annually in those centers that are most thickly populated and among the first-settled localities in America stand as an eternal refutation of that apathetic, advancing-civilization, inevitability hoax in extenuation of the disappearance of our wild life. There was no inevitability about the loss of our forests, our fur and our game except the inevitable consequences of individual greed, public credulity and apathy and official shortsightedness.

Up to the present paragraph this article has dealt chiefly with the waste of the past without mention of the cure. There is a remedy. It is no miraculous cure-all that will bring the dead to life, restore our extinct species of birds and animals to the face of the earth in all their former numbers and regrow our rifled forests overnight. It is a remedy, however, that if applied with persistence and common sense will go far toward relieving the present generations of Americans from the consequences of the wasteful shortsightedness of the past.

The state of Pennsylvania furnishes a shining example of what can be accomplished in a short space of time if the sportsmen and outdoor population of a community will loyally support the efforts of practical conservationists in their behalf.

Pennsylvania became practically gameless almost half a century ago. The hunters and trappers of the state still stood on their fancied rights as free-born American citizens to take everything that walked or

(Continued on Page 149)

Ptarmigan in the Montezuma National Forest, Colorado

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Every major automobile race since Decoration Day, 1922, has been won by a car equipped with PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* Piston Rings.

And in this year's 500-mile race at Indianapolis, all ten of the winning cars were PERFECT CIRCLE equipped.

Between the rigid tests of leading automotive engineers and the exacting demands of the great race drivers, PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings have gone through one of the most thorough tests ever given any product—and emerged triumphant.

Who Uses Perfect Circles?

You may judge the magnitude of PERFECT CIRCLE success by the following list of manufacturers, who endorse and use the PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* Piston Ring as standard equipment:

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Franklin
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Nash 131
Rickenbacker 8
Moon
Flint 6-40
Davis
Auburn
Haynes
Cunningham
Miller Specials
Elcar 6
McFarlan SV
Apperson
Columbia
Dort 6
Gray-Dort 6
Kissel
Anderson
Courier
Henney
Stephens
Elgin
American
—and by 42 leading truck and bus manufacturers

How It Works—In Old Cars As Well As New

The PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* Piston Ring is unlike any other ring. It is simple and positive. It works under all conditions. It has no complicated parts—it is a one-piece ring. And immediately you see it you understand how it works.

A groove is cut in the face of the ring, midway between the edges, and is slotted through at intervals. Holes are drilled through the piston back of the ring. The groove collects the oil and distributes it evenly over the cylinder wall. Surplus oil, instead of going on up into the combustion chamber, to become troublesome carbon, passes through the slots and holes and drains back into the crankcase to be used over and over again. Only one PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring is used on each piston—in the lower ring groove.

From coast to coast motorists have found new joy and satisfaction in their cars by having garagemen install PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings. These rings seldom fail to give users 1000 miles or more to the gallon of oil—they increase the life of cylinder walls through proper lubrication—they stop oil pumping.

PERFECT CIRCLES are sold almost everywhere by leading jobbers, accessory stores, repairmen, and car dealers. Packed individually in red-brown packages, sealed at the factory. Complete instructions in each package.

INDIANA PISTON RING CO., HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA, U. S. A.
J. H. TEETOR, *President* C. N. TEETOR, *Vice President & General Manager*

PERFECT CIRCLE
Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

(Continued from Page 146

flew, that wore fin, fur or feathers, without the payment of a license fee or the restrictions of closed seasons. That may have been all right, and granting that their contention was a proper one, theirs was an empty honor, for there was nothing left for them to shoot. The foreign population persisted in the slaughter of song and insectivorous birds.

Several men, under the leadership of John M. Phillips, undertook to remedy this deplorable state of affairs and at first met every opposition from the very sportsmen whose interests they were endeavoring to serve.

As early as the middle 80's, John Phillips turned his energies toward forest, fish, fur and game conservation and attempted to enlist the support of his fellow sportsmen, but with small success. He persisted, but it was only in the year 1913 that he succeeded in procuring the passage of a resident-hunters' license law to raise funds for game restocking and protection. Since that time the practical results of his efforts have been increasingly successful.

The game and fur-bearing animals of the state received adequate protection, proper laws were rigidly enforced and a comprehensive restocking program was instituted. It was not Phillips' idea that but a few should benefit, but to make the sport available for all, and to send the people of the state back to the outdoors once more. This necessitated the purchase of various tracts of land to be operated as permanent game refuges, while the surrounding territory should be public hunting grounds.

His work has proved an assured success. The game and fur of Pennsylvania, depleted to the vanishing point, has been brought back. More than thirty permanent game refuges have been established. Today there are 750,000 of Pennsylvania's population that have been sent back to the outdoors and now go afield annually with camera, rod and gun, for there is now fish, fur and game in plenty. There is good quail, squirrel, rabbit, duck, goose and shore-bird shooting in Pennsylvania. During the 1921 open season the gunners bagged close to 500,000 ruffed grouse and thousands of pheasants, 4840 buck deer, 510 bear, 4654 wild turkeys by actual count of game wardens, in addition to millions of the lesser creatures. The 1921 catch of fur brought $2,500,000. There is now an open season on elk.

The cost of all this, including the purchase of the game refuges, the purchase of game for restocking purposes, for services of wardens and game-refuge keepers, the predatory animal corps, the bounty system, reimbursement to farmers for crop damage inflicted by game, and so on, has been derived solely from the sportsmen's license fees except for the fines assessed against law violators and other minor items.

Conservation and Restocking

The old days have come back in Pennsylvania. John Phillips has led the sportsmen of the state back to days of plenty over their own protest. Now they are back of him to a man.

Pennsylvania is also checking stream pollution. The state is reforesting 10,000 square miles of waste land, and the nurseries at penal institutions and other points are producing 20,000,000 young forest trees annually for this work and for free distribution among landowners who are reforesting their woodlots.

One other notable incident of what can be accomplished by restocking is furnished by the state of Vermont. The deer of that state had been wholly exterminated prior to 1875. In that year several sportsmen imported thirteen deer from the Adirondacks and liberated them. By 1897 this original stock had increased to the point where a short open season was declared and 103 deer were killed. In 1909 there were 4597 deer killed legally in the state and 6042 killed in 1915. A total of 44,286 deer were killed in Vermont from 1897 to 1920.

Those two instances show what can be accomplished. There lies the remedy. Any state can duplicate the achievement with the game that is native to its locality.

A score of societies, leagues and associations of national scope are working ceaselessly along lines that will do for the nation what John Phillips did for Pennsylvania.

The Izaak Walton League, led by Will D. Dilg, its founder and president, has recently procured the passage of a bill creating a permanent fish-and-wild-life refuge along 300 miles of the Upper Mississippi. Furs to the extent of $400,000 are taken annually in this area. In 1921 the commercial food fishes within its boundaries brought $503,258. The trade in mussels reached the figure of $104,548. Experts testify to the fact that these three items can be increased tenfold by proper conservation methods. No attempt has been made to estimate the value of the tens of thousands of wild fowl and game birds that nest there annually. The area is the greatest spawning ground for black bass in the world and the overflow stocks the streams of Minnesota and Wisconsin. The value of the 1921 catch of game fish in Minnesota was $2,125,000. That of Wisconsin was $3,000,000. In six years there were 659,041,000 game fishes taken from this refuge and shipped to thirty states for restocking purposes. But a relatively small proportion was black bass; yet the black bass that were shipped from here, if produced in artificial hatcheries and raised to the same size, would have sold for $16,000,000.

In the face of all this there have been repeated efforts to drain this area under the delusion that some of it would make farmland! Dilg and the Izaak Walton League rendered an everlasting benefit to the American public when they fought it out and procured the passage of that bill which will preserve that area intact as a heritage for our sons and daughters.

To Regulate the Fur Trade

David C. Mills is endeavoring to line up the fur industry as a whole in the interest of conservation. The fur trade estimates the annual retail turnover of manufactured fur products in the United States at $500,000,000. There are 14,000 manufacturing furriers in the United States. There are hundreds of big raw-fur concerns. Every village and every crossroads settlement has one or more citizens who derive at least a part of their livelihood from the trade in furs. There are scores of tanneries and hundreds of taxidermist concerns where furs are dressed; hundreds of thousands of professional trappers or farm boys who trap annually. All these, together with those engaged in the wholesale and retail handling of manufactured fur articles, constitute a vast number of our citizens whose livelihood is more or less dependent upon the fur industry. The urging of proper conservation and the perpetuation of the supply of fur bearers certainly do not have to rest their cause on sentimentality alone.

Mr. Mills' program is too exhaustive to detail here in its entirety, but it includes provisions for regulating all the abuses of the trade. It condemns methods of taking fur which lead to the destruction of the habitat of fur bearers. It would restrict raw-fur dealers in the purchase of any variety of pelts within states where those certain species are protected by law on account of their scarcity. He is endeavoring to have the quotations for unprime skins stricken from the millions of price lists that are sent out annually to the trappers from the raw-fur dealers, and he is urging the dealers flatly to refuse to purchase unprime skins at any cost. If the trade will stand pat on this last item it will put a stop to the nation-wide practice of trapping too early and too late and thus placing from 15 to 20 per cent of the catch on the market in unprime and practically worthless condition. Fur bearers increase enormously under any sort of protection, and the animals that are now taken annually in an unprime condition, if left for breeding stock, would not decrease the value of the annual catch by more than 5 per cent, but would increase the supply 50 per cent inside of five years.

Mills knows this, and if the trade will heed his counsel it will better itself materially and will receive the support of conservation interests everywhere.

The Game Refuge-Public Shooting Ground Bill, fathered by John Burnham and supported by the American Game Protective and Propagation Society, is a splendid effort to duplicate on a nation-wide scale the system that has produced such remarkable results in Pennsylvania.

The forest service has signified its desire to establish game refuges with surrounding areas for public shooting throughout the more than 500,000,000 acres of our national forests if the various states will cooperate.

The Bureau of Biological Survey is on record in favor of instituting the same system throughout the 700,000,000 acres of our public domain.

THE WARMTH OF PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Double-wear clothes of pure virgin wool!

TOG your rough-and-tumble youngster in a Jacobs Oregon City suit. Fit him with an overcoat or mackinaw bearing the same virgin wool label. You need not pay dearly for "Sunday-best" style plus "every-day" wear!

Each garment is pure virgin wool. And the vigor of virgin wool is a sure match for energies of active boys! Virgin wool, you know, is new fleece with all its strength and "life." Mere "all wool," on the other hand, often contains reworked wool, known as "shoddy."

From 100 per cent new fleece we weave our fabrics. We tailor them into sturdy, clean-cut styles. Trim suits with belted coats and two pairs of knickers. "Weather-pal" mackinaws. Smart overcoats, with latest fashion touches, for boys, youths and young men.

Virgin Wool Clothes for Boys

Suits
Overcoats
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See our virgin woolens in your city

The fit, warmth and comfort of Jacobs Oregon City clothes will delight your boy. The double-wear of pure virgin wool will amaze you! And marked economy will swell *your* satisfaction—for Oregon City clothes are moderately priced.

Our label heralds a reputation for integrity won through sixty years of woolencraft. It is your guarantee of both fabric and garment. Write for story booklet of the great wool country. Oregon City Woolen Mills. Established 1864 by I. and R. Jacobs. Mills and tailoring shops at Oregon City, Oregon.

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

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WHEN you buy golf clubs bearing the MACGREGOR name you are investing in *performance* and *service*. You get many times what you actually pay.

Each MACGREGOR club is an *individual creation*—a club built in the hands of Golfer-Workmen whose club-building skill is enhanced by an intimate knowledge of what the club must do.

In the fashioning of head and shaft, they give to their work those skillful, personal touches of refinement which machines can never hope to duplicate. In the finished club they secure, by careful and devoted effort, that harmonious blending of parts which results in the highest perfection of balance, rhythm and "feel".

This embodiment of the Golfer-Workman's individuality in MACGREGOR clubs results not only in the highest attainment in playing qualities but also enables you to select from your Pro's or Dealer's stock those clubs which possess just the degree of "whip", just the "feel" that suits you best.

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The club shown above is the MASTER Model. It, like all MACGREGOR clubs, was developed as the result of play by our workmen on our own course.

See the complete line of MACGREGOR clubs and balls at your Pro's or Dealer's. Write us for any or all of the following free literature

1—General Catalog
2—Rule & Score Book
3—Booklet—"Golf, the Game of Games (an introduction to golf)
4—Booklet—"Stepping Stones to a Golf Course" (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course)

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON O MACGREGORS

Dr. W. T. Hornaday, president of the Permanent Wild Life Protective Fund, has made an estimate of the possibilities of producing deer under such protection, taking his figures from the known deer population and annual take of deer in the few thickly settled Eastern states where such a system is now in operation. Considering the hundreds of millions of acres of cut-over lands in the North, South and Middle West, and the vast areas of our Rocky Mountain states, all largely covered with excellent browse for deer and largely useless for any other purposes, he states that 2,000,000 deer can be produced annually throughout the nation as a whole, without lessening other annual production to an extent greater than $50,000. This production can be secured with no other expense than the funds from hunters' licenses, the same as it is now financed in the states previously mentioned.

Those estimates have been based on actual deer production, actual reduction of other revenues attributable to the presence of the deer and the actual cost of financing down to the last cent over known areas of considerable dimensions, coupled with surveys of food conditions, and so on, in the other localities where this same system could be put in operation. Cut the estimate in half and we may still have a tremendous annual production of deer.

This is only one animal. Consider, then, the billions of lesser game animals and upland game birds, turkeys, quail, woodcock, prairie chicken and grouse of several varieties that we could produce under a nation-wide system such as has proved out in Pennsylvania.

If we start now, there is no adequate reason why we cannot soon reach the point where game will be relatively as abundant as our supply of fish; why we cannot double our annual production of fur within ten years, and still further increase our supply of commercial and game fishes, preserve the present remnant of our timber supply and reforest as we go. But we must start at once. Next year or the next it will be just that much more difficult, and the next year may prove to be just too late.

This article has dealt almost exclusively with the economic side of conservation not for the reason that that phase of it is the most important but to dispel the popular illusion that it is a matter of sentimentality. Conservation, in any of its branches, can rest its case exclusively on the dollar mark and the decimal point. Don't think it cannot!

But there is also the other side. There is the recreational benefit that accrues to tens of millions of our citizens annually. It is estimated from licenses and other sources of census that there are more than 7,500,000 men, women and children who fish our inland and coastal waters every year; two-thirds that number who go afield with rifle or shotgun; millions who tour our national parks and camp in our national forests, state parks, public domain, and so on.

Conservation Societies

There was a recreation and conservation conference held in Washington during the latter part of May. It was a move toward tightening the bands of coöperation between all those forces whose general aims are the same so that their efforts might be more effectively directed, whether their purposes were sentimental, recreational or commercial, whether their chief interests centered on forest or fish conservation, wild life or wilderness playgrounds, commercial fishing or saving the song birds; it was an effort not to merge but to coöperate along all lines and to work with the forest service, national-park service, Bureau of Biological Survey, Bureau of Fisheries and other governmental branches devoted to conservation.

Right now is the time for you to help! If your fancy inclines toward tree conservation, join the Save the Redwoods League, or some other similar association. If you don't care about a tree as a tree, remember that there are emphatic economic reasons for conserving our timber supply in addition to the fact that trees conserve the moisture that feeds our springs, lakes and rivers.

It may be that you have no desire to follow a stream and cast bait or lure into the waters for the sport of catching fish; but you do enjoy eating them, so think of your stomach. If you don't eat them it is possible that you will object to stream pollution for sanitary reasons. In any event, join the Izaak Walton League or help in its fight to check stream pollution.

You should be proud of the national-park system, including as it does the most marvelous scenes and recreational attractions in the world today, features enjoyed by 6,500,000 of our citizens in the past six years, vacationists, campers, trippers and sight-seers. If that part does not interest you it might be well to recall that there are sound economic reasons for retaining the national parks intact. Last year the tourists spent $6,500,000 in and around the Yellowstone Park in a few months, more than $1850 for every mile of the 3500 square miles of its area—more cash money dumped there in three months than could be produced by cutting the last tree, damming the last lake, killing the last head of game and grazing the last flower and spear of grass from the hills. So help the National Parks Association to protect our parks from local interests that would rifle every one for individual gain while lifting their phony clamor that it is an urgent public necessity.

Perhaps you might incline toward the Boone and Crockett Club, the American Canoeing Association, the Campfire Club of America, or some other. There is one to suit your taste. You might enlist in helping the American Bison Society and the American Antelope Society and the Permanent Wild Life Protective Fund to save the antelope from extinction.

Everybody's Job

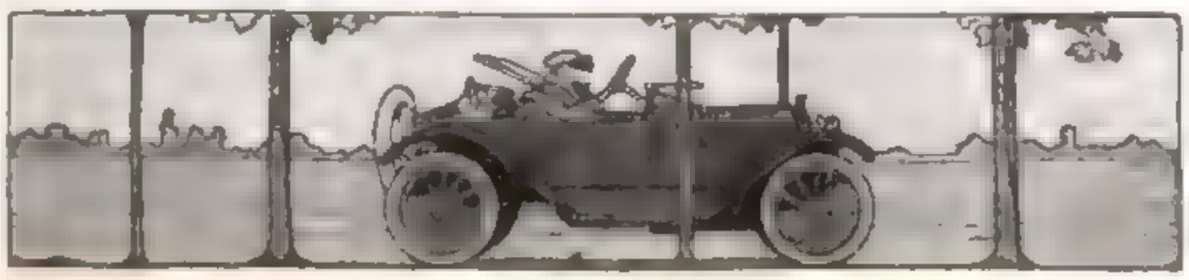
If you would see the game, fur and all wild life as abundant throughout the nation as it is in Pennsylvania, lend your support to John Burnham and the American Game Protective and Propagation Society in their efforts to procure the passage of the Game Refuge-Public Shooting Ground Bill.

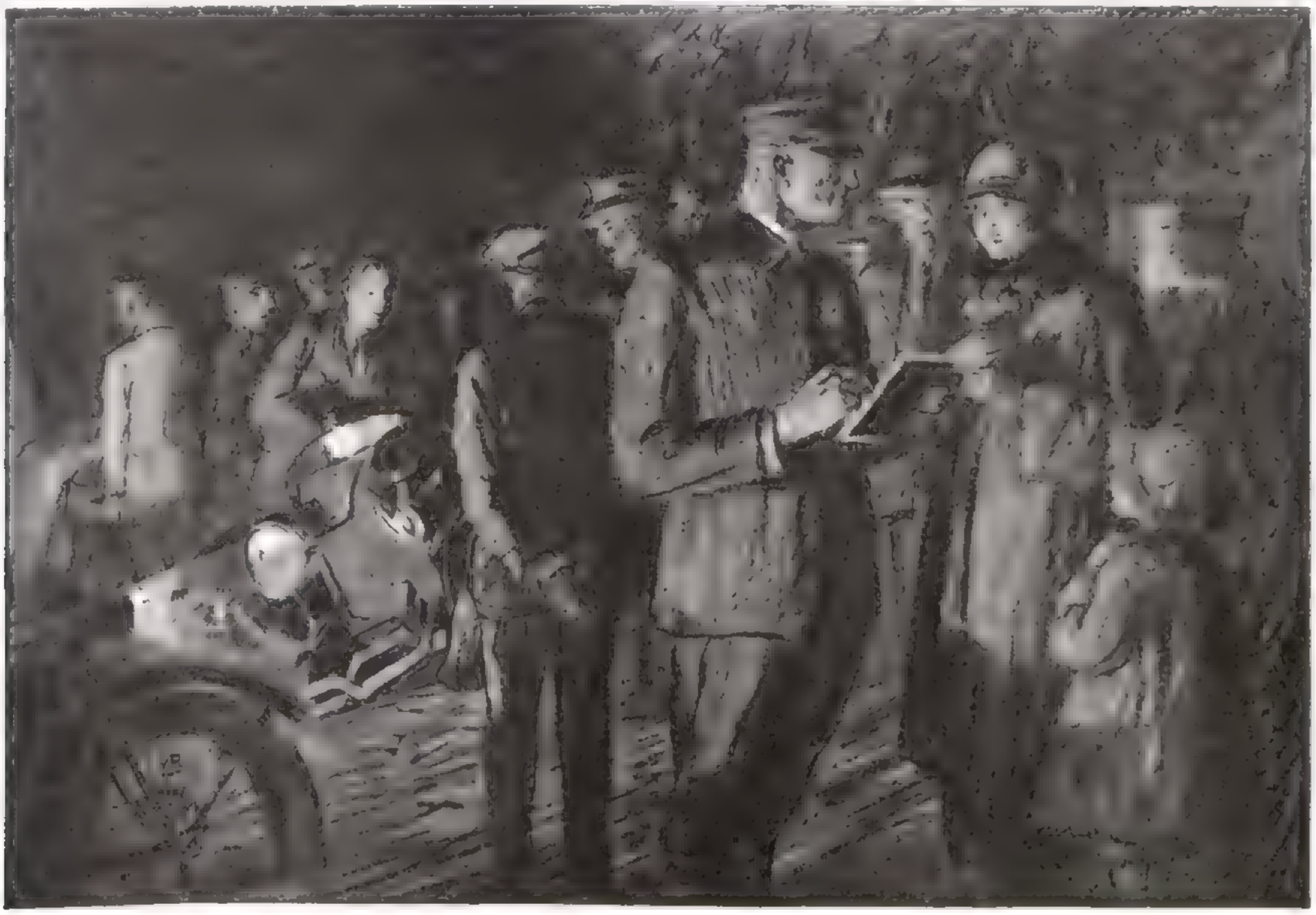
If you would protect the robin because it has a red breast and a cheery song, join the Audubon Society. If you care not for either of those reasons, recall that each robin eats a half pound of insects daily on your lawn and saves you the price of Paris green.

In any event, help all you can, along any line that suits your taste, and refuse longer to swallow that practical-development-advancing-civilization-inevitability medicine that has been fed to us in quieting doses while our outdoors has been looted of all that is worth while.

There may be some American citizen who can find that he has no interest whatsoever in any of these matters for himself. But he has a son or a daughter, or there is still a chance that he will have one. Unless he helps to save what is left, it will one day fall to his lot to look into his eyes of his son and speak thus:

"My boy, you are an American, of which you should be proud. I bequeath to you our great land, which we love so well. I hand the heritage to you as my father passed it down to me—but altered and developed a bit. Our forests, of course, have been cut to the last tree, the last head of game has been shot from the hills, the last birds from the fields, and the streams no longer furnish fish and fur. Our vast public domain has been fed to the gravel and is swiftly becoming a desert. The national parks are shot to hell. So stay in town, my son, and don't stray beyond the pavement. But if you do venture out, remember this: Don't go near the water. Our once-crystal streams are leprous now. Should you go to the old swimming hole your feet will mire in bottomless slime and sewage, while the poisonous fumes assail your nostrils. All this is yours, my son, your heritage—the great outdoors of America."





THE flash and glare of swiftly moving headlights; the necessity of switching from dim to bright; the menace of insufficient and misdirected beams of light—all combine to make night driving hazardous.

This danger is due entirely to conditions brought about by the use of headlights which make it impossible for the human eye to see correctly.

E & J Type 20 Headlights correct these conditions in a scientific way by casting light that approximates daylight on the road.

In daytime your range of vision is extended or shortened at will, depending upon the speed of your car, but in driving at night such a flexible range of vision is not possible except with E & J Type 20 Headlights.

They project a full and constant flood of uniform light hundreds of feet ahead, confined to a pattern the width of the road and ditch. There are no bright spots or shadows on the road to confuse the eye.

You never need to dim E & J Type 20 Headlights. The amber filters keep the glare from the eyes of approaching motorists.

Why endanger yourself, your passengers and others any longer? E & J Type 20 Headlights take the tension out of night driving and meet the law in every state. Above all, they provide for the first time safe and scientifically correct road illumination.

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"... he was blinded by the Other Fellow's Headlights!"

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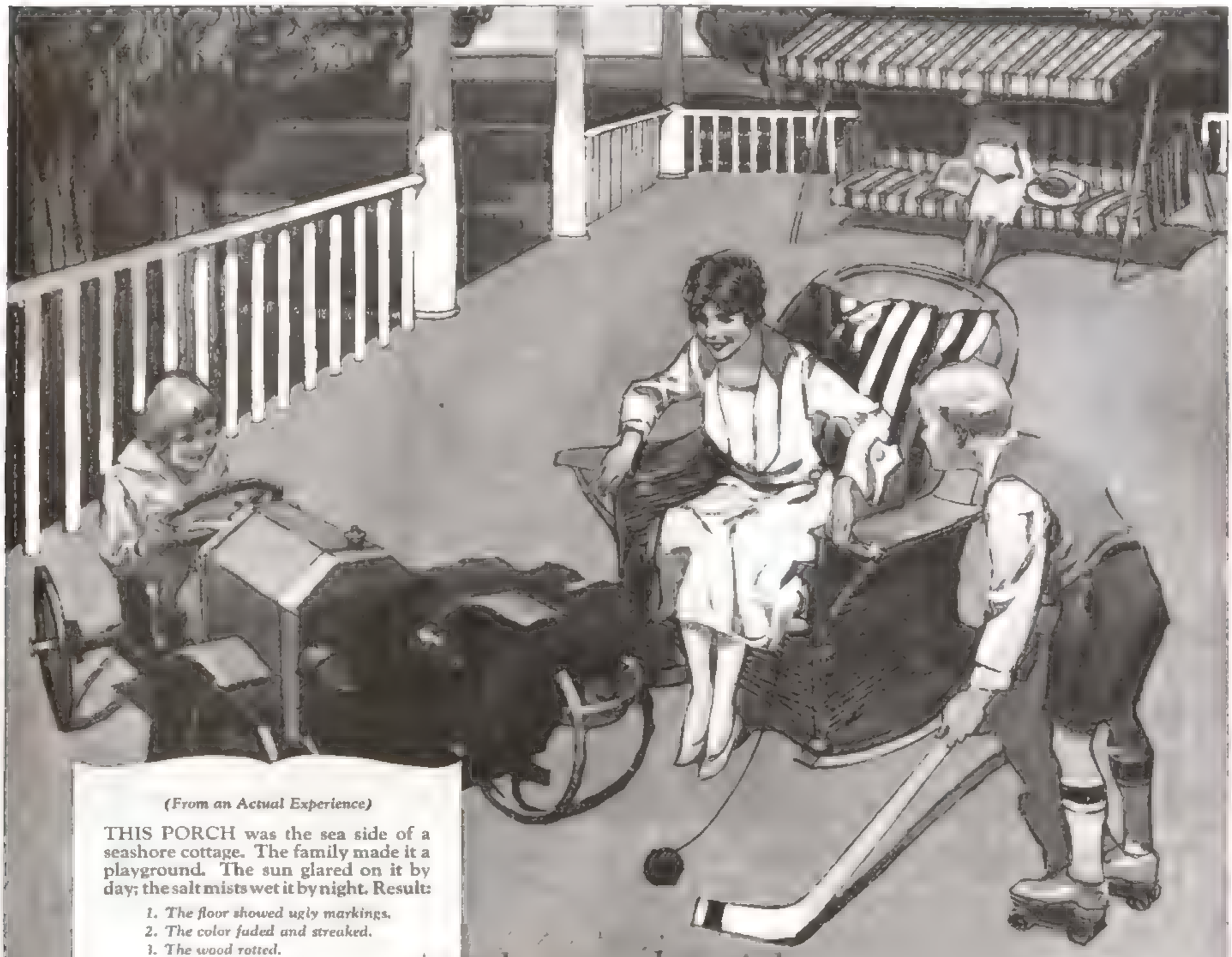

(From an Actual Experience)

THIS PORCH was the sea side of a seashore cottage. The family made it a playground. The sun glared on it by day; the salt mists wet it by night. Result:

1. *The floor showed ugly markings.*
2. *The color faded and streaked.*
3. *The wood rotted.*

the owner then tried

The *Liquid* Floor Covering

At the end of the first summer, the color was still fresh and uniform. No unsightly mars showed. Rotting had stopped.

This extraordinary product is Koverflor. Koverflor comes in a form similar to that of paint; it is applied like paint. Its outstanding quality is its remarkable ability to resist wear and tear. Use Koverflor on all floors subject to hard usage—whether inside or outside, whether of wood or cement. It keeps wood from decaying, cement from disintegrating and dusting.

Hardware and paint dealers handle Koverflor. If unable to secure it conveniently, we will supply you direct.

Koverflor is being adopted everywhere for floors in

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KOVERFLOR

WHAT BECOMES OF THE RICH MAN'S INCOME?

(Continued from Page 14)

down, sandbagged, walked on, sat upon, flattened out and squeezed by our income tax, the supertax, the excess-profits tax, war loans, war bonds, war-savings certificates, the automobile tax and by every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can invent to extract what I may or may not have in my possession by the Red Cross, Blue Cross, Saint Dunstan's, the Children's Home, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Belgian Relief, the Austrian Relief, the Black Cross, the Double Cross and every hospital in the town or country.

"The Government has governed my business so that I do not know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and reëxamined, informed, required and commanded, so that I don't know who I am or why I am here at all. All that I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race; and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about and held up, robbed and damn near ruined, and the only reason why I am clinging to life now is to see what will happen next."

My object is not to defend any more than it is to attack the man of wealth, but rather to find out what becomes of his possessions. The two letters which have been reproduced afford a good starting point, despite their bias. For they both recognize the fact, so commonly overlooked, that the rich man's income is not by any means wholly a spendable one.

How much of it is spent upon himself and how much in other ways is the question we are investigating. But it is clear that to the extent to which taxes, philanthropies and investments reduce the total, a man's wealth is forced by so much into the public service.

He may be without noble instincts, he may be as mean as sin itself; but unless he can find ways of merely spending or hoarding his income, he is compelled by the inexorable force of circumstances to devote it largely to the public good. Aside from hoarding, which is a small factor, there are only four ways of disposing of wealth, and three of them are almost wholly in the general interest.

Surely a moment's thought shows that when we speak with indignation or envy of the incomes of the rich we really think of spendable, not absolute figures. We have in mind fine clothes, country estates, automobiles, travel and steam yachts. We do not think of the unqualified numerical incomes which are pure abstractions. We feel no indignation or envy at the taxes which the rich pay, at their large gifts to charity, or even because of the securities which stand in their names.

Mr. Hershey on Giving

The man of wealth enjoys his power more than his yacht. But does anyone suppose that the people as a whole envy that power or are really very indignant about it? Nearly a year ago M. S. Hershey, the chocolate manufacturer, gave away a large sum for the care of orphan boys. The gift was made in the form of securities, and newspapers said, on what authority I do not know, that their value at the time was $60,000,000. In any case, the donor was asked by a reporter how it felt to give away such a large sum.

"Why, I'll tell you," he was quoted as saying. "When you get used to having a lot of money and handling it, you don't seem to notice these things particularly. It's just a matter of signing papers and things like that."

There are certain types of labor leaders, professors of economics and sociology, parlor pinks and socialist organizers, who grow very red in the face at the outrage involved in a mere private citizen having such a batch of securities to give away. But the joy or the boredom, whichever it is, in being able to sign one's name to that many stock certificates arouses no response among the masses of the people at large.

Maggie Murphy, who takes in washing, thinks such wealth is scandalous and should be prohibited; but mainly because she envies the fine clothes which a Mrs. Hershey or a Mrs. Rockefeller, if there be such, are able to buy. Jake Blimpski, who works in the steel mill, feels even more strongly but at the bottom of his attitude you will find resentment and heartache because he hasn't yet been able to afford a stripped flivver like that enjoyed by Jim, who works near him.

Nor is the attitude of people higher in the scale essentially different. The doctor in Hartford, Connecticut, and the hardware store owner in Elkhart, Indiana, they or any other typical citizens, disapprove of or envy wealth greater than their own, not because they recognize any joy in the sheer abstract possession of its paper representatives, but for the very simple reason that those richer than themselves can buy more luxuries than they.

Socialist ranting to the contrary notwithstanding, I do not believe the people as a whole think in the abstract theoretical terms of power. But they think very hard, pointedly and heatedly at times, in terms of the rich man's material possessions, of what he can and they cannot buy. As Professor Seligman has said, in speaking of the high supertaxes, the masses instinctively favor these punitive rates for the reason that "some of the rich waste large sums on luxuries."

Mr. Tilden's Speech

Thus it becomes of the first order of importance to discover, if possible, how much of their incomes the rich do waste in luxuries and extravagant expenditures.

"It is a well-known fact," says Secretary Mellon, "that most people of great wealth use a comparatively small amount of their incomes for their and their families' personal physical needs."

"The rich man can spend only a relatively small sum of money unproductively or selfishly," says Otto H. Kahn, a New York banker. "The money that is in his power actually to waste is exceedingly limited."

Similar assertions have been made very frequently indeed, and in considerable detail, by George E. Roberts, former director of the mint, one-time Chicago bank president and now vice president of one of the larger New York banks. Nor are these protestations confined to incomes of $1,000,000 or more; like statements are made as to incomes of a few hundred thousand.

"In reply to your inquiry regarding the use made as to incomes of $150,000 and $200,000," writes a well-known philanthropist, who also is interested in public life and whose income is probably in the class referred to, "I think that most men spend only a small fraction of such incomes on themselves and their pleasures."

Samuel J. Tilden, presiding at a dinner given in 1877 to Junius S. Morgan, father of J. P. Morgan the elder, said, in referring to "these men whom we see around us, the owners and manufacturers of colossal capital, associated together in great corporations": "When we come to the small fractions which the owners or managers of these great capitals are able to apply to their personal use, or to lay up for such use, the first thing that strikes one is that they cannot even carry a carpetbag on their long journey to that bourne from which no traveler returns."

But the poor also take no carpetbag with them, and during the span of their equally short lives are forced to go without much that the rich are able to buy.

It is true, no doubt, as the writer sought in detail to show in a preceding article, and as the one-time Democratic candidate for President so much more eloquently explained in his after-dinner speech of nearly fifty years ago, that the captains of industry take for themselves but a fraction of what they produce for the public; that in the main, to use Mr. Tilden's words, "these men . . . have an illusion that they are working for themselves. . . . But I assert they are chiefly working . . . on behalf of the public."

But that fraction, such as it is, is the cause of infinite envy and social discontent. Even if the maker of a new storage battery creates hundreds of millions of new national wealth, his services to the nation will

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shortly be forgotten, if out of his share of a few millions a portion goes into extravagant expenditure and display.

Besides, the mere assertion that the rich man spends very little of his income upon himself carries no conviction. It is contrary to the popular conception, which can think of riches only in terms of fast motor cars, yachts, fine houses and the like.

Regarding the size of the portion or segment of their incomes which rich men, on the average and in the aggregate, are in the habit of squandering and misusing, we are not yet ready to speak. But every reader of this article knows, every man, woman and child knows, that individual cases of glaring waste and luxury on the part of the rich are numerous.

To deny that such waste takes place, or that much demoralization and corruption go with it, seems to the writer to fly in the face of one of the best authenticated, most obvious and at least more important features of the existing social order.

The spendthrift, dissipated fool and his money, Coal Oil Johnny type of person is not confined to the rich, of course. The miner who has saved up his pay for a few months and goes to the nearest large town to blow in several hundred dollars in the course of an evening is common enough. The newspapers do not tell us much about the miner, however, while they do describe at length the gilded fool, whether young or old, regardless of whether his income has been acquired in the movies, by more prosaic methods of trade or through mere inheritance.

We are reminded by almost daily newspaper reading that, as Ruskin said, there are those eternally incapable of wealth. Nor, alas, can these accounts be lightly dismissed with that monotonous alibi of the unthinking—that newspapers can never be believed; for the reports to which I refer are extracted mostly from court proceedings.

Here is a Chicago highflyer, treasurer of a company founded by his father, legally adjudged a spendthrift, after running through a trifle of $1,350,000 in one year. Here is a woman applying to the court for more alimony from her husband. He says his income this year will not exceed $10,000; but she declares through her attorneys that they lived on a scale of $200,000 a year before they were separated.

Here is a mother urging the court not to permit her son to come into his estate, and the court agreeing that it would be unwise until the young man had found himself, but seeing no legal means of further withholding the money.

Sudden Wealth

There was the movie star, said at one time to have enjoyed the impressive income of $500,000 a year, whose pictures were stricken from the screen by force of public opinion, after carousings in hotel apartments had ended in violence and the sordid tragedy of the police courts.

Then there are the expenditures of the eccentric rich, or freaks of which there are no end. There is the woman who built a house of 100 rooms, most of them intended for spooks. There are men who build strange and unlovely but costly monuments to themselves, who spend $50,000 on changing the position of a fish pond, who breed queer animals. There are many who support odd and whimsical causes, who subsidize hopelessly inefficient publications, innocent of any excuse for existing.

There are those who contribute sums to political campaign funds so out of reason as to raise the sinister suspicion that improper favors are sought in return, or else that the donors are a little soft in the head. There are others who make loans of preposterous size to old friends, especially if these happen to be in office at the time. Still others pay legal fees that are fortunes in themselves, and obviously for talents that are more than any lawyer's.

It is an old saw that sudden wealth unbalances many recipients and drives them to folly or worse. I asked the president of one of the largest of the oil companies what becomes of the money received by persons who are suddenly enriched by petroleum.

"They lose it or go to the dogs," was his succinct reply.

But the newly rich are not the only ones who spend lavishly. A well-known yachtsman died in 1910, leaving a considerable fortune. Early this year his widow petitioned the court for an increased allowance for her sixteen-year-old son. It appears that the poor child had been getting only $15,000 a year from his father's estate, whereas his maintenance cost $21,695 a year. This included $420 for the board of a dog, $2500 for clothing and $350 for club dues, although goodness knows to what clubs a boy of sixteen is eligible!

In January of last year a woman who had been separated from her wealthy husband asked the court to increase the alimony or allowance from the $50,000 a year she had been receiving to $120,000. Through her lawyers she presented a detailed account of "necessary" expenditures, containing twenty-nine items, $123,380 in all. For clothing for one of her infant children she needed $2500; for food for herself, three children and servants, $16,500.

To her credit it may be said that one item of $3000 was for charity. But nowhere was anything included for income or any other taxes, and I hope the Intelligence Division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue did not fail to note the proceedings.

Three years ago, in Michigan, a probate judge granted to the widow of an automobile manufacturer permission to spend $500,000 a year on herself and two children. This was money to be spent—it should be underscored—not invested, unless the purchase of costly jewelry be considered an investment.

Such petitions are nearly always accompanied by a statement that the amount requested is necessary to maintain the petitioner "in a station of life in which he is entitled to move by virtue of the social position he now holds," or "live the life which is suitable for the wife and children of a man having the income of Mr. X."

The Lawyers' Pickings

Nor do we find only the suddenly enriched or the wives and children of the rich making unpleasant financial and social spectacles of themselves. There is the frequent expensive exhibition which the middle-aged or elderly capitalist presents when his dying love for the wife of his youth gives way to the flame engendered by a beautiful maiden from the chorus, and the affair becomes involved in litigation over large sums.

There is the gentleman whose marital affairs were so exhaustively aired in the papers, and who had inherited a considerable portion of one of the country's notable fortunes. When he objected to paying his wife increased alimony her lawyers replied that they had reason to believe that his income was close to $1,000,000 a year. Not so, replied his lawyers; at no time had it been so much; the average for several years was only $536,000.

Beaten on this point, the wife's attorneys countered, however, when they declared the husband had made gifts of at least $800,000 to the chorus girl corespondent in the course of a year or two. If any answer was made to this charge, it must have been rather feeble, because shortly thereafter the judge ordered the alimony increased to $90,000.

But even wives can be too grasping, for when this one further asked the court to grant her $20,000 additional of her former husband's money to pay counsel fees to oppose an appeal of the husband, who sought a reversal of the judge's decision denying him a divorce, the husband's attorneys remarked plaintively that with her income of $90,000 a year she ought to be able to pay her own lawyer's fees.

"An additional allowance of $10,000 would be more than enough," they added.

Then there is the founder of an impressively successful industry and fortune to match, with numerous children by a former marriage. A few years ago a well-known beauty sued him for breach of promise to the tune of $500,000. Shortly thereafter he married another woman, whom he is now suing for divorce.

This is no place to moralize on the problems of divorce. The rich are not the only culpable class in this respect. But there is no question but that ample means will buy a way into and out of marital entanglements, denied to those of leaner pocketbooks. The marital complications of a type of rich person cost very large sums, which are sheer economic as well as moral waste.

Double lives, love nests, divorce proceedings, alimony, breach-of-promise suits—all these are exceedingly expensive for the man of moderate means. But the rich man is naturally considered prey by the unscrupulous, and to defend his legitimate interests and rights against the blackmailer as well as to protect and retain his illegitimate pleasures, he must employ the very best, and therefore, speaking generally, the most expensive lawyers.

It seems at times as if a considerable portion of the conspicuously rich were endlessly engaged in the most costly and wasteful of litigation. There is presented a most curious phenomenon, and one which as yet no painstaking student of economics has approached—namely, the continuous creation of a new class of rich men, the big city lawyers, out of the never-ceasing quarrels among themselves on the part of those already rich.

Just think of the endless fees, said to amount to millions, paid out by a wealthy family over a very considerable period of years, to secure at all times the best possible legal status for one of its members whose sanity has so often been in question!

But entirely aside from the issue of personal morality or sanity, there is a never-ending economic waste of rich men's incomes in litigation. One of the otherwise most respected and sensible of great capitalists is said to have lost $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 in promoting a spite or grudge independent telephone company, started either because he could not get central with sufficient promptitude or because he found an overcharge in a fifty-cent telephone bill.

A conspicuous Chicago millionaire was sued for $1332 by a haberdasher, the item in question being 111 pairs of socks. Well, why not let him have his socks, even at that price? It is petty stuff at best. But more serious problems are presented when his sister sues him on the grounds of mismanaging an estate, said by the newspapers at least to have once amounted to $100,000,000.

Family troubles among the rich over money with charges of mismanagement or worse, brought against brothers by sisters, in reality no doubt by brothers-in-law, are far from uncommon. Bad investments made by the managers of large estates and mismanagement are not precisely the same thing as wasteful or extravagant expenditure. But huge sums are wasted in the litigation itself, and the mental and moral characteristics exhibited by the litigants must necessarily raise the question whether they are in all cases capable of wisely using wealth.

When the Heirs Quarrel

In one well-aired family quarrel the father left more than $80,000,000 to several children. A single legal move out of hundreds in this tangle brought briefs from thirty-five of the most expensive law firms in the country.

In another estate of about the same amount two sisters asked the court to compel their brothers as trustees to make up out of their own pockets losses of $8,000,000. Apparently the brothers had lost large sums; but on the other hand, the sisters' shares appeared to have gained $3,000,000 each under the brothers' management. Counsel for the brothers declared the sisters were willing to take any profits which came along, but wanted to saddle their brothers with all losses. In any case, the sisters were receiving incomes of about $800,000 a year each.

An eccentric millionaire left an estate of $20,000,000, mostly to his secretary. To his nephew he left only $250,000, and of course the nephew sued for more, although the will provided that he should be cut off entirely if he tried to break the will. After vainly employing twelve different lawyers, he found one who discovered some evidence which induced the secretary to compromise for $4,150,000.

Whereupon the lawyer sued the nephew for $325,000, asserting that the fee of $25,000 which he had received was pitifully inadequate. What would happen, cried the nephew's newly retained and fourteenth lawyer, if all the twelve preceding firms had been paid at a similar rate? But the thirteenth lawyer explained that he had rendered unusual services, having persuaded the nephew's wife to accept $140,000 alimony, whereas without his good offices she might have obtained $500,000!

Of course, all these cases can be offset by others of a contrary nature. All rich men are not contentious or even grasping. Very many are as respectable, as decent, as moral, as their poorer fellows; in some cases more so. Great numbers have in addition a strong religious conviction. There are those who give their entire incomes or even fortunes to charity.

There are others, like Henry Ford, whose lives are literally devoted to industrial expansion. There are even those who give their properties to their employes. As for extravagance and profligacy, a frequent complaint against the rich is their stinginess and prudence. Five shabby bachelors who are said to have left fortunes ranging from $10,000,000 to $50,000,000 apiece died in England in the last few years.

Goethe said that "nobody should be rich but those who understand it." It takes a big man, a man of big character, properly to use and enjoy wealth.

"It is apt," says Henry Holt, the octogenarian editor, "to send an average man's health and family life to the devil, and sure to send a small man's." But the man with big character grows to greater usefulness and service with it.

Neither the thick-and-thin defenders of wealth nor those who assail it can by any display of casuistical reasoning and fine-spun economic abstractions wriggle out of the dilemma for their respective arguments, that some men use wealth abominably and others nobly. As Emerson said:

"Some men are born to ownership and can assimilate all their possessions. Others cannot; their owning is not graceful; seems to be a compromise of their character; they steal their own dividends. He is the rich man in whom the people are rich, and he is the poor man in whom the people are poor."

The Ability to Spend Wisely

The greatest fortunes are often made by men of uneducated tastes, who accumulate wealth, as Professor Clay expresses it, "not for the sake of the wealth, but because their abilities lie in the direction of accumulating wealth; they are ambitious only to be successful, and among their associates success is measured solely by wealth.

"They do not know how to use the wealth they have accumulated; they never realize that it needs as much ability, though of a different kind, to spend money well as to make it; and having provided for themselves necessities and luxuries in excess of the most vulgar standards of ostentation . . . they still have some of their income left and can only add it to their already burdensome capital."

In a preceding article I maintained that the waste of the rich is the price we pay, and no great one at that, for the miracle of daily production. Henry S. McKee, former president of the California Bankers' Association and now head of one of the largest mercantile establishments in that state, once said that the rich wasted far too much, but added:

"If it were the custom of the successful to live in dark tenements on meager diet, 10,000,000 eager young American men, whose promised achievement is the sole hope of the future, would turn their backs on all thoughts of success and embrace idleness. In an ideal society the rich would live in enough comfort and enjoyment to serve the useful purpose of incentive without abusing the privilege in the offensive manner of so many of the less cultivated and enlightened rich."

Thousands upon thousands of the most ambitious and promising of the younger and middle-aged business men in this country have been given their economic training either directly in the classroom by Professor Taussig or in his book. In one place he flays the idleness of many heirs, but adds that "the prospect of being a member of the leisure class is a wonderfully powerful bait to effective exertion and permanent investment."

He then goes on and laments in stinging language the sad fact that the hope of occupying a privileged position, which he describes as a "false ideal and dubious happiness," should be the main motive force for material progress. But worst of all, he concludes, is the fact that these false and dubious ideals are the very ones held by the masses themselves.

But is there no way out of the grip of this process of rather circular reasoning which is carrying us on into a fatalistic cynicism? I think there is, for despite his many and indisputable shortcomings the rich man is limited in his waste by the sheer force of circumstances; by mere everyday arithmetic, as it were. There is a law of diminishing returns which applies to the spending of one's income, and it is of the first order of importance.

Expressed in other words, the proportion of their incomes which the rich spend on themselves and their families tends to decrease as the size of the income increases.

(Continued on Page 159)

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ALL THE NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Even the cook was amiable for once

SHE had them all scared to death. And they simply daren't let her go. The other day someone in the family read what an important part colors played in one's environment—how the right colors made you sunny-dispositioned and the wrong ones made you devilish. And someone else suggested that they try it on the cook. So they did over the dark kitchen walls with Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish—a lovely, cheerful yellow. And now they say the cook is worse than ever—all day long she *sings!*

ACME QUALITY NO-LUSTRE FINISH
For walls, ceilings and woodwork

What the Simmons twins did to the hall floor

HOW those terrible children did it, I don't know, but they scratched that beautiful hall floor frightfully. Sliding down the banisters, I suppose, and stopping themselves with a stick at the bottom. Mrs. Simmons was just sick about it. But someone told her to get a can of Acme Quality Floor Roc Varnish and do it over herself. You wouldn't believe it, but not a mark shows. And she says they can't make a dent in it now.

ACME QUALITY FLOOR ROC VARNISH
A wear-resisting varnish for floors

Grace Johnson just had to have a nursery

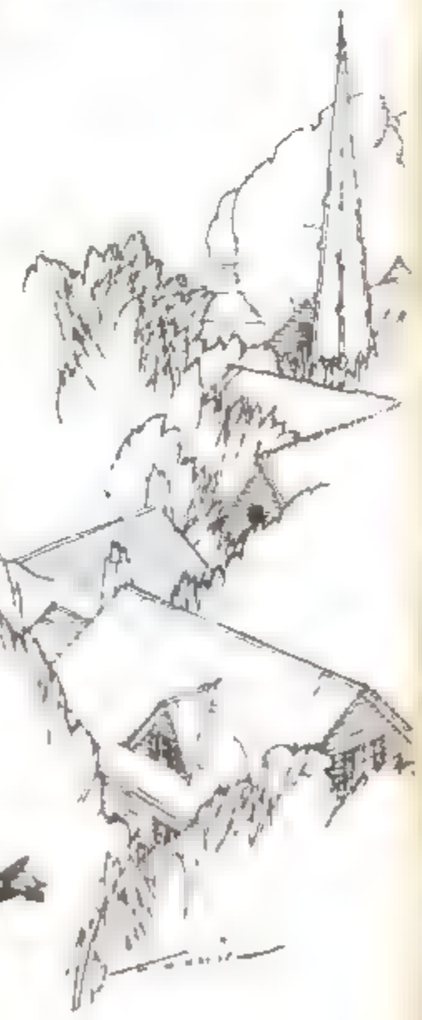
SHE couldn't have those five children strewing their playthings all over the house. But you have no idea how cleverly she managed. That old storeroom, you know. She got some Acme Quality White Enamel and did over all the woodwork, and some Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish and painted the walls a pale, warm buff with the most amusing stencils on it. Then she varnished the floor with this Acme Quality Floor Roc Varnish that can stand any kind of abuse and did over some old chairs and tables with the enamel. A gay rug or two that can be washed, and checked gingham curtains at the windows. It's simply adorable. Stop in and see it the next time you go by.

ACME QUALITY ENAMEL
For furniture and woodwork

Mrs. Aldershot says—

THAT there isn't a word of truth in the story. That Walt Fuller never speculated in his life. That Marian's new dress is one her mother brought her from New York. And as for the motor car, anyone with any sense would know that it was the old one done over. Mrs. Aldershot was in the store when Walt bought the Acme Quality Motor Car Finish. And, if she had known it was possible to fool everybody so easily, she would have tried it on her own car.

ACME QUALITY MOTOR CAR FINISH
Makes old cars look like new



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This is the way Johnny's and Elinor's home looked after it was painted But you really should have seen it before, to appreciate the change.

"My dear, you should have seen it!"

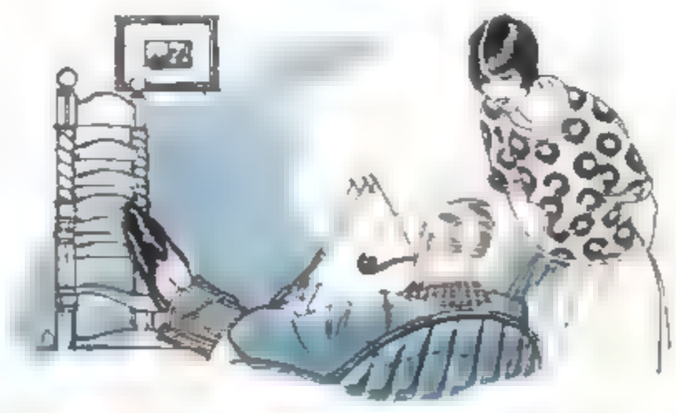
YOU know how horrified I was when you told me that Johnny Hughes had bought the funny little Grimes cottage for his fair bride. I simply couldn't imagine Elinor, the exquisite, in that dingy, shabby place. But I went up there today. My dear, it's simply adorable. I never dreamed that underneath all that shabbiness was hidden such a lovely house. I couldn't imagine what had happened—and then I saw a sign "Acme—Wet Paint."

ACME QUALITY HOUSE PAINT
Gives pleasing effects and lasting results

Bill Wilson has put his feet on <u>that</u> chair for the last time

TALKING didn't do a bit of good. He'd promise not to—and up would go his feet again. But only on that old, worn chair in the living room. So Mrs. Wilson had an idea. She took a can of Acme Quality Great Lakes Spar Varnish and gave the chair the brightest, smoothest, newest-looking finish you ever saw. And he's never once done it since, she says.

ACME QUALITY GREAT LAKES SPAR VARNISH
A wear-resisting general purpose varnish



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IN a balloon tire—with thinner side walls and lower air-pressures—you need the All-Tread's long protecting sidebars and tough, one-piece tread rubber from bead to bead. No doubt, too, you appreciate the matchless good looks of any Seiberling All-Tread—whether Balloon or Standard.

And for those who continue to use standard-size tires it's good to know that you can still buy the same sturdy All-Tread features you know so well. With this tread and side wall construction you can use less air and get easy riding, even though you have not decided to adopt balloons. Ask any Seiberling dealer.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

STANDARD *and* BALLOON SIZES

(Continued from Page 154)

Possibly individual exceptions to this rule may suggest themselves. As a general law, however, this tendency is almost self-evident. The contrary would be humanly impossible.

Automatically, the ratio of expense to income diminishes as incomes increase. The simplest illustration is afforded by the country home or house. Nearly all successful men desire one. Now and then they acquire a second, a third, or even a fourth or a fifth. But the stopping point is quickly reached. A few foolish millionaires may seek to imitate the old kings who had dozens of castles. But modern conditions check such insensate ambitions.

As country place is added to country place, enjoyment declines rapidly toward zero. It is too much trouble to maintain these places. It is far less trouble to invest the money or to give it away. A portion of the income finds its way almost automatically into stocks and bonds and philanthropy, simply because it has ceased to give pleasure when spent upon the owner and his family.

Edwin Cannan, the English economist, has pointed out that wealth in the larger sense of welfare, though moving in the same general direction as income, is not in proportion to it:

"Always more income gives wealth in a less and less proportion. . . . The man with an income ten times that of his neighbor is not ten times as well off."

The rich youth, wasting inherited wealth, may buy a twentieth automobile out of a sheer impulse of his half-moron nature; but he doesn't really enjoy it, and enjoyment must in the long run determine a large part of expenditure. Henry Holt, the publisher, who looks back upon life from the vantage point of his nearly eighty-five years, said a few years ago:

"An income large enough to give a man what he wants when he wants it apparently can't make as much for happiness as a smaller one, because, paradoxical as it may seem, the man with the big income is probably not so well off as regards luxuries; champagne every day ceases to be a luxury; so with everything else. A thing can be best enjoyed when it is barely within occasional reach, and when its selection involves a dash of sacrifice of something else."

Emerson's Rich Man

In a recent letter Pierre S. du Pont, one of the country's notably rich men, said that "proportionately, as a class, rich men spend less on living than their poorer neighbors. Not that they claim a higher morality on this ground, but because of the natural limitations of a man's consuming capacity."

In that marvelous passage, only part of which can be quoted here, in his essay on Wealth, Emerson tells how man's hunger must first be satisfied, how Nature gives him no rest until "he has fought his way to his own loaf of bread," and then goes on:

"Then, less peremptorily but with sting enough, she urges him to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop window, every thought of every hour opens a new want to him which concerns his power and dignity to gratify. It is of no use to argue the wants down; the philosophers have laid the greatness of man in making his wants few, but will a man content himself with a hut and with a few handfuls of dried peas? He is born to be rich.

"The world is his tool chest, and he is successful, or his education is carried on just so far as the marriage of his faculties with Nature, or the degree in which he takes up things into himself. We require, besides the crust of bread and the roof, the freedom of the city, the freedom of the earth, traveling, machinery, the benefit of science, music and fine arts, the best culture and the best company. . . .

"Yet I have never seen a rich man. I have never seen a man as rich as all men ought to be, or with an adequate command of Nature."

Nor has anyone else ever seen a rich man in Emerson's ideal meaning of the term, whereas unfortunately many of those who might at least approximate his measure of wealth are eternally incapable of it. They are of the countless generations of moths who must learn at the candle's burning the futility and silliness of trying to buy, if one happens to have an income of $500,000, just that amount of display, luxury, excitement and pleasure.

There is not that much for sale; there is very little of anything for sale unless one has a taste for Nature, literature, art, philanthropy, work. Of these, several are free; one is service for others, and one brings in more money and only adds to the problem. But if none of these satisfy, then there are left for the rich man only strange and morbid pursuits whereby he goes sooner or later to the devil.

Rockefeller and Ford can each wear only one suit of clothes at a time, eat one meal at a time, take one trip at a time. Their days, like other men's days, are limited to twenty-four hours.

Mr. Ford himself has said that he can inhabit only one room at a time and wears the same weight of clothing as other men.

Great Incomes Not Wasted

Therefore, with rare good sense, one devotes himself to world-encircling philanthropies, and the other to equally colossal industrial design, each very rich, indeed, in Emerson's meaning of the word.

An employe is said to have complained to Philip D. Armour that all he was getting was his board and clothes.

"Well, that's all I get," was the reply.

The story may not be true, but it might well be, of how Carnegie and Schwab went to their rooms to dress before an evening meeting at which a library and auditorium, their gift to a town, were about to be dedicated. They found Mr. Schwab's valet desperately hunting under a bed for a collar button.

"I am going to leave your service," said the indignant man. "You and Mr. Carnegie came here to give away millions, but you are the owner of only one collar button, which I have dropped on the floor and cannot find."

Extreme examples illustrate principles otherwise obscure. The average millionaire is suspected by the public of wasting his income, because its distribution is unknown to the public. But this is not the case with Mr. Ford or Mr. Rockefeller. The public simply cannot remain ignorant of what becomes of the wealth of these two men. The one still being in active business is known to return the overwhelming proportion of his income to industry; the other, having retired from business, devotes his wealth to philanthropy.

Mr. Ford has been quoted as saying that, though he did not know exactly, he imagined he could live as well as he now lives on one per cent of his income. The writer has good reason for believing that in a year when Mr. Rockefeller's income was $38,000,000 his living expenses did not exceed $200,000.

"My practical answer is that a great fortune does not mean a corresponding consumption," said Justice Holmes in reply to a correspondent who asked him if such fortunes were justified. "The real problem is not who owns but who consumes the annual product. The identification of these two very different questions is the source of many fallacies and misleads many men.

"The real evil of $50,000 balls and other manifestations of private splendor tends to confirm this confusion in the minds of the ignorant, and makes them think the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers swallow their incomes like Cleopatra's dissolved pearls.

"Does it greatly matter," Justice Holmes went on to say, "who owns the wheat if that wheat is annually consumed by the great body of the people?

"Except that a Rockefeller, under the illusion of self-seeking or in the conscious pursuit of power, will be likely to bring to bear a more poignant scrutiny of the future in order to get a greater return for the next year.

"I have vainly urged our various statisticians to exhibit in the well-known form the proportions of the products consumed by the many and those consumed by the few, and expressed in labor hours or any other convenient way. This would show whether an undue proportion of the luxuries are for the few. I do not believe the luxuries would be one per cent."

Mr. Roberts, the New York banker, has developed these same ideas in great detail. In speeches and in articles he never fails to ask the question of who is being served by or enjoying the benefits of wealth:

"It is a preposterous theory that nobody gets any benefit from property unless he owns it. Such a theory would naturally lead to the opinion that unless a man owned a farm it would be a matter of indifference to him whether there were any crops or not.

"The right place to measure the distribution of wealth is at the point of consumption, not of ownership. The goods produced must be followed into consumption to determine who derives the benefits from them. And when you do this the fallacy of the assertion that two or three per cent of the population enjoy most of the benefits of existing wealth is exposed.

"Two or three per cent of the population do not eat most of the foodstuffs produced in this country, or wear most of the clothing, or burn most of the coal, or do most of the riding on the railways, or own most of the automobiles. They are not consuming the products of the industries. The great trade which is going on in this country today is not in supplying the wants of two or three per cent of the population."

The Desire for Power

The essential purpose of capital was recognized much earlier by one of the great thinkers when he said that "society in large towns is babyish and wealth is made a toy. The life of pleasure is made so ostentatious that a shallow observer must believe that this is the agreed best use of wealth, and whatever is pretended, it ends in cosseting.

"But if this were the main use of surplus capital, it would bring us to barricades, burned towns and tomahawks presently. Men of sense esteem wealth to be the assimilation of Nature to themselves, the converting of the sap and juices of the planet to the incarnation and nutriment of their design.

"Power is what they want, not candy; power to execute their design, power to give legs and feet, form and actuality to their thought, which to a clearsighted man appears the end for which the universe exists and all its resources might be well applied."

But we still have left unanswered upon our hands, as it were, Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller aside, the question of how much of the rich man's income is invested, is given away, is taken in taxes and is spent upon himself. The ideas presented, the authorities quoted, are well enough, as far as they go. But cannot the subject be made more concrete? To bring out principles clearly, they must be reduced to dollars and cents, or at least to actual percentages.

This can be done most effectively, the writer believes, only after we have examined in a little more detail the types of rich men we must deal with, and the nature of their expenditures. The public insists upon lumping all rich men in the same boat, and it persistently and singularly misunderstands the nature of their expenditures.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS

Continued from Page 13

quite the cold cash to swing it. Well, you're a pretty good scout, Eddie, so this is what I'd do. I'd do this: What's the matter your puttin' up a grand, and I'd take you in as pardners and give you a third interest?"

"Nix," I says. "I got it, all right, but I got a usage for it."

So he laughs and says, "What's the big idea, Eddie? You gonna shove off and see the world, like you always said you would?"

I says, "Check."

He says, "Eddie," he says, "this is the chancet of a lifetime."

I says, "They all are. I mean, up to the crash."

He says, "Well, come give it the oncet-over, anyways."

So I go up and give it the O. O., and I'm sunk. It's a swell location, and a swell little shop, and it's the only gas pump in six blocks. So I got me some outside dope on it, and I find out they's a ordinance against any more pumps in that precinct, any more than what they was already, so I say to myself, "Eddie," I say, "when opportunity raps, don't slap her side the jaw. In a couple years you could salt down so much jack you could take off a whole season and go see places. I mean, you could do it right, and when you got back you wouldn't be punctured, neither."

So I coughed up the grand. That only leave me somewheres round sixty frogskins in the bank, and neither I or my pardner drawed no salary. We was to get ours out o' the profits, if they was any to split, or elset we'd go flooey. But I doped it out it was a sure thing, or I wouldn't of fell for it if it hadn't been.

Well, right from the bell we pull in a nice bunch of business, and it looks like we got a pipe, only we hat so many rows among each other. I mean, my pardner was kinda funny that way; he played everythin' too close to his chest.

He says to me, "Eddie," he says, "if it wasn't for me you'd overstock us. You'd kill the goose that laid the gilt egg. We're makin' money on repairs and fillin', ain't we? Then why the heck do we want to carry a stock for, anyways?"

I says, "No, we don't want to carry it; we want to put it in and then we want to push it out. We got the best stand in ten blocks, and the only one in six—that's the why."

But he kills some orders for shoes and accessories I was gonna order, and I got sore. I mean, I told him man to man just what kind of a poor Limburger he was, anyways. I do hate a piker.

"All rightski," he says, "then buy me out, or I will you, and I wouldn't care which. Only don't be an old man before you make your mind up."

Well, I ain't the kind of people that lays down, so I go see the bank, and then I see my pardner and I buy him out. I give him back all the real money I got, and a chattel mortgage on the machines and tools, and my notes for four thou. The bank was in behind me on them notes. Then I fix me up what trade credit I could handle, and I stock up a nice line of good old standbys in the way of tires and accessories and one thing another. And I got a good display window on the avenue, so I shove in a line o' these here wireless radio sets, and a man to run it. Some folks said it wasn't only nothin' but a fad, but I said so was the auto and the areoplane—oncet. And I couldn't lose much, but I could make a lot if they moved. And they did.

Well, I was so plagued to death with job work and bills payable and pay roll, and them notes to get rid of, I didn't have no spare time off to read up any more about the places I'd go, when I'd cleaned up. So I only did it so often's I could. And I'd use to live on somewheres round fifteen a week, so's to keep all the coin in the business. So it run along like that for about a year or a year and a half, and then one day I was in the bank.

"Well, Mr. Hannigan," says the vice president, "that there's the last of your notes. You done very good, and lived economical and paid off your debts, Mr. Hannigan, and now you got you a swell little enterprise. What's your plans for the future?"

"Well," I says, "I been on a shoe string so long I got kinda use to it. So I guess I'd plug ahead and stack up some velvet, first, and then I'd lay off six months or so and go take a kind of a trip."

"Don't do it too early," he says. "You got a swell little plant, but you got to watch it awile yet."

"Check," I says.

Well, the auto end of it was bringin' me in about seven or eight grand, and the radio end brang in another one or a couple, and I was livin' on the cheap, so the sugar piled up pretty lively. So I hat more time to kinda dope out the places on the map I wanted to see, and in somewheres about another year or a year and a half I hat ten thousand dollars in the bank, and about nine hunderd a month comin' in.

So I says to myself, "Eddie," I says, "you're solid on your pins. Nobody couldn't knife you now, and nobody couldn't open up and compute with you inside six blocks. If you took a sneak, trade could drop off some, but that's about all. And if you hired you a manager on a per cent basis, maybe he wouldn't rook you too much, at that. So let's go."

So I stuck my nose in some maps and I hat me a swell time routin' a trip. Gosh, I hat to snort when I recollected them teachers at old P. S. 396, and in the High, and mom and the foreman and the other different bunches that had give me the razz! It was gonna be five months, first-class.

But then a real-estater comes in and sees me, and he says, "Mr. Hannigan," he says, "we're gonna have to take over the Nonpareil Garadge on a foreclosure. You know what it is. How'd it suit you to buy it?"

Well, the Nonpareil was a big swell garadge just round the corners from me. It was a fine garadge, only it hadn't never been run right. So I says, "How much?"

He says, "Eighty-nine five—just as she is."

Well, I said no a couple dozen times, but it was a elegant garadge, and a bargain, so in the long run I go put it to the bank, and they was quite agreeable to back me up, so I dickered it out on the price and we close at eighty-two and a half. I give him eight cash; five notes a year apart for five thou apiece they was secured by my other place over on Netherlands Avenue—and a long mortgage to cover up the balance. It was all over but the sportin' extras.

I wasn't only about twenty-four and a half or twenty-five, and I felt pretty smooth. The avenue station was runnin' like a hydrant and the big garadge looked like pie from gramma. The only thing was, I hat to prolong that trip awile yet. But I'd of been a nitwit to let that Nonpareil get away. I mean, business is kinda like takin' the second kick at a cat—you gotta be shifty on your feet or she'd make you miss. That's why I bought up the Nonpareil.

Well, that was just where I kinda miscued and cut the cloth. This Nonpareil had a bum rep, so the old customers had all went somewheres elset, and new ones didn't come so easy, so she begun to cost me money like I was a cuckoo millionaire and she was a chorus girl. It was pretty raw. I hat to be in two different places the same time, and just to carry along the Nonpareil took all the receipts from Netherlands Avenue, and I put in somewheres around eighteen hours a day, only I didn't never blow up or leave go of my nerve. I mean, I knew in the bottom it was all O. K., so I knew I could get away with it. And to make the long story short, I done it. But it took me two years, like a dog.

Well, it was one June, and I was so tired I couldn't been tireder. The Nonpareil had turned, and she was makin' me a little dough and she was gonna make me a lot more, and I'd got a star foreman in both the two places, only I was so tired out I was like to fold up. So one day I was goin' by a ticket agency, and they was a picture of some Alps, and another picture of Venice, and I looked 'em over awile and then I just meandered in and I says to the clerk, "When's the next boat?"

He says, "Where for?"

I was so tired I says, "Anywhere. Europe."

He says, "Week from Thursday. The Polaris, for Liverpool."

I says, "Gimme a lower."

Well, it was about high time. If I'd of stayed on the job I'd of cracked anyways. So I give both my two foremen to understand they wouldn't lose nothing by making me something wile I was gone, and I go down to get in the Polaris, bound for Liverpool. Gosh! It sounded like it was too true to be good. And it was.

I mean, I'd always use to think of a ocean greyhound like in the illusterations, when they stood it up side of the Woolworth Buildin', to show you how much more len'th it had. I'd use to think if you was on the dock and took a slant at the smokestacks, you'd get you a stiff neck. Well, when it was the Polaris, you'd had to kneel down on your hands and knees to peek inside of 'em

I says, out loud, "Oy, oy! Has it got a permit to leave the harbor?"

A feller in a uniform hears me, and he gets peeved. "What do you mean?" he says.

I says, "Maybe I'm in the wrong slip. But I sure didn't ast for the Staten Island ferry, and I can prove it."

He says, "You think you're kinda comic, don't you?"

Well, that made me sore, so I give him the codfish eye and I says, "That depends. What do you weigh?"

Well, he didn't say nothing more, so I got in the boat and saw my baggage to my compartment. It wasn't only one flight downstairs with runnin' cold water, and nobody hadn't bought the upper, so it looked like I'd be pretty fairly comfortable, except it didn't have no more footroom than a chummy roadster, and it looked so kinda secondhand. But anyways, it was a ocean liner, and I was on it.

Well, then the old scow begun to wistle, so I went all the ways up to the deck where the life-savin' boats was exhibited, to watch us undock. The only other people they was up there was a small little girl I kinda liked the looks of. I mean, girls hadn't never meant nothin' in my young life, but I wasn't never so finicky it give me the colic to look at one, if her face was on straight. And besides, I was kinda on my toes. I mean, I was tickled I was on the boat. It was a rotten boat, and too kinda undersized, but it was swell to be on it.

So the old tub she kept on wistling and begun to start off in low, and everybody flapped their handkerchiefs and yelled good-by and this girl she flapped and yelled good-by, so I says to myself, "Come on, Eddie," I says, "don't be a gloom, and crab the act. Go on in and belong." So I did. I hauled out my handkerchief and I yelled as good as any of 'em. They was some ladies' was bawlin', too, but a line hat to be drew somewhere, and that's where I drawed it.

Well, after we passed the Bat'ry we jogged right and left till we come to the ocean, and then we turned square left, and by then it was time to go tie on the feed bag. And when I got in the restaurant I'll be darned if this feller in the uniform wasn't at my end of the table, with this little cutie I'd saw upstairs on the one side of him, and me on her other side. He was the radio operator; his name was Montague and he had kinda patent-leather hair, and I and him didn't get along so good. The girl's name was McGraw—Judy McGraw—only I couldn't hardly so much as get a word in edgeways. I mean, this spark eater he shot off his mouth so much. But in the middle of the dessert she says to me, "You must had lots of friends to see you off, Mr. Hannigan, didn't they?"

"Not except it was the porter I tipped," I says. "And if I'm any judge o' mean looks it wasn't him, neither."

She looked kinda funny. "But you waved and called good-by," she says. "I seen you."

I says, "That was the bunk. I mean, it was just so's not to look like I was hookin' a ride. But I guess you had a rowdy bunch to see you off, all right, all right."

She leans over. "I ain't acquainted with a single soul east of Chicago!" she says. "I was pullin' the same bluff myself! So's not to feel so lonesome."

Well, that kinda broke up the ice, but I didn't see no more of her that night, because she had her a walk with the radio feller, and I horned in a game of pitch in the amokin' car—I mean the smoke room—and win eleven berries. Then I go crawl in among the alfalfa, and say, it was swell! There I was after all them years, goin' off to see places on the map! Zowie! Even if it smelled so musty.

Well, I found out next day she was from St. Paul, where she just win a votin' contest for the most popular girl in St. Paul. It was got up by a newspaper, with so many votes for such-and-such subscriptions, and Judy

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she win it by about two hunderd yearly subscriptions, daily and Sunday. She was a file clerk in a big grain elevator, so I could see she must be pretty high-class and had a slew of friends, or she wouldn't of win it. It was a trip abroad.

So we got along pretty decent, and she told me how she was waybilled. They'd give her a combination ticket like it was a club breakfast—hotels, meals, fares, rubberneck wagons, and side trips. And all doped out right to the dot, so all she had to do wasn't only to keep movin', and brush her teeth. The high spots was London, Normandy, Paris, the Alps, Monte Carlo, Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples and then back. So she ast me where I was goin' myself, and I said I wasn't only just gonna kinda drift around, and she said it must be wonderful to be rich, and I didn't say nothing. I mean, what would I of said anyways?

Well, the next day I don't hardly get a squint at her, only at meals, on account the way this radio feller behaves himself. He takes her to walk, and he explains radio to her, and he lets her listen in, and all this and that, and it didn't mean nothin' in my young life, except only I didn't like this Montague anyways, not for sour shucks. I mean, he was too kinda kid-glove. So I sit in a stud game and win sixty-two dollars and hit the hay.

Well, so soon's I come up for air on the day after, I have the deck porter fix my chair where the sun could get at me, and I lay out and wait for Judy to show up, and that's the way I played it the next two days. I mean, if she was wearin' out the deck with this radio feller, I'd shut up my eyes like I was takin' a snooze; and if she wasn't I'd hop up and we'd take a walk. I mean, far be it from me to butt in on a navy officer. Because I knew if I did, I was libel to get in a jam with that feller and lose my temper and knock him cockeyed and then get put in clink for mutiny on the seas. I'd learnt that in the Army.

But one night I and Judy we set awile on the lifeboat deck, and she ast me so many questions I hat to be polite to her, and tell her about school and mom and step-pop and the war and the garadge business, and all those.

She says to me, "Eddie," she says to me, "you deserve this here trip. And I hope it's all you drempt it would be, and then some."

"Judy," I says, "I hope you get your hope. And the same to you. And as up to yet, I'm enjoyin' it fine."

But after, they was a phonograph dance in the saloon, and I never was no hoofer, so she danced with the radio feller. I didn't like that Montague, anyways; he was too kind of a dude, and when we was at the table I couldn't hardly so much as get a word in edgeways, without I'd took a chisel.

And then I went and blew out a fuse.

It was like this: Me and Judy was gettin' along so-so, and one day we was walkin' around the regular walkin' deck, havin' us a walk, and it just come right out of my mouth before I knew I was gonna chirp.

I says, "Judy." I says, "what the tripe is it you can see in that radio feller anyways?"

She says, "Don't you think you're kinda fresh, Eddie?"

Well, so long's I'd sprung it, I went ahead and I says, "No, I don't. I think I'm kinda leary."

She says, "Eddie, I want you to distinctly understand that maybe Mr. Montague ain't filthy rich, but he's got a heart of gold!"

Well, I hated to see a nice little girl like Judy get buffaloed, so I says, "Yeah. Maybe he got his heart from a goldsmith," I says, "but he got his manners from a brass foundry."

She says, "Mr. Hannigan, you ——"

I says, "Stop right there, Judy! I'm on. Do you except my apology? I didn't know he was such a best friend of yours."

She says, "Whose friend did you think he was?"

Well, I was too fast with the kippy comeback. I says, "Well, that was the main trouble. I didn't know he was anybody's."

So then she wouldn't speak to me no more, and she started to cut up like fury with the radio feller. And in the afternoon the wind begin to blow and the boat begin to wabble, and by suppertime they's quite a big jag o' people was kinda off their feed. And after supper I go up to the lifeboat deck, and there's Judy and Montague, sittin' kinda not so far apart, and lookin' theirselves right in the eye, and talkin' low.

"Well, Eddie," I says to myself, "this deal don't amount to nothin' in your young life, anyways, and what's more, it never did, but if she's those kinda girl, why, she's certainly welcome to those kinda feller." So I go in the smoke room and win forty bucks in a game o' rummy, and then I climb in the cradle. But I had a kinda grouch. They'd shut up the porthole, so I couldn't get no air. I always get grouchy when I can't get no air.

Well, the next day was a lulu. The wind blew twicet as hard as it had blew the day before, and the old barge went every which ways, and the waves kept sloshin' up all over the decks and when the spray hit you it was like the needle shower in the Y, only it come a couple tons to oncet. I went outdoors, and about the only people out there was Judy, and she was up front, in behind a kinda canvas windbreak, watchin' the waves come over the bow. Her face was all pink and wet and she was soppin'.

"Oh, Eddie!" she says. "Come help me look! It's great!" That was the first time she'd spoken to me since.

So I took holt of the rail was there, to kinda brace me, and we looked, and she didn't act mad a bit. She was a kinda funny girl anyhow. I mean, I'd thought she was mad.

Well, the old lighter waded right into it and the spray come up and soaked us all over, and it was swell.

She says, "Eddie, I want you should be friends with Mr. Montague, and I want he should be friends with you, because you're my two best friends on the boat. So you got to make it up."

I says, "Make what up?"

She says, "You're both the two of you jealous as two tomcats, only I'm on a pleasure trip, and I don't prefer to have it spoiled with animosity. So you got to make it up."

So I says, "All right, Judy." I mean, I'd see where she let the radio feller make love to her, so it wasn't nothin' in my young life anyways, but I kinda hated to see her spoil her trip. So I and Judy stayed and chinned and got soaked for about an hour or an hour and a half. But when I went to change, I says to myself, "Eddie," I says, "you ain't axually jealous, are you? Why, it don't sound reasonable. Because if you was, you'd just give that radio feller the bum's rush, wouldn't you? So you can't be."

Well, I didn't come to no conclusions, so at dinner I and the radio feller shake hands, only his was kinda oystery, to please Judy. And he looks like his liver wasn't so good.

I says, "Digestion off, Mr. Montague?"

He says, "No, I'm only kinda weighted down with responsabilities."

"Mr. Montague," says Judy, "has got all our lives in charge, and he's heard from a ship up ahead where it's the worst storm up ahead in goodness knows how long."

So I gives the radio feller a hard look, and I says, "And you're goin' around broadcastin' it?"

He kinda laughs. "Oh, only to good sailors like you and Judy."

Well, I was sore. The idea of that big stiff not havin' no more sense, when such a lot of folks was scart already! Judy wasn't scart though. I begin to wonder if it ain't worth my wile to get jealous anyhow.

Well, in the afternoon it got rougher and rougher. The ocean had went clean off its timin', and the wind was like to blow the paint off the smokestacks, and people was really scart. I had a little powwow with Judy, and then the notion struck me for some reason another to go pay a call on the radio feller, so I did. But all of a sudden I got a funny hunch, and I says to him, "Why, brother," I says, "you look kinda nervous."

Montague got as red's a beet. "Don't be silly," he says. "It's gonna be terrible nasty weather, and I got responsabilities. And this is my last round trip anyhow. I only had it two months, but I got a better job waitin' for me in New York. But nervous? Don't be silly."

So I slip him a cigar, and we set. And he says, "Judy's a nice girl, ain't she?"

I says, "Well, I guess you got a kinda way with you, at that."

He says, "Well, I dunno how it is, but you certainly said it. They's lots of 'em that would eat right out of my hand."

I says, "What's the trouble? You too stingy to buy 'em a knife and fork?"

Well, he was just gonna get lippy when his runnin' mate breezed in; he was a nice young feller with a Fairbanks grin. And back of him come the young squirt that delivered the messages, if any, with a chest cold. So Montague he didn't say nothing, and by and by I went downstairs in the saloon, and helped some workmen tie down the piano that had come loose. And then I and Judy had another little confab, but she wouldn't only rave about the radio feller, and what a hard job he had, and how handsome he was, and all those kind of rot. I wasn't jealous, but I was gettin' awful fed up.

Well, just before suppertime I was goin' along the hall, and I kinda skidded round a corner, and there was Judy and Montague, and he'd had his arm round her, and he didn't break away fast enough, so I see the whole thing.

But Judy says, "Oh, Eddie," she says, "do you know what's went and happened? Paul's assistant has been throwed down and break his wing and wrenched him in the leg and bruised him somethin' fierce, and Paul's got to be on duty all sole alone till the storm's over!"

I looks at the radio feller and I don't like his looks. I tell you, he was nervous. Judy wasn't. But I says, "Well, that's the toughest kind, brother. But oncet in every so often we all got to come through with a little overtime. Ain't it the truth?"

Judy glares at me. "Oh, you're cruel," she says. "Go on—brush by."

So I brushed by, and the radio feller didn't come to chow, and nobody much else did, and Judy wouldn't talk about nothin' but Montague, up there all alone, protectin' our lives. I didn't say so, but I'd as soon had mine protected by a good heavyweight dicky-bird. I tell you, he was yaller, but I couldn't hardly say so to Judy. Not after the other run-in we had. She'd say I wasn't only jealous.

Well, somewheres just along in about there, they was a sockdolager of a bump, and the engines started to knock, and slowed down to about half or a third the revs. they'd been turnin' over at. Then they was a whole flock of bumps and the engines all but died on us. Everybody that was in the restaurant got up and then most everybody fell down again, because the old tug sort of laid over on her side.

Judy says to me, "My gracious!" she says "What was that?"

"Well," I says, "I'm bettin' we either run over a dog or elset it was a engine busted down."

She says, "Can they fix it?"

I says, "Search me."

She says, "What on earth'll happen to us if they can't?"

I says, "That's my trouble—it ain't on earth. If it was I could told you, but what I dunno about these marine engines would fill up quite a big circular."

Well, you could hear people howlin' and screechin' all over the boat. We'd roll over one side and then we'd roll over the other side, and a couple windows was stove in, and the dishes all got smashed, and you couldn't keep your footin', and it was quite a time. Well, I don't claim I took it so humorous I hat to haw-haw at it, but all the same I didn't bother to ast anybody no questions. I mean, they was only two kinds o' people to ast 'em of: One kind wouldn't know the answer anyways, and the other kind was the engineers. And if I was a engineer on a ocean liner, and anybody ast me any questions in a pinch like those, I'd crowned him with a spanner. So I didn't.

I'd lost Judy, so I got a hunch I'd go up and see the radio feller and get what news they was. So I clawed upstairs, and there he was all alone with himself, sittin' in a corner and makin' funny noises. He was so scart he was paralyzed.

I says, "What do you know, brother?"

He says, "Yip! Yip!"

I says, "Are we dangerous?"

And he nods his head yes.

I says, "Cap'n tell you to get help?"

He nods yes.

I says, "Done it?"

And he shakes his head no.

I says, "Why not?"

And he blats like a sheep. I tell you, the feller was so scart he didn't know if he was afoot or horseback.

I says, "Well, you're a healthy young rabbit to trust our lives to! Whyn't you stand up on your hindlegs and get busy?"

And he blats.

Leavin' out the blubbers, he says, "We're gone ducks." He says, "We lost two blades off a propeller and the starboard engine's broke down and the nearest ship to us is three hunderd mile. And in a couple hours it's gonna be the worst gale, and we ain't gonna have steerage way and we won't live through it. And this was my last trip! I had a job in New York!"

I says, "Well, buck, if you don't show some speed you're gonna get your own private gale right now in the sweet pretty quick, and you're gonna get it from me."

And he blats.

So I take him by the scruff of his neck, and we waltz around awile and fall over what furniture they was, and bark our shins a few times, and in the long run I sing him in his chair and I put his head set on him, and not so gentle.

"Now, then, Dorothy," I says, "let her spark."

Well, he would if he could, but he can't. He's so scart he can't so much as pound the key.

"Get on with it, princess," I says; "get on with it!" And right wile I was sayin' it, the boat rolls over again, and Judy come in the door, and all but squashes her on the wall.

"I knew it," she says, "I knew Paul would be in his place! And you—you great big worm!—you quit me cold, and sneaked up here to pester him, at a time like this! Get out of here! Get out!"

"After you," I says. Because if she was in love with him they wasn't no sense in havin' her look too close at this radio feller, and they was a lot less sense than that in havin' her listen to him, in the case he got his wind back. "All out, Judy," I says. "This means you."

"No," she says, "I'm gonna stay with Paul."

"Nix, no and nope," I says. "It's against the rules, and you're gonna get out if I have to throw you out!" And that's just about what I hat to. And when I'd kinda wrastled her downstairs, and both of us had got black and blue from fallin' on the walls and ceilin', I told her if she wanted to help she could go in the saloon and start up a hymn fest. Of course she wasn't wise up to why I'd threw her out, and she was the maddest woman you ever see. I told her it was so Paul could keep his mind on his job, so she'd ought to thank me, but she didn't. She scratched. But that ain't nothin' to a auto repairman.

Well, the whole darn thing wasn't none of my funeral, except in a way it was too. If we tipped over I'd get just as wet's anybody. So I went up to the assistant radio feller's cabin, that was right next the radio room, and he was in pretty bad shape, and he was all over splints and bandages, but he could still grin. I love a feller that can grin.

I says, "Bosco," I says, "your boss has chucked up the sponge. Now listen; if I could get you in your office, could you stand it?"

He says, "What do you mean?"

I says, "I ain't hep to your set-up, your hookup, your len'th, your static, your code or your religion, and I ain't got no naval license. But I fooled around quite some with radio; it's part o' my line. And I been a electrical man. Montague's flopped. You come tell me what to do, and I can do it."

"Get a steward," he says. "I'm meatier'n I look."

Well, me and the steward and the young squirt that delivered the messages, with a terrible chest cold, we shunt him in the office all right, without breakin' anythin' more on him that was specially important, and we put Montague on a kind of a leather sofa, where he could be all nice and cozy and seasick, and the young feller gets on his headset and I'm the operator, and the tinkerer. So we kinda puttered around, and we hadn't hardly any current left to speak of, and we was jounced all over kingdom come by the ocean, and the squirt was pretty busy takin' word to the cap'n that we hadn't found no customers yet, and it went on like that till long about midnight, and then we picked up a big freighter about a hunderd mile east that said it would come give us a hand. So things went along like that, and we picked up another ship about two hunderd mile east, and we ast what the weather was like up there, and they said it was a mill pond. So we sends the squirt down below, so's to pacify the passengers.

Then they blows in a officer with gold lace on him, and he says to me, kinda crude, "What the five-star blinkin' blazes," he says, "are you doin' in here?"

"I'm a nursegirl," I says, "and I'm mindin' Mr. Montague."

The gold-lace feller takes a slant at Montague. "Yo-ho-ho," he says, "and a barrel of sassparilla!"

The assistant radio feller says, "This is Mr. Hannigan," he says, "and I'm here to state he's done one swell job." And he starts to spill some fairy story another, and

(Continued on Page 167)

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Can Opening Machine

"My Goodness!"
said little Red Riding Hood, "I can't let you
have all my JELL-O, I must save
some for grandma"

(Continued from Page 162)

in the middle of it he gives a kinda funny squawk and he keels over in a faint. He'd knocked his bum arm on the chair when the boat rolled over.

So I tells the gold-lace feller what the latest dope was, ahead, and how it was I got to be a volunteer operator, and then I says, "And now," I says, "thankin' you one and all for your kind attention, I'm through, just as soon as I see this young feller in his bunk. You'd get some help tomorrer mornin' if you need it, and by suppertime it'd be a flat calm. I'm much obliged for all your grateful thanks," I says, "and now you can kindly hang some tire chains round your neck and go jump overboard, will you?" I mean I was kinda sore. I mean, I kinda hate to get misunderstood. I guessed he was just too darn technical about my operatin' when I didn't have no naval license.

Well, anyways, I went down in my compartment and hit the hay. I mean, I'd hit it oncet in every so often. The rest of the time I was kinda revolutionary. But it didn't mean nothin' in my young life, because it was going to clear off tomorrer anyhow. And most of the people had stopped their howlin' and screamin'.

Well, bime-by it was tomorrer, and I got up, and the old raft wasn't rollin' around half so much, but the engines was certainly dead. Only my room porter said the engineers would fix us up in a couple hours, so we could make Liverpool all right without no tow, because it was clearin' off.

Well, I go get outside my breakfast, but I don't see Judy. I go have a little constitutional, but I don't see Judy. And by and by a boy brings me a telegram from New York via Fastnet, or some such place, and I rip it open and read it, and then I gag. It says:

"Netherlands Avenue shop and station completely destroyed by fire yesterday. Owner advises cannot get new building permit for garage on account of recent restrictions this region and lease therefore automatically canceled. Please cable instructions. Nonpareil intact."

Well, you could of knocked me over with a feather, but nobody did. I mean, I was kinda groggy, for a second. And then I says to myself, "Eddie," I says, "hang onto yourself, boy! Your name ain't Montague," I says; "it's Hannigan." So I lights me a rope and then I go upstairs to send home some orders.

Well, when I got to the radio room, if there wasn't Montague as chirky as everythin'. And Judy, listenin' in. Judy she turned her back round, and wouldn't notice me, but Montague says, "Oh, hello there! Feelin' better today?"

I hat to give him credit. He had the best-insulated gall I ever see. I says, "Yes, thanks," I says, "Where's the young crip this mornin'?"

He laughs. "Why, the poor kid's out of his head with a fever. Doc says he's libel to be that way for a week."

I says, "Where's the little squirt that runs your errands?"

"Hospital," says Montague. "Pneumonia. Tough, ain't it?"

Well, Judy still don't notice me. So I says, "Can you take a message for New York or are you still too nervous to?"

Then Judy opens up on me. It comes so fast I don't quite get only the gist of it, but I'll say it was some gist. Accordin' to her tell, it seems Montague was a kind of a hero. It seems he'd been attackted by the cramps or somethin', last night, but he'd stuck to his job till he'd got the word that they was help in the neighborhood, and it was gonna clear off anyways.

And it seems I was a hobo that had all but upset the apple cart by botherin' the radio feller, me being scart. And it seems it was Montague's last trip all right, and the weddin' gongs was gonna ring as soon's he hit New York again.

Well, of course I see the point, and it don't hardly take me half a day, neither. Montague has give her this song and dance, and she'd see him at his desk when I throwed her out, and the assistant and the squirt wasn't so good, now, for witnesses. And it don't hardly seem likely Montague would of forgot that officer that come in—and that made me kinda worried. It looks like I was framed

So when I could stick a word in edgeways, I says to the radio feller, I says, "Who was that admiral that rambled in just when I was signin' out?"

He laughs and says, "His name's Hopkins. He's third officer—and he's my brother-in-law."

So then I see I'm ditched all right, and I guess I begun to wilt, but I wilted too quick.

"Yes," says a voice back of us, and we all three of us jumped. "Yes," says the gold-lace feller, "and I ain't never gonna brag about it, neither. I heard every word you just said, Paul. But when I promised you this mornin' I'd keep shut up about it, so's you could get off with a clean record, as long as you was gettin' through anyways, I didn't know they was a lady rival in the case. So now I'm gonna tell this lady the how of it, between you and Mr. Hannigan."

I says to myself, "Eddie," I says, "Fade!" And I did.

Well, in about two minutes or two minutes and a half Judy comes poundin' by me on the deck with her handkerchief up to her face and I don't see her again till the sun was settin'. Neither her nor the radio feller had came to their meals. But the ocean had got flat, and we wasn't only just two days from Liverpool.

So I was standin' at the back, okayin' the sunset, when Judy puts her mitt on my arm.

"Say, Eddie," she says, kinda soft.

I says, "Present."

She says, "I'm sorry, Eddie. I got fooled."

I says, "About what, Judy? His gold heart?"

She says, "Oh, don't!" So I didn't.

And bime-by she says, "Eddie."

I says, "Still present."

She says, "It was only he treated me so kinda genteel and he was so impressed by me. And he was so kinda regal, the way he acted. And you was always so chilly. First off, I—I used him to try and egg you on, Eddie. Then I thought you didn't care, and he did, and that was that. It's been a awful slap, Eddie. I was so wrong it gives me the shivers. Then they was another thing. I thought you was purse-proud, when he wasn't only on a salary."

"That's all right," I says, and I showed her my telegram. "All it means," I says, "is that so far my Nonpareil only just barely breaks even, without countin' in over four thousand dollars interest a year, and the term payments on my notes. And I hat to raise all that and my own livin' expenses out of the Netherlands Avenue place, and now it's gone flooey. Purse-proud? I ain't purse-proud. I'm deficit-shy."

She says, "You could find another stand, couldn't you?"

I says, "You go find me as good a location as that was on the avenue, with as good goodwill, that'll bring me the same return on my investment as that did, and I'd pay you twenty-five thousand dollars spot cash. They don't grow any more, Judy. The only real capital money I ever had in it was about sixty-five hunderd, and it earnt me a hunderd and fifty per cent, and in five years it'd been earnin' me three-four hunderd. No, I gotta hustle."

She says, "That's certainly a crime, Eddie."

I says, "Well, it gives you the same chance you had with that radio feller."

She says, "What's that?"

I says, "To marry a plain ordinary workin'man—that's jealous."

She says, "Oh, Eddie!" And kinda snuggles. "Did you really care? All the time?"

"Cheese," I says. "I guess I must of."

Well, it was in about an hour or an hour and a half, when we was up on the lifeboat deck, when I says, "So, it's like this, baby; I'd cattle back to try and sell the Nonpareil for what it cost me, and then, when I got my equity out, I'd have about fifteen or twenty thou for a capital, and you and me'd go on and have our trip, and then I'd start over again on a small scale."

She says, "Don't be such a goat. Didn't you tell me where the Nonpareil'd be a whale of a success, sometime? Well, the very idea of sellin' it! After the work you put in on it! And we wouldn't go on with our trips, neither. We'd go back and live cheap and I'd be your bookkeeper for a wile, and you put it up to your bank and I just know they'd carry you."

I says, "But, baby, I ain't only got twelve hunderd cash in the world countin' what I win in the smoke room. What would we live on? I'm gonna be broke the next two-three years."

She says, "My included ticket cost fourteen hunderd net, and I bet I could cash it in for eight, anyways, in London. And when folks are poor and owe money besides, they ain't got any right to have luxuries like our trips."

I says, "But baby—all my life long I'd wanted to see them Alps!"

She says, "So did I. But for a couple days in the Alps we could furnish us a room."

I says, "Think of Paris, France! You want to see it too."

She says, "For what we'd spend I'd furnish us a swell parlor."

I says, "Rome! You wouldn't want to give that up."

She says, "I'd rather have a sittin' room any day."

I says, "Venice!"

She says, "That means a tile bath."

I says, "Monte Carlo, Normandy, the battle front, Florence and Naples!"

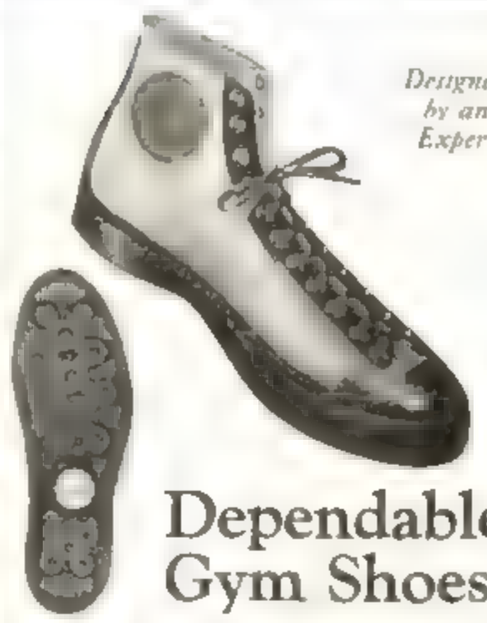
She says: "Laundry, kitchen, dinin' room, b-bedroom. And in couple years, after the Nonpareil's goin' good, we'd travel everywheres in the whole wide world, Eddie, and waste all the money we want. But not yet."

I see I'm cooked, so I says, "All right. They's just one thing more. Did that radio feller use to call you Judy?"

"Why, yes," she says. "Why?"

"Then so help me Moses," I says, "I'll never call it to you as long's I live! Let's see—you're so little I'd call you Jumbo. All right, Jumbo," I says, "let's go. I mean, let's go back." So we did.

So, as I was sayin', I and Jumbo sit down in the battle front and eat our supper, and then we take the dishes out to Normandy and wash 'em and wipe 'em. And then we go in Paris, and get out the books and maps and folders and prospectuses and one thing another, and decide what different places we'd go to, when the time's ripe. I mean, the Nonpareil's all but put over, but we're livin' on the cheap so's to save up, and it looks now like we'd be on Easy Street in about a year or a year and a half.



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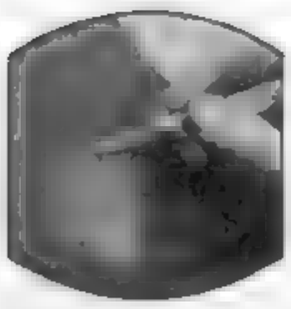

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A CURTSY TO THE CROWN

(Continued from Page 36)

the days of Queen Victoria, who was determined to keep her court circumspect and pure, no matter what the consequences. Not the slightest breath of scandal was countenanced then, and scandal, to the old queen, was spelled with a capital S. That dear lady is said to have examined the lists of candidates for presentation herself, and woe to anyone whose credentials did not meet the approval of her critical eye. The rules, though nowadays interpreted more freely, still declare that a divorcée is *défendue*, one twice married is beyond the pale; and even a maid with histrionic ambitions is déclassée in England.

England takes a keen interest in its native candidates. For them the voice of money is silent, and family standing alone counts. The country loves exclusiveness, and the bars at court are jealously guarded against the slightest lowering. A sponsor for an Englishwoman must be a bona fide friend, really know personally the details of the exhaustive references; and the absolute letter of the routine must be observed. No English man or woman can plead ignorance of this routine. The rules in minute detail are clearly set forth in the lord chamberlain's regulations, and woe betide the one who ignores them, no matter how plausible the reason for so doing. Last year a well-known dowager appeared at court in an old-style court train measuring many times the length specified in the latest regulations. In some way she had eluded the vigilant attendants, carrying the train neatly over her arm, and it was not until she had finished her curtsies to their majesties and was sweeping out of the Throne Room that her audacity was realized. At once a quiet buzz swept through the room and followed her down the corridors. Their majesties exchanged glances, and the following morning one of the king's bodyguard delivered to her a note of sharp reprimand for the offense, pointing out that under no condition must it happen again. Though it was true that she had not the money for a new outfit, she was rich in family connections and believed they would carry her through. But court etiquette does not function that way, and the unfortunate dowager is now called eccentric.

However, Americans know little of that stern and perilous road. Women from this country have a naïve way of declaring in wide-eyed amazement that they didn't understand.

And England simply shrugs its shoulders. "Those Americans, you know."

"It is known that the regulations are overlooked by your countrymen," said one loyal subject of Great Britain, "but the country is poor and we need American money. After all, many of the American women who are presented at court never appear again, so what does it matter if they break the rules and do not meet our requirements of birth and position? They have their peep into the inner sanctum, and glory in the achievement. We smile and humor them."

The Chamberlain's Regulations

Hundreds of ambitious American women, undismayed by regulations that should exclude them, hover on the outskirts of social London waiting like scavengers for the prey that will feed their souls on the diet of court society—which is to them life-giving. Sometimes it looks as though there is not enough fresh meat to go around, but if patience lasts, an impecunious duchess, viscountess or lady will invariably appear, attracted by the siren song of American dollars, and under her guidance the daughter of Uncle Sam is headed toward Buckingham Palace. Nothing is to be lost by the plan and everything is to be gained, for the noble ladies are thus enabled to continue for a bit longer in the style to which they are accustomed and the American can make the boast which will echo down the ages that she has been "presented at the greatest, most brilliant and most impressive court in the world."

This is far from an idle boast, and no one who has ever witnessed the ceremony can fail to be impressed with its beauty and dignity. You will be caught in its spell even if you haven't seen it, and somehow you will find yourself longing to be among the favored ones. Somehow you are even content to wait from year to year, gradually creeping up on the long list in the lord chamberlain's office, and great is the heart-throb when you receive the magic communication which reads:

The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by
Their Majesties
to invite
Mrs.
to a Court at
Buckingham Palace
on
May
at 9:30 P.M.

Ladies: Court dress with feathers and trains.
Gentlemen: Full Court dress.

Until that moment your fate has rested in the hands of your ambassador or personal sponsor, but once that card, with the other smaller one which reads "To be Presented, Mrs. . . ." neatly clipped to it, is in your hands, there are duties aplenty. If you are punctilious you will observe the letter of the regulations, which change almost seasonally, according to the temper of the nation, the royal family and the leading political party. Take, for example, the lord chamberlain's regulations for 1921. I cite them because of the unusual specifications. The crown was observing strict economy because of the effects of war, and the entire ceremony was reduced to the minimum of display. They read:

CEREMONIAL DEPARTMENT,
ST. JAMES'S PALACE, S. W. 1,
23rd December, 1920

Their Majesties' Courts 1921
Lord Chamberlain's Regulations

(1) Ladies who have been presented and who wish to be summoned to one of Their Majesties Courts during the coming year are requested to make written application to the Comptroller, Ceremonial Department, St. James's Palace, S. W. 1, on the 1st January next but not before that date.

(2) A lady attending a Court as presenter of a lady for a Court must be responsible in addition to her daughter or daughter-in-law. The names of ladies to be presented should be forwarded by the lady who wishes to make the presentation when she sends in her own name.

(3) A lady presented for the first time can only present her daughter or daughter-in-law at the Court at which she is presented.

(4) No applications can be received from ladies who wish to be presented. Their names must be forwarded by the ladies who wish to make presentations.

(5) Ladies may be accompanied by their husbands if they have been presented, but gentlemen do not pass before the King and Queen. Ladies who wish to be accompanied by their husbands should state the fact in their applications, and they should also state if the ladies they desire wish to be accompanied by their husbands. Once the summons has been issued the amending of a summons card in order to include a lady's husband can only be permitted under the most exceptional circumstances.

(6) Summonses are issued about three weeks before the date of each Court, and should it not be convenient for a lady to attend the particular Court to which she is summoned, it will be open to her to make her excuses to the Lord Chamberlain in writing, when her name can, if desired, and if possible, be transferred to another list.

(7) The Dress Regulations are: Ladies, Court Dress *without* feathers and trains. Gentlemen: Full Court Dress.

It is urgently requested that all applications will be made strictly in accordance with the above Regulations.

SANDHURST,
Lord Chamberlain.

CEREMONIAL DEPARTMENT,
ST. JAMES'S PALACE, S. W. 1,
January, 1921

Dress to be Worn by Ladies Attending Their Majesties' Courts.

Feathers, Veils, and Trains have now been abolished, and the style of dress for ladies attending Courts is the same as they would wear at any official evening reception, with Jewels, Full-size Orders, Decorations and Medals.

Sketches showing the style of dress are on view at the Ceremonial Office, St. James's Palace.

On all official occasions ladies in Evening Dress may wear Orders, Decorations and Medals in Miniature, when Insignia are worn; but when gentlemen wear Levee or Full Dress, ladies should wear full-sized Orders, Decorations, etc.

Unfortunately though, at the last moment, the court ceremonies were canceled that year because of the industrial situation, and the candidates were presented at a garden party given by the queen in July. The regulations of the previous year—1920, the first court after the war—were marked with the same simplicity.

Eight Inches
North of Your Chin

THERE stands your hat—most prominent item of your turn out, it looms alone in silhouette for all the world to see. Therefore it must be correct. Therefore it must be becoming. And therefore—*it should be a Young's!*

Young's Hats are famous not only for their smart styling and fine workmanship but for their ability to make you look your best. You can easily prove that our Fall styles include the most becoming hat you ever wore—our nearest dealer is ready to show you.

Young's at $5 is the standard of hat value the country over. Other qualities at other prices. The Young hat-box portrays "The Sky-Line of the Nation"—a composite picture of representative buildings of America's great style centers, symbolizing the nation-wide popularity of Young's Hats. Buy your Fall hat where you see this box displayed.

THE YOUNG HAT CO., 200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
FACTORY—NORWALK, CONN.

Young's Hats
NONE BETTER MADE

FELT HATS—STRAW HATS
Wear Young's Hats for correct and becoming style
THE YEAR 'ROUND

You *need* this service

There's a lot of "ditto-ing" in your business. Maybe something you've written ought to be put into the hands of every executive and salesman. Maybe it's multiple order systems, charts, or the many forms used in office and factory.

There's just one best way to handle "ditto-ing"—put Ditto on the job. For thousands of concerns, large and small, Ditto is saving hundreds of thousands of dollars; in sales and accounting departments, and in routine office systems.

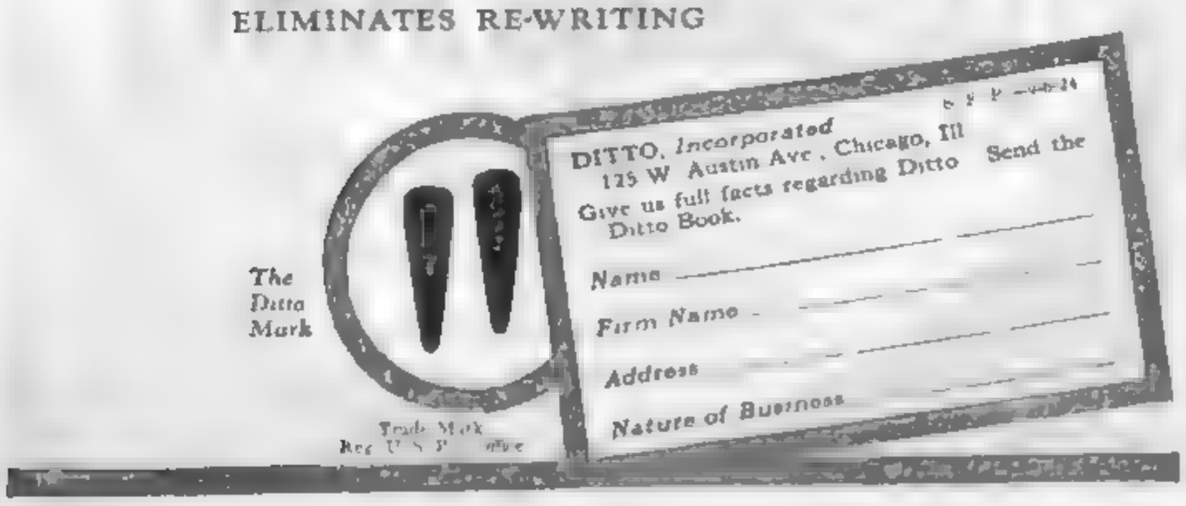
Give Ditto one good original—anything typed, written, drawn, or printed—and it gives you exact duplicates. No type to set, no stencils to cut. Anybody can operate it; quick, simple, accurate.

In every office there are a dozen, perhaps a hundred, uses for this modern copying machine. It saves you money; and it saves time and effort which you pay money for.

New Models. You can get a copying device for every need. DITTO, Incorporated, makes eight styles, $2—$270.

DITTO, *Incorporated*
125 West Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
DITTO Systems Offices in All Principal Cities

Ditto
ELIMINATES RE-WRITING



Last year was again an unusual one, for the court was in mourning and for some time there was grave doubt that the ceremony would be held, even though the invitations were out. However, after a series of councils in the royal household no change was made in the plans for the presentations at the instance of the queen, who recognized the loss the tradespeople would suffer if the ceremonies were abandoned. Those presented at that time had the novel experience of seeing her majesty attired in a gown of black jet, which furnished a brilliant setting for her court jewels, and many of the other royal ladies were in mourning garb. It is the queen's custom to wear white; in fact, she opposed colors for any of her subjects on these occasions, but again, thoughtful of the merchants, she finally allowed this notable change, and now a gown of any delicate hue is permitted.

The part played by the shopkeepers is not to be lost sight of by a candidate to court functions. First of all, if you are scrupulous in observing the rules and do not wish to brave a good many frowns you will deal only with local dealers and with an open hand. Many a merchant lives by the extravagances of court life, and the slogan, "London clothes for London," prevails. There is a strong fraternal feeling among the royal warrant holders. They have even organized an association of purveyors to his majesty, and if the wares of one of their number are slightly out of fashion one season the others give him a lift in one way or another. They are the blessed among dealers and they guard their honors zealously. Don't think for a moment that you can slip through unnoticed if you have passed them by for your favorite shop, for you may be surprised a few days before your presentation to see in the columns of a newspaper such a notice as this: "Mrs. X is among those to be presented at court next week. Gown by ——" All social London, in court circles and out, sneers if your modiste is not the proper one, and you may have a pretty time living it down. Even that simple announcement smacks of trade, for a fixed charge of one pound is exacted for the cost of inserting the notice, about the only sum in the entire proceedings that is not extracted directly from you. The dressmakers really have charge of the transaction, for they are only too glad to proclaim their distinguished patronage, and the newspapers, realizing this, reap the harvest.

Weary Rehearsals

Nowadays, if you are in the know, you will place yourself in the hands of a charming lady, one of the most picturesque of the long line of court dressmakers, who wields no small power behind the throne. Admitted both by birth and by marriage to the most exclusive circles in England she held an enviable position before the war. But she lost interest in society after the death of her husband and several other members of her family in the war, and decided to go into business. Her friends were horrified, but in spite of them she became a member of the staff of a fashionable dressmaker. With all her influential friends eager to help her, her success was instantaneous. Soon she bought the establishment, and now she is the court dressmaker de luxe. Not only does she fashion the gowns for the brilliant social figures but because of her own long training in court etiquette she obligingly gives instruction in deportment as well.

It used to be that the famous Mrs. Wordsworth was the only one recognized as competent to lead one through the intricacies of the court curtsy, to give just the right measure to the majestic step, and to impress one with the importance of poise in the long hours of waiting that were characteristic of the days of Queen Victoria and King Edward. Mrs. Wordsworth then taught all noble England its dancing steps, and it was only fitting that she should be expected to inject grace into the court proceedings. A friend of mine, an Englishwoman, who was presented during the reign of King Edward, told me of the tortures she endured at the hands of the determined old dancing teacher. Nothing short of perfection was countenanced in those days, and Mrs. Wordsworth began early on the little handful of noble subjects who were scheduled to make their bows before their sovereigns. Twelve wearisome mornings were spent doing over and over again the bow that made the quaint little woman so renowned, and which even now is favored. Chintz trains, the exact length—which was then by requirement four yards and a half—were used, and the ladies, young and old, were marched past the two chairs that represented his majesty and his consort. Their deportment and address to other members of the court were also attended to, and by the time the class was discharged it was sure to be letter-perfect, barring, of course, any mishap because of nervous excitement.

Such mishaps were frequent in the days when rules as well as clothes were astonishingly complicated, but anecdotes of misadventure seldom reached the outside world after the proceedings were handled humorously by a contemporary writer and the old queen placed a ban on publications of the happenings of the court. The "gold sticks"—impressive attendants—were the saving grace in the time of King Edward, for these skillful men were at your side at just the right time to look after your train and to see that it and you swept through the ceremony properly. By a clever twist of the wrist they would roll your train neatly around their gold staffs and lay it gently on your arm as you left the room.

Silver and Orchid

Since court functions are simpler now, the preparation is not so tedious, although it is still far from an easy task. When I was presented my sponsor, who, fortunately, had some secret information regarding the lists, cabled me that I had better sail the first of May to allow plenty of time, instead of the three weeks' leeway I should have if I waited for the official notification from the office of the lord chamberlain. I had also been instructed to cable the chosen dressmaker that I should require a dress for the occasion. She is much in demand at that time, and the early bird gets the best attention. So by the time I reached London my preparations were well under way. I had no worry over the fact that my gown must be no more than three inches from the floor, that the neck must be only medium low, that there must be cap sleeves, and that my train must not lie on the floor more than a yard. Those details were the concern of the dressmaker. I began to figure directly only when I had my first fitting, which was also my first lesson in the court curtsy. The stage, with the two thrones and distances exactly measured, was set, and with the charge that I must keep my back stiff at all costs I was drilled painstakingly. Two such lessons and I was pronounced good, or at least adequate.

The gown I chose—one of three I was allowed to select from—was beautiful beyond my wildest dreams. It is silver cloth embroidered in orchid. The train is of white satin lined with orchid velvet and embroidered with crystal beads and pearls. The fine embroidery work was done in France and because of the pressure of time the train was sent back by airplane, an interesting modern touch. The Prince of Wales feathers are still used in the hair to hold the tulle veil in place, although the old crest, Ich Dien, which was attached to them and which caused so much dissension just after the war, has been abandoned.

To my amazement the entire outfit cost me only a little more than six hundred dollars, yet, no doubt, it would have been much more for one less familiar with the routine; some pay as much as two thousand dollars for their clothes. Even then it was quite an extravagance for me, for the train is pretty certain to be a total loss immediately after the function. Of course there are some recognized uses for it. Your first baby's cloak is supposed to be made from it; if you are a debutante you save it for your wedding, and if you are an economical matron and not sentimental you add to your wardrobe by having it made into a gown. My English friend of King Edward's time tells me that she has already gotten two lovely dresses from hers, and still has yards of material. Since I am romantic, mine is laid away.

It is not true, as some suppose, that a lady appearing at their majesties' court must have a new and spotless gown. A bride may wear her wedding dress, a matron may appear in any gown of black or gray—and even, now, of color—that meets the requirements. Only young girls of necessity get new gowns, for they are not apt to have anything conservative enough for the occasion in their wardrobes. In a desire to exercise the strictest economies—a measure in practice by her even before the

(Continued on Page 173)

Your roaster! ...Viko has it

This time you are going to buy the roaster which you should have had long ago—the particular roaster which suits your particular needs. And, since it's to be a Viko roaster—which won't wear out for years—you are going to choose with special care.

Which shall it be—oval, round or oblong? Small or large? Let your own judgment dictate the style and your oven the size. The complete Viko line contains the very roaster that will serve you best.

Whichever you buy, your roaster will be economically priced. Viko always is. But Viko utensils are so well made—so *generously* made—of thick, hard, pure aluminum that they also bring you that ultimate economy which it takes years to measure.

Shouldn't you like to know Viko Aluminum better? Our Miniature Catalog No. A5—yours for a post card request—will tell you about it.

• • •

To make selection easier, many good stores now have Viko display stands with comprehensive exhibits of fine Viko utensils.

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber

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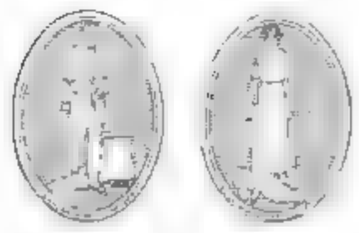
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wisconsin, U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

VIKO
The Popular Aluminum

Walk-Over Shoes

for Men and Women



Look at the unusual features of this shoe

Many Walk-Over styles are made with the Main Spring Arch*

The Walk-Over Main Spring* Arch is a great advance in shoe making. The scientific design gives rigidity to the arch and flexibility to the tread. The unusual shape looks normal when concealed in a style shoe. It feels normal to the normal foot. To the foot that needs support, and to the normal foot that is tired from overuse, the Main Spring* Arch gives needed support. **Patented and name reg. U. S. Pat. Off*

ITS good style is made even better looking by its fine fitting. There is a Walk-Over shoe to fit every known type of foot. Each has special features that you get only in Walk-Overs. At the Walk-Over store you will find a shoe that fits you as exactly as if it were made to order. Once you know its comfort you will understand why the Walk-Over shoe is known the world over as the shoe with the personal fit.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Quality for Half a Century

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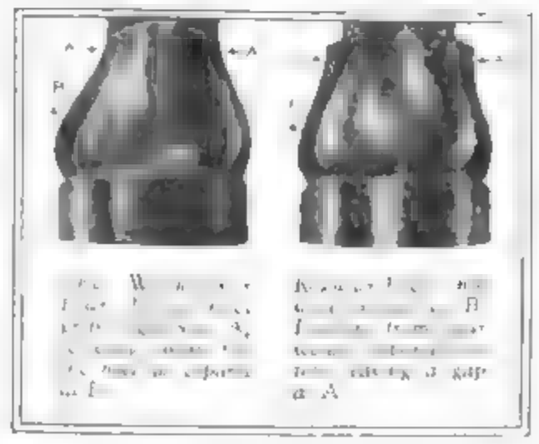

Walk-Overs fit at the heel and ankle. You can't put your finger in at the top of a Walk-Over oxford. The exclusive pear-shaped heel is narrow at the top, and extra-wide at the bottom where your heel is extra thick. It has room for your heel to expand when your weight is upon it. The grip at the sides, not a pressure at the back, makes Walk-Overs fit without gaping

(Continued from Page 170)

war—the queen has relaxed the rules considerably.

In fact, the hard-and-fast rules are in the sphere of men at present. The women have easy sailing compared to them. You know, the men make their bows at the levee, which is held at St. James' Palace before the presentations. Though it is always held in the morning no license is allowed in the matter of dress, and there is much scowling on the part of attendants and subjects if your uniform or court dress, which calls for knee breeches and quaint coats, is not absolutely correct. A man I know was almost ejected, he says, because of the carelessness of the court tailor who furnished his attire. He appeared for the affair quite satisfied with himself, but just as he was leaving the dressing room an attendant stopped him. "My God," he exclaimed in utter amazement, "you can't wear those bows!" For the first time Mr. A noticed that there were tiny bows about an inch long at the sides of his knickerbockers at intervals of several inches. He was a little testy at the reprimand and announced that he certainly would wear them, for they couldn't be taken off at that juncture and that they must have it out with their official tailor, whose fault it indeed was. He braved smothered exclamations of attendants throughout the ceremony. When Mr. A was getting his equipment he was also startled, upon asking for a pair of long stockings, to find that he must take two pairs. "You must have two pairs, sir, so as not to show the flesh," he was politely informed. So he doggedly wore the two pairs. The ceremony, since Victoria's day, has always been held at night, and the day of presentation, though exciting, is tedious throughout. Your gown arrives and must be tried on to be sure that everything is as it should be. Then you begin the various beautifying processes. The hairdresser proves to be the most irksome of your aids, for somehow he manages to be around most of the day, shampooing, waving and getting in the way of manicurists and others who hover about, perhaps because he otherwise would not have the boldness to charge the amount he asks. I paid him twenty-five dollars. Naturally you have one of the court hairdressers, who are accustomed to fashioning the hair for the veil and the Prince of Wales feathers. With the growing fashion for bobbed hair their duties have become even more complicated. The court does not look with favor upon this new style, and if you follow the rules, as all the English do, you will conceal your folly under a transformation. There was mixed amusement and consternation last season when the daughter of an earl lost her entire headdress—transformation, feathers, veil and all—at the dance at Buckingham Palace following her presentation, and disclosed her tightly shorn locks. The incident was a reminder of the historic occasion when Queen Victoria received an important dignitary. He had made his low bow and as he raised his head he looked at her majesty and was amazed to behold her very bald head. In acknowledging his bow her wig and hair ornaments had fallen into her lap. She replaced them calmly, however, and the ceremony went on.

At the Palace

But to return to my own presentation. Much puffed and pinned and powdered, I awaited the arrival of my equipage, which also comes under the rules. You are instructed to have a footman as well as a chauffeur, for the footman is an important functionary in the proceedings. It was a great relief to me to know that my sponsor was to go to the palace with me. So many journey forth alone, especially the Americans, and I dreaded the solitary trip through the curious and noisy crowds.

We arrived about 7:30—the ceremony was scheduled for 9:30 o'clock—but I wanted to be early to see it all. Through the influence of one of the king's bodyguard, a relative of my sponsor, we were able to find seats well to the front in the Throne Room, and from there I saw the most brilliant and stirring ceremony I ever hope to witness. That great hall is an oblong room with the famous organ at one end and the raised dais for the royal family at the other. On such gala occasions seats in gallery arrangement fill the remaining space, with only aisles for passage. Of course the only aisle of any consequence is the historic red-carpeted one which leads from door to door directly across the room in front of the dais. "Stick to that carpet and you can't go far wrong," was the admonition I heard everywhere. The long wait which is so tedious to the great numbers cooped away in the antechambers, I found particularly pleasant. The spectacle was beautiful beyond description. Graceful women in shimmering gowns mingled with the gentlemen in brilliant uniforms. Here and there an Oriental touch was lent by a picturesque rajah or a Chinese prince in costume of rich brocades. Brightly dressed guards were everywhere, and even the men in velvet knee breeches with strange black coats and lace ruffles were more scenic than somber. There was perfect order and all took a keen interest in what was going on.

As the hour approached, the room became tense with excitement. Finally the organ boomed out God Save the King, and the throng swept to its feet in homage to its rulers. Preceded by the lord chamberlain and his officials, who walked backwards before their majesties, bearing their white wands of office, the royal family entered by the door opposite the one used by those who were to be presented. The king and queen were followed by the Prince of Wales and the remainder of the court family according to rank. The gentlemen at arms grouped themselves as guard around the two thrones and the others of the party took their accustomed places. Their majesties—and, of course, the entire assemblage—stood while the official family and the members of the diplomatic circle were presented. Then they were seated for the presentations of the general circle.

On the Chamberlain's List

A short time before I made my bow an attendant came to me to say that I was to take my place in the narrow corridor outside the Throne Room. In a moment I stood trembling on the threshold. With my eyes fixed on the carpet I stepped forth, now consumed with counting the three steps that would bring me to the right spot. My card was passed down the line of attendants to the lord chamberlain, who called out my name at the very instant I stood before the king to make my bow. With back well arched I dropped my much practiced curtsy, took the two more steps to the queen and bowed low before her. Then with head turned always to the august pair I walked slowly from the room. As I passed through the door my train was gently laid over my arm by an attendant.

The great moment was past. Throughout it all I had been strangely numb, but back in my seat I thrilled anew as others made their bows and glided from the room. Everything happened with such deliberation, dignity and grandeur. When the ceremony was over—about five hundred had been presented, including twenty-four American women—everyone rose. The king and queen bowed to the court, and in compliment the entire assemblage bowed low; then amid peals of soul-stirring music the royal circle left the room.

It was then nearly midnight. The great halls of the palace were suddenly a-buzz with gay moving throngs. In one of the ballrooms there was dancing, several of the dining rooms were thrown open for supper, and animated groups gathered in the smaller reception rooms. We joined a party in a smaller ballroom and had an elaborate supper.

We lingered there only a short time, however, for there were still duties to be performed—one of great importance, that of being photographed. Here again custom prevails, and you must have your picture taken either before or after your presentation. On this occasion the photographers keep their establishments open most of the night to accommodate their mighty patrons. The court photographer at present is the daughter of the former court painter, and much in the favor of the royal household. Her quaint personality makes her an interesting figure in London and it is considered a great though expensive privilege to sit for her. In spite of the lateness of the hour when we arrived there, the dear little white-haired lady—she is about fifty years of age—was as alert and excited as if she had just begun, and she arranged every fold of my gown herself with expert care. The following day I returned to the palace to place my name in the registry book. For three years I am persona grata on the lord chamberlain's list, but to remain among the favored I must make my bow by the end of that time; otherwise I am stricken off after five years.

The *Remington* Cash Register—Nation-wide service to the Merchants of America

FROM the very beginning, Remington recognized that in entering the cash register business it incurred two obligations—

To make a *new* and *better* Cash Register—

To establish a *Service Organization* every bit as good and modern as the Cash Register itself.

So in each of the cities listed below you will find a Remington Branch Office and trained Cash Register men ready to help every merchant who uses a Cash Register—

With suggestions and advice as to cash registers in relation to *store systems*—

With expert *mechanical* service.

Remington has the program. It has the resources. It is carrying its initial success clear through.

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There is a Remington Cash Register built to fit your business. Call on the nearest office for a demonstration of the cash register that fits the selling operations of your store today.

Special Note

Among the many thousands of merchants who have purchased the New and Better Cash Register, more than 8000 have turned in registers of other makes as part payment in exchange for Remingtons. These machines—many of them the large and recent types—are reconditioned and present attractive bargains to store-keepers who are not ready to buy new Remingtons. Before buying a Cash Register of any kind, find out what we can offer you. See our Branch Offices.

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Little Rock, Ark.
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Tampa, Fla.
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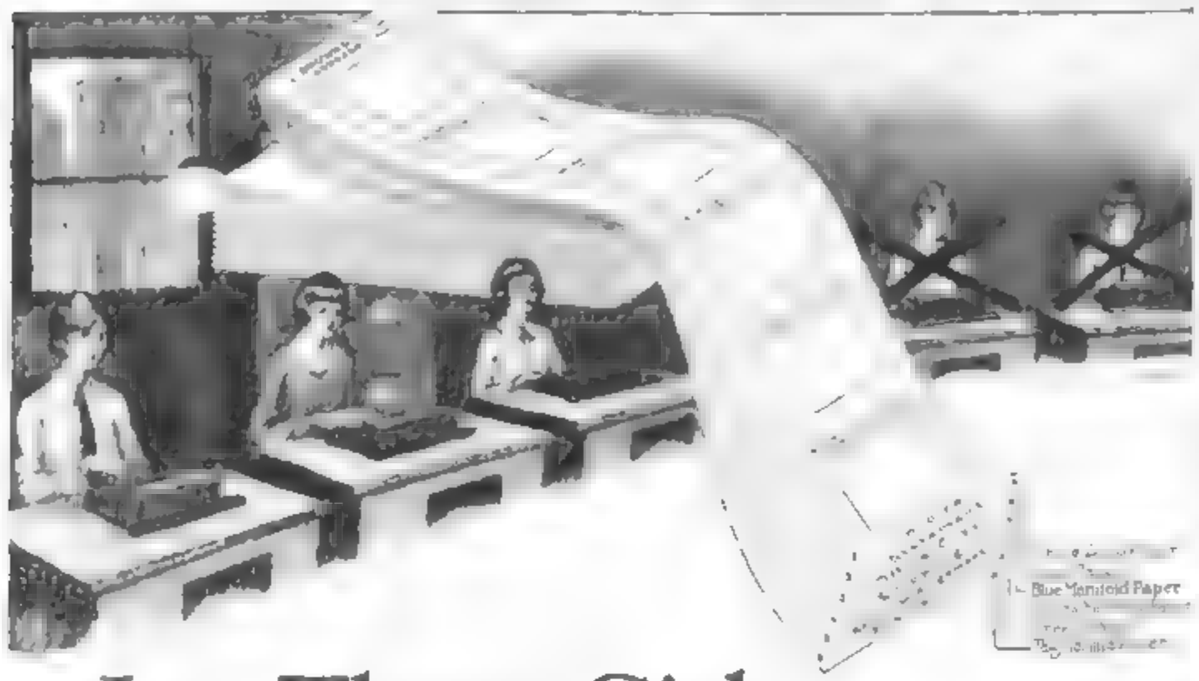

Let Three Girls Do the Work of Five

—1 girl spends only half the time she spent before.
—the work of five girls saved.
—4 girls were doing it; now done by 1.

Two things cause these distinct savings:

Continuous Interfolded Forms

1. Eliminate five of the six operations necessary to type ordinary cut forms. (Just as shown in the box at the right.)
2. Combine sets of records now requiring two or more typings.

Operations necessary to type cut forms:

1. Inserting carbons between sheets.
2. Jogging sets into alignment
3. Inserting set in machine
4. Realigning
5. Writing
6. Removing carbons

Operations necessary with Continuous Interfolded Forms:

1. Writing

As shown in the picture, Continuous Interfolded Forms are made in lengths of 500 to 2000 sets—each set containing as many copies as you require. They are packed in cartons ready for instant use. Fed into the billing machine and interleaved only once with carbon, the typist's time is then entirely devoted to actual writing. When one set is completed, she pulls it forward and separates it at the perforations. Immediately she starts typing the next set which has automatically come into position with the carbons interleaved.

Continuous Interfolded are the only forms combining all these advantages:

1. Only one neat pack of 500 to 2000 sets according to the number of copies wanted in each set.
2. Each copy may be a different colored paper.
3. Each copy may be a different weight of paper.
4. Each copy may be a different kind of paper.
5. All copies in the set are separate and have clean cut edges when removed from the machine.
6. Perforated flat hinge at folds—no hump to catch or tear the carbon paper.
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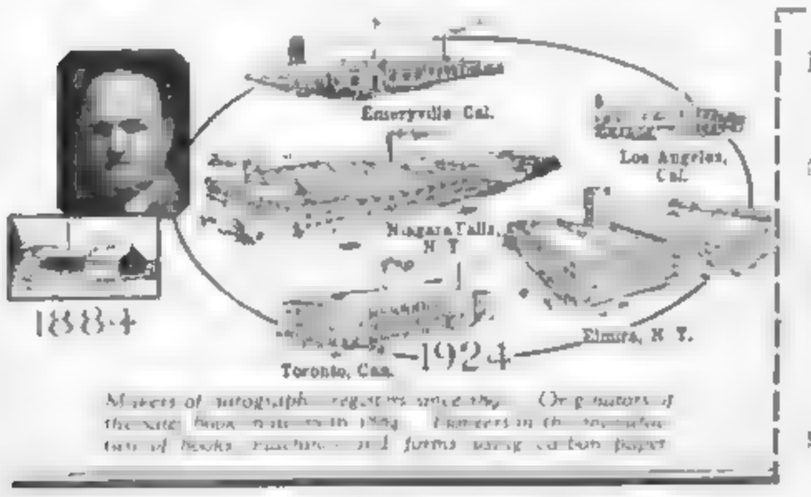

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THEODOSIA BURR, PRODIGY

(Continued from Page 11)

A year will certainly accomplish it. Your physiognomy has naturally much of benevolence, and it will cost you much labor which you may well spare to eradicate it. Avoid . . . a smile or sneer of contempt. . . . A frown of sullenness or discontent is but one degree less hateful."

V

THEO was seventeen, and there were many suitors, even without the ones which legend has ascribed to her -Washington Irving, for instance, whom it is doubtful if she ever knew personally; and John Vanderlyn, the country boy whom the colonel befriended, with whom Theo is sometimes said to have been in love, although she was only twelve when he left the United States, not to return until after her marriage, when he painted the famous portrait of her which he considered his best work in America; and a son, whose identity is not revealed, of one of the great Republican families in the state, with which Colonel Burr is reported to have sought such an alliance for political purposes.

Many suitors, probably, until young Mr. Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, came through New York during the summer of 1800; and after that there was no time for other suitors. He was the son of Col. William Alston, one of the foremost planters and slave owners in his state; a very fine young man, twenty-two years of age, talented and extremely popular; already a member of the bar, a great traveler and something of a poet; and the possessor of a large estate, The Oaks, inherited from his grandfather, on the Waccamaw River, in All Saints' Parish, Georgetown County. A very fervent, eloquent young man with his soft Carolinian speech, from that South which seemed so far away, who fell head over heels in love with Theo and then wrote her long philosophical dissertations about it, filled with classical allusions and the restrained periods of a graceful rhetoric.

For Theo did not want to marry him, oh, no, Mr. Alston; she had a sincere friendship for him, and that was all. Charleston, she had heard, was full of plague, and excessively hot, resounding with "the yells of whipped negroes," and its gentlemen were absorbed in hunting and gaming while the ladies had nothing to do except "come together in large parties, sip tea and look prim." And when Mr. Alston had a long answer for that, Theo reminded him that Aristotle had said that no man should marry before he was thirty. But Mr. Alston was not interested in Aristotle.

"Hear me, Miss Burr," he begged her, at the start of a veritable brief on the subject. "Suppose (merely for instance) a young man nearly two and twenty, already of the greatest discretion, with an ample fortune, were to be passionately in love with a young lady almost eighteen, equally discreet with himself, and who had a 'sincere friendship' for him—do you think it would be necessary to make him wait till thirty? Particularly where friends on both sides were pleased with the match?"

No, Miss Burr did not really think so; already before receiving his letter she had written "to tell you that I shall be happy to see you whenever you choose; that, I suppose, is equivalent to very soon. . . . My father laughs at my impatience to hear from you, and says I am in love. . . . I had intended not to marry this twelvemonth . . . but to your solicitations I yield my judgment."

They were married at Albany, where Colonel Burr was busy in the legislature, on February 2, 1801. They spent a week at Albany, and then went to New York alone, to dear Richmond Hill, for a few days; and then to Baltimore, where they met Colonel Burr and accompanied him to Washington City, that village in a wilderness, to see him inaugurated, as Vice President of the United States, on March fourth.

And it was only by a few votes that he was not to be President, actually, in place of Mr. Jefferson, with whom he had been tied as a result of the election. While the honeymooners had been at Richmond Hill—and while thousands of people come from all over the country were sleeping fifty in a room on the floors of Washington taverns, and standing in crowds in front of Conrad's boarding house on Capitol Hill to catch a glimpse of Mr. Jefferson, the "Mammoth of Democracy"—Congress had been trying to break the deadlock. With Mr. Nicholson, of Maryland, brought in his sick bed to be present, and with the defeated Federalists obstructing every move, the balloting began, on February eleventh. Nineteen ballots that day, and it was midnight, and congressmen in nightcaps were snoring all over the chamber; nine more ballots throughout the night, and they adjourned until Friday, took one ballot at noon, and adjourned again until Saturday. On that day, after four more ballots, they adjourned until Monday.

Outside, in the streets, the crowds were stirred by outlandish rumors. Mr. Jefferson would be elected by force; the people of Philadelphia had risen in arms and were marching on Washington. Hours of anxious waiting found their outlet in noisy processions singing for Jefferson and Liberty:

Calumny and falsehood in vain raise their voice
To blast our Republican's fair reputation,
But Jefferson still is America's choice,
And he will her liberties guard from invasion.

On Monday, February sixteenth, the thirty fourth and fifth ballots were taken, and then something happened. Colonel Burr had refused to pledge himself to certain Federalist measures; Mr. Jefferson had signified his willingness. On the thirty-sixth ballot, Maryland, Vermont and Delaware changed their votes, and Mr. Jefferson was elected. As Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, wrote to Mr. Hamilton—"I was enabled soon to perceive that he"—Colonel Burr—"was determined not to shackle himself with Federal principles. . . . The means existed of electing Burr, but this required his cooperation: By deceiving one man (a great blockhead) and tempting two (not incorrupt) he might have secured the majority of the states."

The Vice President-elect, therefore, and the Alstons arrived at Washington in an uproar of bonfires and public jubilation, in the midst of which the Federalists were dolefully proclaiming that the Moon of Democracy was arisen, and that the Eagle of Freedom was now replaced by the Owl And in another great din of guns and bells Theo saw her beloved father take his place as the Second Gentleman in the Land, and watched him escort Mr. Jefferson to his chair, in the presence of the Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. John Marshall—a prophetic juxtaposition which was to have its sequel six years later in a courthouse at Richmond.

And then the Alstons went on South; for once, it was Theo who had gone away on a journey, and Colonel Burr wrote from New York that it was dreary, solitary, comfortless and no longer home without her; and Theo wrote back and advised him to marry again, which he did, finally, in his seventies.

VI

THERE followed some happy months for Theo. She adored her husband, without for a moment forgetting her father, and though she was always to prefer Northern scenes, still, "where you are, there is my country, and in you are centered all my wishes." She was very busy setting in order her two Waccamaw plantations, Hagley and The Oaks, and the summer home on Debordieu Island, and sending to New York for furniture, and apples, a cook—one wonders why, in Carolina—and a chambermaid who came, in time, with Colonel Burr's recommendation, "a good, steady-looking animal aged twenty-three."

She was received with open arms in lovely Charleston, when she came there for Race Week and the Saint Cecilia balls, to the Alston residence on King Street; and one imagines her driving in the cool of the evening on the Battery; as the youngest bride present, it may be, at her first Saint Cecilia, coming down to supper on the arm of the President; visiting in those serene Charleston mansions which turned their shoulders so diffidently to the world, preserving for their inmates the dignity of their columned piazzas and the scented shade of their precious gardens filled with jessamine, and roses, and azaleas; sitting, perhaps, of a fragrant Sunday morning, in the family pew at St. Michael's or St. Philip's, or possibly out in the country, at St. Andrew's parish church, or at St. James', Goosecreek, among the pines.

(Continued on Page 177)

ATWATER KENT

RADIO

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—there is the spirit and guiding impulse of master workmanship—

—there is a nation-wide reputation for precision—and a recognition of the name "ATWATER KENT" as a standard of excellence—

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A Sta-Shape Hat at $7.00
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BERGSTER quality and Bergster style —*above par* at seven dollars. Quality that is apparent to the touch as the style is to your eye. The hidden virtue is in the shape-retaining Sta-Shape feature. It makes the style-lines stay stylish.

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Berg
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Sta-Shape
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 174)

In the summer when she was not at the island she traveled to the mountains and at the North, sometimes without her husband. To Niagara and Grand River, where she called upon the chief of the Mohawks, who entertained her royally in his turn and gave her gifts of moccasins; to Saratoga, to Ballston Spa, into New England, and, of course, to Richmond Hill. And once, in the spring of 1802, the Vice President went South, and visited her at The Oaks; a memorable occasion, no doubt, fraught with considerable ceremonious festivity.

"My father, the Vice President of the United States."

And constantly, in between times, Colonel Burr wrote to her as he had always done, advising, suggesting, insisting, criticizing, complaining, as though she had been a little girl still, and not a young married lady with her own troubles. She must not suffer any operation to be performed upon her teeth. She must walk a great deal, even without her husband, and, if necessary, "to be in form," with ten negroes at her heels; she must, for this purpose, provide herself with a stout pair of overshoes; and the kind that came up to the ankle bone with one button to keep them on would be best, and would she write to say that she had done so. There is something rather ludicrous in all this pother of details.

Theodosia's son, Aaron Burr Alston, was born in May, 1802, a "sweet little rascal," whom they took to calling "Mammy's treasure" and "the Vice President."

Theo went North with him, almost at once, to stay five months, during which she wrote to Mr. Alston—"Ah, my husband, why are we separated. . . . When will the month of October come . . . it appears to be a century off"; and in 1803 again, this time accompanied by her husband, she had the boy at his grandfather's. And the colonel was delighted with him, and called him Gampy, because of his baby pronunciation of the word "grandpa"—a word which, in the little fellow's mind, seems always to have meant Grandpa Burr, whom he adored, and not Grandpa Alston, who may or may not have resented the fact. And because Colonel Burr was utterly unable to keep his hands off any potential pupil who came within his grasp, and because his dictatorial mania, especially in matters of education, had if anything increased, one finds him writing, in 1804, when the child was only nineteen months old:

"I am sure he may now be taught his letters, and then put a pen into his hands and set him to imitate them. He may read and write before he is three years old. This, with speaking French, would make him a tolerably accomplished lad of that age, and worthy of his blood." The Edwards-Burr blood, of course. And a few months later, when Gampy was barely two, after the colonel had calmly ordered the mother to translate the Constitution into French for him, he was reminding her that if she were "quite mistress of natural philosophy, he"—the boy—"would now be acquiring a knowledge of various branches, particularly natural history, botany and chymistry. . . . Pray take in hand," he advised her, "some book which requires attention and study. You will, I fear, lose the habit of study which would be a greater misfortune than to lose your head."

One begins to wonder whether, for his part, the colonel had not lost his mind in certain respects; and—as Mr. Blennerhassett was inclined, later, to believe, and Mr. Cowles Meade to be convinced—whether he was not actually slightly "deranged."

VII

AND this sinister aspect of Colonel Burr becomes more impressive when one realizes that Theo was, at the time, an extremely sick young woman. The birth of the boy had left her very weak—"if heaven grant him but to live, I shall never repent what he has cost me," she told her husband. Already, in 1802, she was suffering from nervous depression, and a general apathy from which she could only with difficulty be aroused. Saratoga and Ballston Spa did her no lasting good, her long journeys exhausted her, and in the spring of 1803 she was really desperately ill. Only the occasional "delightful confusion" of some domestic "bustle" seemed capable of giving "a circulation to the blood, an activity to the mind, and a spring to the spirits." She absorbed quantities of mercury, and wrote pitifully to Mr. Alston:

"I have now abandoned all hope of recovery. . . . You . . . must summon up your fortitude to bear with a sick wife the rest of her life. At present my general health is very good, indeed my appearance so perfectly announces it that physicians smile at the idea of my being an invalid. The great misfortune of this complaint is that one may vegetate forty years in a sort of middle state between life and death . . ."

So that the news, in July, 1804, that her father had quarreled with Mr. Hamilton over some exceedingly insulting letters, called him out and shot him, found her in a distressing condition.

They were singing at New York:

"Oh, Burr; Oh, Burr!
What hast thou done?
Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton!
You hid behind a bunch of thistle,
And shooted him dead with a great hoss pistol!"

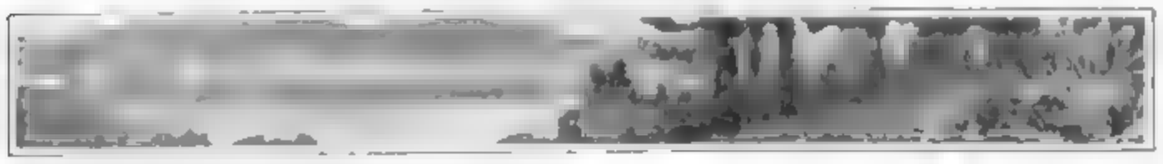
The Vice President of the United States was practically a fugitive from justice, a coroner's jury had returned a charge of murder against him—although for just what reason, in that dueling age, is not so clear—and Theo was in a panic of apprehension and, possibly, reproach, for he wrote to her not to let him have "the idea that you are dissatisfied with me a moment. I can't just now endure it. At another time you may play the Juno, if you please."

At all events, his "dearest Theodosia"—to whom he was "indebted for a very great portion of the happiness which I have enjoyed in this life," and who had "completely satisfied all that my heart and affections had hoped or even wished"—was extremely depressed and feeble during the whole of that summer, which he spent in St. Simon's Sound and in the Floridas; so that her husband was not able to put into effect those recommendations which the colonel had addressed to him on the night before the duel, in that amazing letter in which he still found time to entreat him to . . . "stimulate and aid Theodosia in the cultivation of her mind. It is indispensable to her happiness and essential to yours. It is also of the utmost importance to your son. She would presently acquire a critical knowledge of Latin, English, and all branches of natural philosophy. All this would be poured into your son. If you should differ with me as to the importance of this measure"—and the suggestion is, no doubt, significant of some previous resentment on the father's part of his father-in-law's interferences—"suffer me to ask it of you as a last favor."

The Vice President resigned, after reminding the weeping senators that "this House is a sanctuary, a citadel of law, of order and liberty," in which, if anywhere, resistance would be made "to the storms of political frenzy and the silent arts of corruption." During the summer of 1805, in which Theo was again so sick and despondent, he traveled extensively in the West and in the South, conversing with many people on a variety of extraordinary subjects. And in the course of his journey he came to Blennerhassett's Island. In the following year he returned there, with Mr. and Mrs. Alston and the boy.

VIII

IT WAS an island in the Ohio River, at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, a "solitary island" turned into a "terrestrial paradise" of lawns and shrubs, pastures, fruit and vegetable gardens, surrounding a white two-storied house with curving wings, which had cost its owner thirty thousand dollars. His name was Harman Blennerhassett; an Irishman who had come to America with the "tender partner of his bosom" and two children, and a large fortune; a man "whose soul is accustomed to toil in the depths of science and to repose beneath the bowers of literature, whose ear is formed to the harmony of sound, and whose touch and breath daily awaken it



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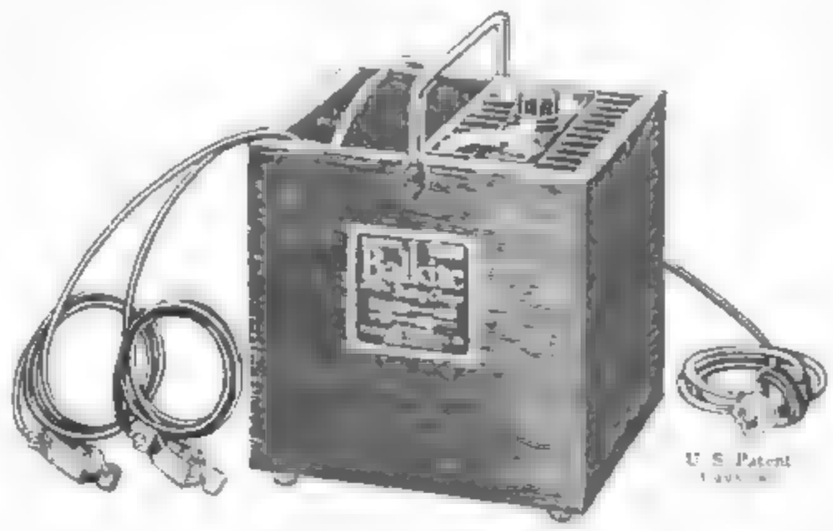

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from a variety of melodious instruments." Peace, tranquility and innocence—so, moreover, Mr. Wirt was subsequently to declaim—shed their mingled delights around him. And in the midst of it all, "this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart," came Colonel Burr and the Alstons.

And in a short while, according to Mr. Wirt, the whole scene was changed. Mr. Blennerhassett's shrubbery breathed its fragrance upon the air in vain, he liked it not; his ear no longer drank the rich melody of music, he preferred the clangor of trumpets, even "the prattle of his babes" and "the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable," left him unmoved. So it was to appear to Mr. Wirt, summing up, at the time, for the prosecution, in the case of the Federal Government against Aaron Burr.

Actually, it is difficult, even today, to determine exactly what took place. It is not feasible, certainly, in these pages to reconstruct more than the mere outline of the castle in Spain which Colonel Burr erected upon the deluded hopes of his fascinated followers, and of his own possibly disordered imagination. There had, probably, been talk of a separation from the Union of the Western states—no very terrible matter at a time when the whole of New England was roaring for a northern confederacy bounded by the Delaware, under the admitted leadership of a former Secretary of State—but this project had already been abandoned. There was a scheme, too, for the colonization of the Washita lands in Louisiana, that fabulous region, reputed to be full of salt mountains and giants, which Mr. Jefferson had recently purchased for fifteen million dollars—enough dollars, as they said, to make a pile three miles high. And then, in the event of war between America and Spain, there was to be an expedition into Mexico.

They were counting on that war—just as, some forty years later, in California, Mr. Frémont was to count on a war with Mexico and not be disappointed, so that he became a hero as a result of his escapade, and not a public criminal. And in 1806 war with Spain seemed inevitable; many high Federal officials predicted it, Mr. Jefferson, apparently, wanted it—until Napoleon informed him that France would stand against him, but as late as 1807 he was still writing to his minister at Madrid—"we expect . . . from the friendship of the emperor that he will either compel Spain to do us justice or abandon her to us. We ask but one month to be in . . . the City of Mexico." It is a question, indeed, whether the President was not quite aware of the intended expedition, and in favor of it; at all events, he had certainly been sounding out Louisiana and the Floridas as to their attitude in the event of hostilities.

And so they were preparing their floating expedition, and planning, perhaps, to seize New Orleans; and dreaming an extraordinary dream in which Colonel Burr was to be emperor of Mexico, and his grandson heir to the throne, his daughter chief lady of the court, and her husband head of the nobility; there was to be untold wealth, the fabled treasure of the Aztecs, mines of silver and gold; and Mr. Blennerhassett was to be ambassador to England, and Commodore Truxton, possibly, admiral of the navy, and General Wilkinson commander in chief of the army—a sorry figure, the latter, a former leader of the Kentucky secession movement, and now on the pay roll of Spain while in command of the military forces of the United States, a fact which Emperor Aaron I would have done well to ascertain. A gentleman of scattered and expensive loyalties.

Colonel Burr talked and Theo smiled; Mr. Alston gave his security for the fifty thousand dollars which Mr. Blennerhassett subscribed. Proclamations were issued, secret ciphers were concocted, and many fragile promises made. The Spanish ambassador probably smiled up his sleeve. The Alstons went home to await the "clangor of trumpets."

And then General Wilkinson decided to wash his grimy hands in Spanish gold dust. He forwarded to Mr. Jefferson, with other heroic communications of his own, an incriminating letter purporting to have been received from Colonel Burr—although many people, including Senator Plumer, were of the opinion that there was in it "more of Wilkinsonism than of Burrism," especially since the colonel was noted for his epistolary reticence—in which there was reference to a "host of choice spirits," among them Wilkinson himself, and to the departure of Colonel Burr, "never to return," accompanied by his daughter and grandson, and to be followed by his son-in-law, in October, "with a corps of worthies." Whereupon General Wilkinson began to arrest people right and left, and sent an emissary to the viceroy of Mexico with a modest request for two hundred thousand dollars, to defray his "great pecuniary sacrifices in defeating Burr's plans" and throwing himself "Leonidas-like, in the Pass of Thermopylæ", a request which the viceroy rejected with consummate asperity.

Mr. Jefferson, who freely admitted the practicability of Colonel Burr's venture against Spain, but was now cautiously giving heed to Napoleon's warnings, so that the projected expedition was become, perhaps, an awkward bedfellow—read the letter with great interest. He also listened to many reported rumors, and, with fascinated attention, to such fantastic affidavits as that of "General" William Eaton—a gentleman who had recently conducted an expedition of his own in Tripoli—in which that worthy stated that Colonel Burr had expressed to him the intention of turning Congress neck and heels out-of-doors, assassinating the President, seizing the Treasury and the Navy, and declaring himself protector of America. A program, Mr. Beveridge points out, which could have been conceived only at a time when "General" Eaton and Colonel Burr—who seldom touched spirituous liquors—were both gloriously drunk.

In any case, Mr. Jefferson laid the whole matter before Congress, in a message which startled that body and terrified the nation into a panic of hysterical rage. Colonel Burr had committed treason, Colonel Burr had planned to overthrow the Government, Colonel Burr had led an expedition against the United States. There had been a "battle." Colonel Burr's guilt, Mr. Jefferson imprudently informed the world, was "placed beyond question"—a pronouncement which drew from Mr. John Adams the observation that if Colonel Burr's guilt was "as clear as the Noonday Sun, the First Magistrate ought not to have pronounced it so before a jury had tried him."

The first thing the Alstons knew, Colonel Burr had been arrested, on February 19, 1807, and was being taken to Richmond. Theo was in a fury of despair. Some of her letters, the colonel told her, indicated "a sort of stupor"; she must "come back to reason"; she must "amuse" herself collecting instances of virtuous men subjected to "vindictive and relentless persecution," and write him an essay with "reflections, comments and applications." Mr. Alston, for his part, was not writing any essays, he was writing to Governor Pinckney, of South Carolina, and exonerating himself as rapidly as possible of any connection with Colonel Burr's infamies, of which, the governor might rest assured, Mr. Alston had had no suspicion. His wife and child had not accompanied Colonel Burr, neither had he followed, in October, "with a corps of worthies," since they were, all three of them, quietly sitting at The Oaks watching their rice crop; and Colonel Burr had had no right to make use of his name.

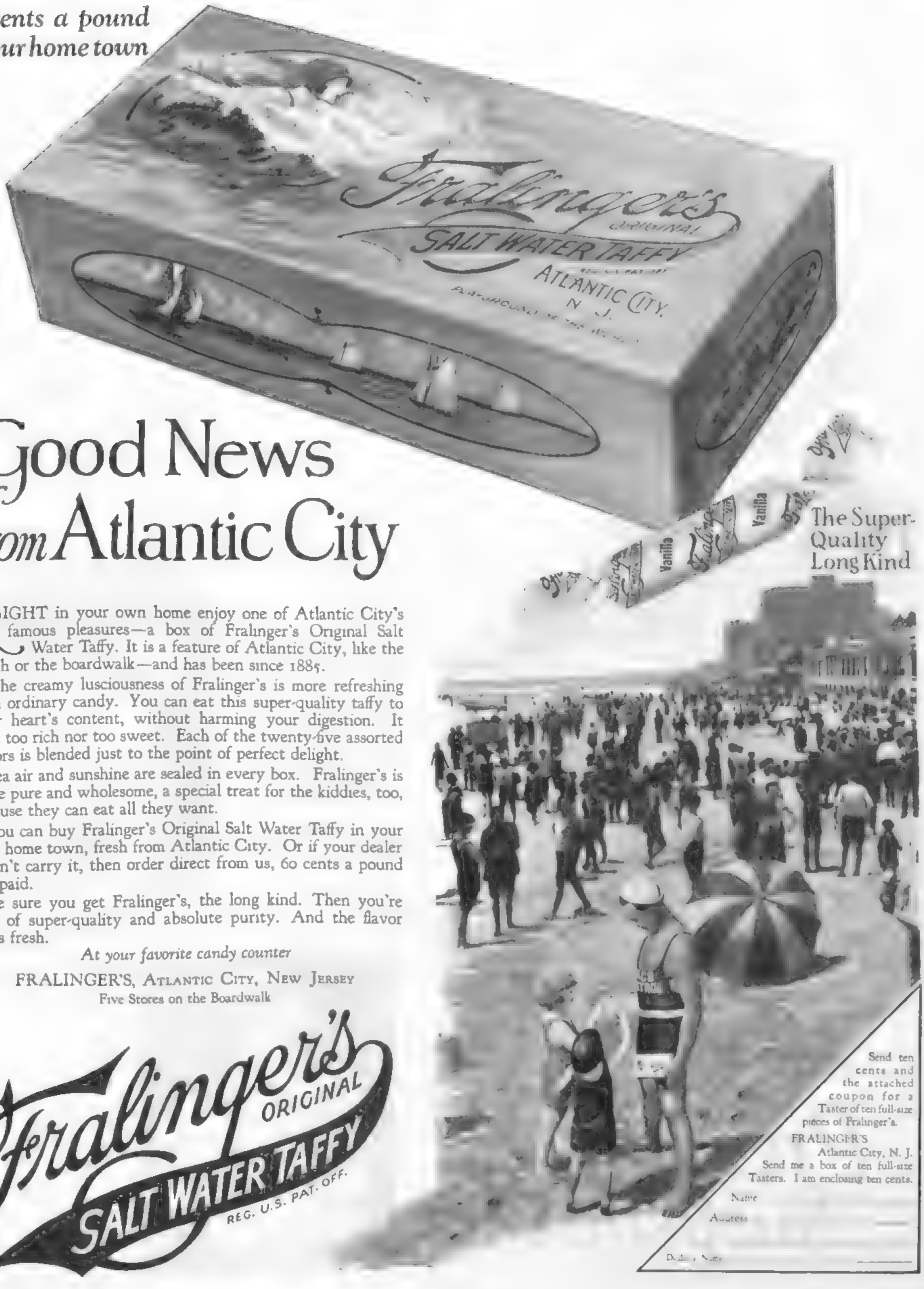
Mr. Alston was a monument of protesting indignation—he had, it may be, never actually seen further than the Washita Colony scheme, although Mr. Blennerhassett thought differently—and for once, perhaps, there was bitter discord and recrimination on the Waccamaw River.

IX

ALREADY, on March 30, 1807, when Colonel Burr was arraigned before Chief Justice Marshall, Richmond was a madhouse, so that it was necessary at once to transfer the ceremonies from the Eagle Tavern, where Colonel Burr was lodged, to the Hall of the House of Burgesses, in order to accommodate the spectators. By May twenty-second—when proceedings were opened before the grand jury in the United States Court for the Fifth Circuit and the Virginia District, in the presence of Justice Marshall and Judge Griffin—the five thousand inhabitants of that demure little town had been increased by many other thousands from all over the country, who were sleeping in tents, and in the wagons in which they had traveled, encamped along the river banks and on the hillsides. Day after day, in a sweltering temperature which reached ninety-eight degrees in the shade in June, great throngs streamed up and down the Brick Row, shoving one another off the sidewalks as they went reeling

(Continued on Page 181)

60 cents a pound in your home town



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Here are the muscles that get soft and flabby first!

"IT isn't your biceps or the muscles of your legs that get flabby and unfit so soon—just your ordinary work gives them a certain amount of exercise and keeps them in shape.

"It's your abdominal muscles that weaken—that grow soft and out of condition!"

Every physical director—every physician knows this. This condition is one of the commonest signs of the physical "middle age" that is actually overtaking hundreds of thousands of men in their thirties today.

"To keep the muscles of the abdomen in condition," says one of the most famous surgeons in the country, "they must be given their proper work to do. They must support themselves. When they are supported at the waist line, drawn in and constricted—they grow weak just as your arm would if you kept it in a sling."

THESE are the reasons why doctors and physical directors today advise not only exercises designed particularly to keep the abdominal muscles hard and fit—*but also the wearing of suspenders.*

President Suspenders, by their special self-adjusting feature, adapt themselves to every movement of the body. They permit that thorough physical freedom and ease which we know today is essential.

This explains why President Suspenders not only give greater comfort, but assure a constantly even hang to the trousers. You will appreciate this with business as well as evening clothes.

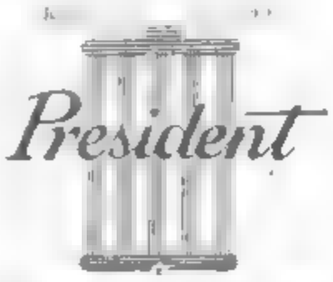
Furthermore, the webbing comes fresh from our own looms. It not only possesses a large amount of elasticity but it *keeps* its elasticity over a long period of time.

The President Suspender line today includes not only this self-adjusting President Suspender but, for men who prefer it, a straight "cross-back" style. Also extra heavy, wide webbed suspenders for out-door work.

These suspenders all carry the President label and guarantee. The long-wearing quality of their webbing, made in our own mills, will appeal to men everywhere.

No matter what style of suspender you want, look for the President label! It means physical freedom, added comfort and longer wear.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER COMPANY
SHIRLEY, MASS



Look for this label—no matter what style of suspenders you want

THE PRESIDENT
SLIDING-CORD SUSPENDER

The ideal suspender for physically active men. Notice the flexible, self-adjusting back, which permits movement of any kind without tension either on the trousers or across your shoulders.

THE "CROSS-BACK" STYLE

President-made and carrying the famous President guarantee band for men who prefer the straight "cross-back" type. It is built to give a high degree of elasticity and to keep this elasticity.

The President label means greater comfort and longer wear.

For heavier work purposes, there is also a Police style, bearing the President label, with a long-wearing quality you'll appreciate.

President Suspenders

(Continued from Page 178)

in and out of saloons and inns, the Eagle, the Swan, in search of the good Virginia brandy with which the proceedings of this legal carnival were copiously irrigated.

And, of course, toiling up the hill and fighting their way inch by inch into the court room—while a tall, ungainly personage in frontier clothes with his hair all over his face, who said his name was Andrew Jackson, was making fiery speeches outside against the "persecutor" Jefferson—to stand on tiptoe, and on the edges of precarious window sills, and one young man, called Winfield Scott, on the great lock of the front door itself, in order to get even a glimpse of the little colonel, so pale and erectly elegant in his black silk clothes and powdered hair; of the gigantic, sprawling, untidy-looking chief justice; of that jury containing some of the most notable citizens of Virginia under the foremanship of Mr. John Randolph, of Roanoke; of the lawyers on both sides, fulminating acrimoniously back and forth for the special benefit of the audience—the prosecutor, inadequate, anxious Mr. Hay, and his associates, that sour, belligerent, sarcastic old Lieutenant Governor McRae and the fascinating, flowery Mr. Wirt; and the attorneys for the defense, the crippled Mr. Baker, prosy Mr. Edmund Randolph, the youthful, caustic Mr. Benjamin Botts, the great Mr. Wickham, and pugnacious, red-faced, liquidly convivial Mr. Luther Martin, "the rear guard of Burr's forensic army," bellowing about "the dogs of war, the hell hounds of persecution."

A great mob of men, sweating, smoking, spitting into the square sand boxes or wherever convenience might dictate; gentlemen in stocks and ruffled linen, in buckled breeches and silken queues; backwoodsmen, farmers, mountaineers, frontiersmen, in long hair, and deerskin coats, and red woolen shirts; almost all of them Republicans come to see a traitor convicted, aggressively partisan, inflamed by a screaming official press, bitterly hostile to the accused, so that bondsmen for him were hard to find in the face of the public hatred which stood, clamorous and menacing, at the elbows of the jury itself and of the court.

Fortunately, there was sitting upon the bench, unmoved and solitary above the tumult—Judge Griffin does not seem to have contributed more than his physical presence to the scene—the calm, dominating and immeasurably courageous figure of the chief justice. A gentleman who had sworn to safeguard the Constitution and proposed to do so; a gentleman for whom the law was not an instrument of party politics or of personal vengeance; a gentleman who required evidence and proof.

Fortunately, because in the background of this extraordinary trial there loomed another figure, passionate, arbitrary and endlessly cunning. A gentleman who threatened the chief justice with removal if he allowed the accused to escape; a gentleman who set the entire machinery of the Federal Government in motion to facilitate a condemnation; who, on his own initiative, spent more than ten thousand dollars of the public funds in the securing of witnesses from all over the Union by a drag-net process of questionnaires, who furnished his attorneys with pardons to be dangled as a bait for complaisant testimony, and with minute and continuous instructions concerning the conduct of the case, to the preparing of which he devoted the greater portion of his time; a gentleman who permitted himself to write, when the matter was before the grand jury, asking whether "the letters and facts published in the local newspapers, Burr's flight, and the universal rumor of his guilt," were not "probable ground for presuming the facts" and placing him on trial. Mr. Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States.

Mr. Marshall, however, required proofs, not rumors.

Already at the preliminary examination the chief justice announced —and his voice was intended to carry as far as Monticello if necessary—that he could not discharge the prisoner unless it was evident that there was no suspicion against him, but that this did not signify that "the hand of malignity may grasp any individual against whom its hate may be directed, or whom it may capriciously seize, charge him with some secret crime and put him on the proof of his innocence." But Mr. Jefferson had announced Colonel Burr's guilt in advance, with sensational indiscretion he had proclaimed it to Congress and to the nation, which forthwith accepted the foregone verdict as a fifth gospel—it must, therefore, be so; and it must, consequently, at all costs be established, or leave the Chief Magistrate utterly discredited and ridiculous. As against Colonel Burr himself, Mr. Jefferson had "never had one hostile sentiment" a statement of the sincerity of which the history of their previous relations is perhaps the best indication.

And so, day by day in that seething, dripping court room, there unfolded the amazing, the dismal and at the same time inspiring spectacle of a Chief Magistrate's vindictive prosecution of a personal enemy, embittered by his hatred of a chief justice who might not be intimidated, and who himself despised him. And in the midst of it all, a little man in black silk, on trial for his life

x

THERE can be no question here of discussing the legal features of that great suit, or the judicial problems involved. With Mr. Beveridge's Life of John Marshall before one, one may only presume to evoke a few of the dramatic moments which distinguished its course, some of the more personal incidents which enlivened its progress.

From the very first, the defense insisted and Mr. Marshall upheld, that if Colonel Burr was guilty of treason the Government must first prove that a treasonable act had been committed, and, in such an event, that the accused had been present. In this connection, on June ninth, Colonel Burr demanded that one of General Wilkinson's letters to the President be produced, and not only that, but that a subpœna *duces tecum* be issued against Mr. Jefferson, requiring him to appear in person with the document. This was a good deal of a petard for the prosecution, and they had a tremendous time over it. Mr. Luther Martin got going—would this President "who has raised all this absurd clamor," pretend to refuse papers which might be necessary to save a man's life? If so, he was "substantially a murderer, and so recorded in the register of Heaven." Mr. Randolph got going. Mr. Hay got going—the President could not be ordered about that way. Mr. Luther Martin got going again.

"Is the life of a man lately in high public esteem," he thundered, "to be endangered for the sake of punctilio to the President?" Were "envy, hatred and all the malignant passions" to pour out their poison against a citizen and not be inquired into?

Mr. Luther Martin thought not, and the country, on the whole, thought not. At all events, Mr. Marshall issued the subpœna. In the midst of the general uproar Mr. Jefferson called Mr. Martin an "unprincipled and impudent Federal bulldog," and announced that his office did not permit him to be "bandied from pillar to post." In due course, since the President of the United States was undeniably in contempt of court, Mr. Marshall issued a second subpœna *duces tecum* against him. Mr. Jefferson was considerably alarmed this time; he refused to "sanction a proceeding so preposterous," but in his confidential correspondence with the prosecuting attorney he was full of panic-stricken suggestions—could not Mr. Marshall be induced to postpone action, was there no way of calling a truce to all this *duces tecum* business, and if the court attempted to enforce its order the United States marshal must be told to ignore it, and he would be protected from the consequences. But by that time General Wilkinson's reputation had been very thoroughly tarnished, and the matter was dropped.

The general appeared in court on June fifteenth—another tremendous occasion. The "great accomplisher of all things," according to Mr. Randolph, the man who was to "officiate as the high priest of this human sacrifice," and support "the sing song and the ballads of treason and conspiracy," whose torch was to "kindle the fatal blaze." He came, in full uniform, obese, grandiloquent—strutting and swelling like a turkey cock, so it seemed to Mr. Washington Irving—and testified for four days, discharging the wondrous cargo of a mighty mass of words—Mr. Irving again—at the end of which time he escaped indictment by two votes. And Colonel Burr gave him just one look of withering scorn, which did not prevent him from declaiming to Mr. Jefferson that Burr—"this Lion hearted Eagle Eyed Hero sinking under the weight of conscious guilt, with haggard Eye, made an Effort to meet the indignant Salutation of outraged Honor, but it was in vain, his

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You can apply it yourself with perfect satisfaction—thousands have done so.

It covers the unsightly blemishes of the old soft wood floors, gives a water- and wear-proof coating on porches, piazzas and steps—equally suited to interior or exterior use. Apply to floors of wood or concrete, it's equal to any kind of test.

There are nine handsome solid covering shades from Light Yellow to Mahogany Red.

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If your dealer does not carry KYANIZE Floor Enamel send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we'll forward to you postpaid a full pint can of this master enamel for old floors. Mention color you desire—Dust Drab, Light Yellow, Warm Gray, Navy Gray, Dark Yellow, Rich Red, Tile Green, Golden Brown, Mahogany Red.

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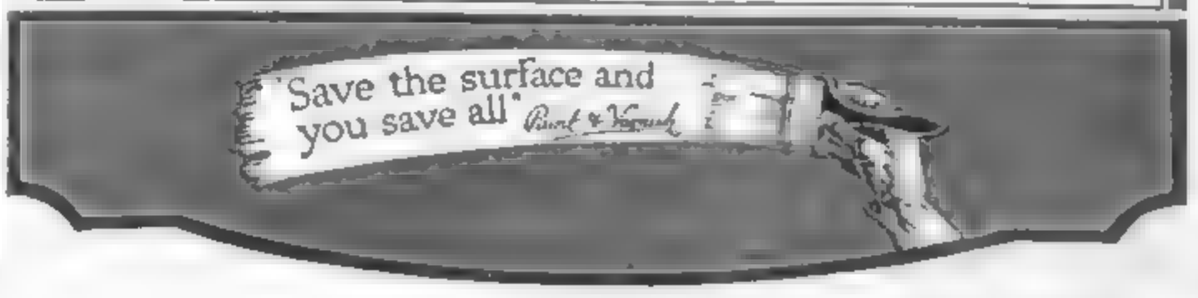

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Millions of motorists always carry the handy Shaler Vulcanizer in their cars. Get yours today wherever auto accessories are sold. Once you use it you'll never go back to the old-fashioned way of sticking on patches with cement.

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A little higher in Canada and far West

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WHAT DOES A SCREW THINK ABOUT?
"WITH APOLOGIES TO BRIGGS"
WHAT KIND OF WOOD WILL I BE DRIVEN IN?
WILL I BE DRIVEN IN UNMERCIFULLY WITH A HAMMER?
WONDER IF THEY WILL BE DECENT ENOUGH TO DRILL A LEAD HOLE?
WILL I BE COUNTERSUNK? OR WILL THEY DRIVE ME IN BY BRUTE FORCE?
I HOPE THEY DRIVE ME IN A RAILROAD CAR OR AN AUTOMOBILE BODY SO I HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE THE COUNTRY.
SOME OF MY BUDDIES WERE SOLD TO A FURNITURE FACTORY YESTERDAY. THEY DROVE THEM IN CHAIR SEATS. I HOPE I WON'T BE SAT ON THE REST OF MY LIFE
I'VE BEEN LYING IN THIS BOX WITH ALL THE OTHER SCREWS FOR SO LONG I FEEL LIKE TAKING A FAST RIDE.
I HOPE THEY DRIVE ME WITH A BLACK & DECKER ELECTRIC SCREW DRIVER.
HOT DOG!! I SEE A MAN WITH A PISTOL GRIP AND TRIGGER SWITCH IN HIS HAND. HE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT ME.
HE'S PULLED THE TRIGGER. GOOD BYE!

Just completed! A very comprehensive illustrated Data Book covering all phases of driving screws, lag screws, nuts, bolts, studs, etc. by electricity. *A copy will be mailed to you upon request.*

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.
Canadian Factory, Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

audacity failed Him, He averted his face, grew pale and affected passion to conceal his perturbation."

The general was always breaking out in a rash of capitals.

Although a little later—after he had been projected off the sidewalk and into the middle of the street by young Mr. Swartwout—the bibulous turkey cock who was finally to be posted at the Eagle Tavern as a liar, a perjurer, a forger and a coward, was writing: "To my Astonishment I found the Traitor vindicated and myself condemned by a Mass of Wealth Character—influence and Talents—Merciful God what a Spectacle did I behold—Integrity and Truth perverted and trampled under foot by turpitude and Guilt, Patriotism appalled and Usurpation triumphant."

On the other hand—merciful God, what a spectacle did he not himself provide!

At last, on June twenty-fourth, the grand jury indicted Colonel Burr for treason and misdemeanor; he was removed, pending the formal trial, to a suite on the third floor of the state penitentiary, where his antechamber was filled with visitors, and with the fruit and flowers and creams sent to him daily by the young ladies of Richmond, whose families had long since succumbed to the fascination of his personality and to the conviction of his innocence; and, in July, he sent for Theo.

"I should never invite anyone, much less those so dear to me, to witness my disgrace. I may be immured in dungeons, chained, murdered in legal form, but I cannot be humiliated or disgraced. If absent, you will suffer great solicitude. In my presence you will feel none, whatever be the malice or the power of my enemies, and in both they abound. . . . No agitations, no complaints, no fears or anxieties on the road, or I renounce thee."

XI

THEO came at once, sick as she was, with her husband and son. They went immediately to the penitentiary and spent the night; and there followed—if one may believe Mr. Blennerhassett, who reports having heard it from Colonel Burr—a very lively scene between the father and son-in-law concerning that letter to Governor Pinckney, as a result of which Mr. Alston offered to print a public reconciliation, but was spared this humiliation out of regard for Theo. Two letters attacking General Wilkinson did appear over the pen name of Agrestis, which he claimed as his own, but which Mr. Blennerhassett—who thought very poorly of Mr. Alston, and who was constantly trying to recover his money from him—ascribed to Theo herself.

And then Theo took a house and began to entertain. Dinners were all the vogue at Richmond, especially in the houses of the members of the bar, and the functions given by Mr. Marshall and Mr. Wickham, his next-door neighbor, had always been famous for the prodigality of their excellent cheer as well as the flow of wit and good humor which distinguished them. But Theo surpassed them all, winning more friends for her father in one evening with her sparkling smile than his attorneys could in a month of passionate oratory. More friends for him, and a host of devoted admirers for herself, including Mr. Luther Martin, who went running all over the town proclaiming his infatuation.

And Theo, who so loved a "bustle," must have been very happy in the knowledge that her accomplishments, her social graces, and her intellectual talents which he had done so much to foster, were serving her father in the hour of his greatest need. They were all happy—except perhaps Mr. Alston, who gives the impression at this period of a gentleman walking on very fragile eggs—there was high talk of renewed plans and ventures, and "our little family circle has been a scene of uninterrupted gaiety . . . a real party of pleasure."

And now they were in court again, during that torrid August, spending two weeks in the selection of an admittedly prejudiced jury, but public opinion at Richmond was turning. General Wilkinson had not helped the Government's cause, and the gaudy "General" Eaton, staggering from bar to bar in a tremendous hat and a Turkish sash, posturing in every taproom and violently abusing the accused, was actually helping the defense. Colonel Burr was marching every day from Mr. Martin's house, where they kept him behind bars, with an escort of two hundred gentlemen. The prosecution, with an army of witnesses, was trying to establish its case.

And what was it, after all, what was it that had happened on that famous thirteenth of December on which Colonel Burr was supposed to have levied war against the United States, as specified in the indictment? Well, with much hemming and hawing, there had been some boats, and "about betwixt twenty and twenty-five men," and they had come and gone with lanterns, and with this, that and the other; and there had been fires, while Mrs. Blennerhassett stood "shivering at midnight on the wintery banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell." No, Colonel Burr had not been present. Such was the state's case. The defense moved that no overt act had been proved. Mr. Wickham summed up for two days, followed by Mr. Randolph. Mr. Wirt made his famous speech—"Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland. . . . War is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America!" Mr. Botts replied with a satire which had the entire court, including Mr. Marshall, in roars of laughter. Mr. Hay spoke for another two days. And then Mr. Luther Martin, at the crest of his intemperate powers, closed this forensic tournament.

"God of Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Have we already under our form of government . . . arrived at a period when a trial in a court of justice where life is at stake shall be but . . . a mere idle . . . ceremony to transfer innocence from the gaol to the gibbet to gratify popular indignation excited by bloodthirsty enemies?"

Mr. Marshall decided that the Government had not proved its case, and the jury delivered its reluctant verdict of acquittal. "The knowledge of my father's innocence," Theo wrote as they brought her the message, "my ineffable contempt for his enemies, and the elevation of his mind have kept me above any sensations bordering on depression." There were tremendous parties all over Richmond that night, and especially at Mr. Martin's; in the taverns, hundreds of Republicans got very full, drinking damnation to the chief justice. The Alstons went home.

The misdemeanor suit ended in an even greater disorganization of the Federal forces, but the Government had not finished. Colonel Burr and his associates were recommitted for trial in the District of Ohio. "After all," he wrote Theo, "this is a sort of drawn battle." There might be no end to this process, to this persecution which would accept no verdict but its own. And so, while roaring mobs were hanging him in effigy at Baltimore, and while Mr. Jefferson was threatening Mr. Marshall with impeachment, Colonel Burr fled to New York, and concealed himself in the home of Mrs. Pollock, under the name of Edwards.

He was to sail secretly for England, on June 9, 1808, aboard the packet Clarissa, and for several weeks prior to his departure, and all through the night of June sixth before he went aboard, a "Miss Mary Ann Edwards" from South Carolina was constantly at his side, receiving his papers and the claims of his countless creditors, and taking her heartbroken farewells of the father whom she was never to see again. Farewells, on his side, in which the old habit of correction and criticism was even then not quite forgotten.

He was gone for four years, wandering all over Europe, taking with him the portrait of her by Vanderlyn which became so worn from repeated rolling; and all during those years Theo toiled for him; collecting such funds as could be secured; appealing—without her husband's knowledge—to everyone she could think of in his behalf, to Mr. Gallatin, to the new President, to her old acquaintance Mrs. Madison; and writing to him constantly, faithfully, and with the deepest affection.

"You appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men, I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love and pride . . . I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

These are, perhaps, the finest, most courageous years of Theo's life.

XII

IN 1811, Mr. Alston was running for governor of South Carolina, and the equanimity of the entire household at The Oaks must have been considerably shaken by a letter which he received, and which may or may not shed a cold, disagreeably

(Continued on Page 185)

How the LaSalle Problem Method Bridges the Salary-Gap

—Why in three months' time alone as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling $1,248,526, an average increase per man of 89 per cent!

When you apply for a job, what is the first question?

Why, nine times out of ten, it's "What EXPERIENCE have you had?"—Not "How many years at business," understand, but "What actual work have you performed similar to the work called for by the position you now are seeking?"

For the sake of your future, therefore, it will pay you well to ask yourself this question

How rapidly are you acquiring the KIND of experience that you can CASH?

For instance—

Are you depending upon your contact with the head bookkeeper for your understanding of ACCOUNTANCY?

Upon hit-or-miss experience in the selling field for your understanding of SALESMANSHIP?

Upon the routine transactions of the shipping department for your understanding of TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT?

Upon the occasional discussion of contract matters for your understanding of LAW?

Upon chats with representatives of investment houses for your understanding of FINANCE?

Don't think for a moment that you can DODGE the facts which govern salary by saying that other men have come up from the ranks thru day-to-day experience alone They have—but—business moves at a far swifter pace than it moved even ten years ago. The great demand is for young men who know the how and why

Obviously, then, you cannot escape the following arresting challenge:

How—in the shortest possible time—can you PLUS your day-to-day experience with a practical working knowledge of the BEST ways for performing the special tasks of the higher positions?

During the past fourteen years more than 460,000 men have faced that question squarely and have found their answer in the LASALLE PROBLEM METHOD

* * *

When thousands and thousands of men in the United States and Canada not to mention hundreds in England Australia China and other foreign countries choose the LaSalle Problem Method to speed their progress when within only three months' time as many as 1,193 LaSalle members report definite salary-increases totalling $1,248,526

when the average increase so reported is 89 per cent surely the LaSalle Problem Method must offer an unusually sound way of securing quickly the KIND of experience that can be CASHED

It does—And here is WHY

You Learn By Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the head of your firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them Suppose that one by one you were to WORK THOSE PROBLEMS OUT returning to him every day for counsel and assistance

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster BY FAR than that of the man who is compelled to pick up experience hit-or-miss.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by SOLVING PROBLEMS

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—your Chief you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful business houses in America

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering and maybe losing a job now and then, you are COACHED in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher positions. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until at the conclusion of your training in a given branch of business, you have at your finger tips the KIND of experience that men are willing and glad to pay real money for

In view of that opportunity, is it not folly to let the days and weeks and months slip away from you, when by taking thought you can put yourself in line for a high-salaried executive position?

The Reward of Training

Between the routine job and the responsible executive position there is a salary-gap which is separating thousands of men from financial independence.

On the one side of the gap are long hours, low pay, little more than the bare necessities On the other side are comparative freedom from supervision an income of $5,000 a year or better the comforts and luxuries of life.

The only route that can take a man across the gap at all of them marked EXPERIENCE but one of them the one that BRIDGES the gap is—HOME-STUDY TRAINING.

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- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Salesman, Sales Manager, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance** Training for executive positions in Banking and Financial Institutions
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar [illegible] Degree
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. ¶
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for position in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager and positions relating to Employee Service
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary etc.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

- ☐ **Business English:** Training [illegible] Correspondents and Copy Writers
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish speaking countries
- ☐ **Effective Speaking** Training in the art of Effective Speech for Managers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Orators etc.
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An outstanding example is found in the country's greatest printing plants where floors are called upon to carry machinery and materials of enormous weight; to withstand the tremendous vibration of giant presses running at terrific speeds; to bear strains of ceaseless trucking and to defy even the repeated attacks of molten metal spilled in stereotyping and typecasting.

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Ginn & Co.	Chicago Herald & Examiner
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Manufacturers in all branches of industry have permanently solved their flooring problems with Kreolite Wood Block Floors.

Kreolite Engineers will study your needs and make recommendations without any obligation whatever to you.

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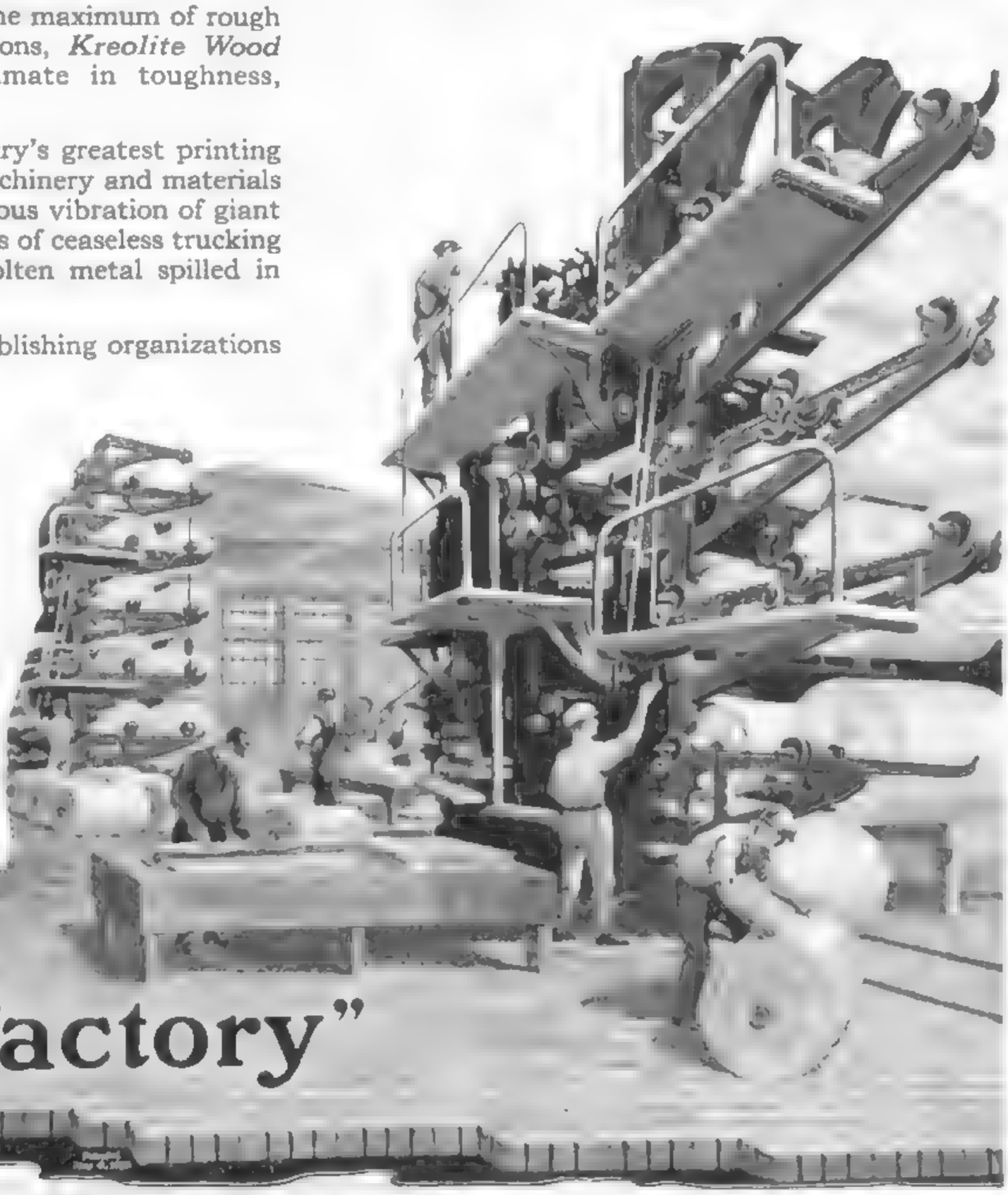

"Outlast the Factory"

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

(Continued from Page 182)

brilliant light on certain events of the past. It was from Mr. Blennerhassett—everybody had been trying to forget Mr. Blennerhassett—and it related to various sums of money which that poor gentleman had not yet succeeded in recovering.

"Having long since despaired," it began, inauspiciously, "of all indemnity from Mr. Burr for my losses, by the confederacy in which I was associated with you and him, I count upon a partial reimbursement from you. . . .

"The heroic offer you made to coöperate with your person and fortune in our common enterprise, gave you . . . a color of claim to that succession in empire you boasted you would win by better titles—your deeds of merit in council or the field. . . . But I confess, Sir, I attached a more interesting value to the tender you so nobly pledged of your whole property to forward and support our expedition, together with your special assurances to me of reimbursement for all contingent losses of a pecuniary nature I might individually suffer."

Very disturbing reading for Mr. Alston, no doubt, but there was much worse to follow. Having already paid twelve thousand five hundred dollars of the original fifty thousand, would he now pay fifteen thousand more, or else Mr. Blennerhassett was of the opinion that the electors of South Carolina would be interested to learn of candidate Alston's share in the confederacy, of his intention of joining it at New Orleans with three thousand men, and of the manner in which he had committed "the shabby treason of deserting from your parent by affinity and your sovereign in expectancy," vilified him in a letter to Governor Pinckney, and perjured himself by denying all connection with his projects. Unless the fifteen thousand dollars were forthcoming, Mr. Blennerhassett would publish all his correspondence and interviews with Mr. Alston, and the latter might rest assured that Mr. Blennerhassett had no intention of abandoning "the ore I have extracted . . . from the mines both dark and deep, not indeed of Mexico, but of Alston, Jefferson and Burr."

But Mr. Alston did not pay the fifteen thousand dollars, the famous book did not appear for the time being, and, in 1812, he was driven to his inauguration in a coach drawn by four white mules; with Theo, no doubt, at his side, thinking, perhaps, of another inauguration.

And in the spring of 1812 Colonel Burr returned to America. He landed at Boston, notified Theo, whom he intended to visit, and in May slipped quietly into New York. Nothing happened. Socially he was still an outcast, but his practice returned to him, the future seemed secure. For once, there was a little peace and a prospect of happiness. And then he received two terrible letters from The Oaks. Gampy was dead, at Debordieu Island, of the fever.

"One dreadful blow has destroyed us. . . . That boy on whom all rested . . . he who was to have redeemed all your glory and shed new lustre upon our families—that boy at once our happiness and our pride—is dead. We saw him dead . . . yet we are alive. . . . Theodosia has endured all that a human being could endure, but her admirable mind will triumph. She supports herself in a manner worthy of your daughter."

And Theo's heartbroken sentences: "There is no more joy for me. The world is a blank. I have lost my boy. . . . May Heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost. . . . Of what use can I be in this world . . . with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered. Yet . . . I will endeavor to fulfill my part . . . though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns. . . . He was eleven years old."

XIII

THEO was desperately ill, listless, comfortless. Colonel Burr insisted that she come North. The governor was not permitted by law to leave the state; Mr. Timothy Green was sent down, therefore, to escort her—an old gentleman with some medical knowledge, whose presence was somewhat resented at The Oaks. In his opinion Theo was too feeble to undertake the journey by land—the colonel would find her very emaciated, and a prey to incessant nervous fever—he took passage for her, consequently, in a schooner-built pilot boat, which happened to be refitting at Georgetown.

She was the privateer Patriot, Captain Overstocks, a famous vessel noted for her speed. She had discharged her privateer crew, hidden her guns underdeck and probably painted out her name, and was preparing for a dash to New York, richly laden with the proceeds of her raids. These matters were doubtless well known in the taverns where the former crew were spending their bounty money. The governor, for his part, was afraid of two things—the pirates and wreckers—the dreaded "bankers"—who infested that coast, and the British fleet cruising off the Capes, for the Patriot was a valuable prize. The pirates he could not guard against, but to Captain Overstocks he gave a letter to the British admiral, requesting free passage for the ship bearing his sick lady.

They went aboard—Theo, her maid and Mr. Green—with all her trunks, and, it may be, a special present for her father; a portrait, perhaps—to replace the old worn one—fresh and new, carried separately in its frame. One would give a great deal, too, to know whether there was a little black-and-tan dog on board. Mr. Alston accompanied her down Winyaw Bay, and left her at the bar—with many misgivings, poor soul—at noon, on December 30, 1812. Early in January—but this was not known until much later—the Patriot fell in with the British fleet off Hatteras, presented her letter and was courteously given free passage. That night a terrific storm arose; the Patriot was never heard from again.

For a few weeks they hoped against hope, while Colonel Burr walked pathetically up and down the Battery at New York, waiting for the Patriot, for a rescuing ship, for some word. But thirty days were "decisive," Mr. Alston was convinced that his wife was either "captured or lost." And rumors of capture were all the time reaching Colonel Burr—something dreadful had happened off that sinister Hatteras coast—but he refused to believe them. If Theo had been captured "she would have found her way to me."

"My boy—my wife—gone both!" Mr. Alston wrote in February. "This, then, is the end of all the hopes we had formed. You may well observe that you feel severed from the human race. She was the last tie that bound us to the species. What have we left ——"

Nothing—except another letter, to Colonel Burr this time, in April, from Mr. Blennerhassett, who was not so soon to be put aside. He had not yet been reimbursed, and it seemed to him very probable that nothing short of the publication of his book, "hitherto postponed only by sickness," would bring him part of the balance due him from Governor Alston.

"His well-earned election to the chief executive office of his state," Mr. Blennerhassett continued, "and your return from Europe will . . . render the publication more effective. . . . I would still agree to accept . . . $15000 . . . and of course withhold the book, which is entitled *A Review of the Projects and Intrigues of Aaron Burr, during the years 1805, 6, 7, including therein, as parties or privies, Thos. Jefferson, Albert Gallatin, Dr. Eustis, Gov. Alston, Dan. Clark, Generals Wilkinson, Dearborn, Harrison, Jackson and Smith, and the late Spanish Ambassador, exhibiting original documents and correspondence hitherto unpublished, compiled from the notes and private journal kept during the above period by H. Blennerhassett, LL.B.*"

A fascinating title, and an absorbing work, no doubt, well worth fifteen thousand dollars; but its publication seems to have been unaccountably delayed, and on September 10, 1816, Mr. Alston himself died, and was buried with his son in the family burying ground at The Oaks under that stone which bore the record, now, of three such untimely deaths.

And now for the lonely old man at New York there was nothing left. Yes—some relics of Theo's which they sent him; some lace, and a little satinwood box, and a black satin embroidered one with a pincushion, and a letter which he found among her papers. A letter intended for her husband after her death, but which Mr. Alston never saw, because he never had the courage to look at her things, but left them, untouched, in her room in the big house on the Waccamaw. A tragic letter written long before, in 1805, when she was twenty-two; a heart-rending letter to read in 1816, with its revelation of the invalid, anxious, miserable years that had followed.

"Whether it is the effect of extreme debility and disordered nerves," she had told

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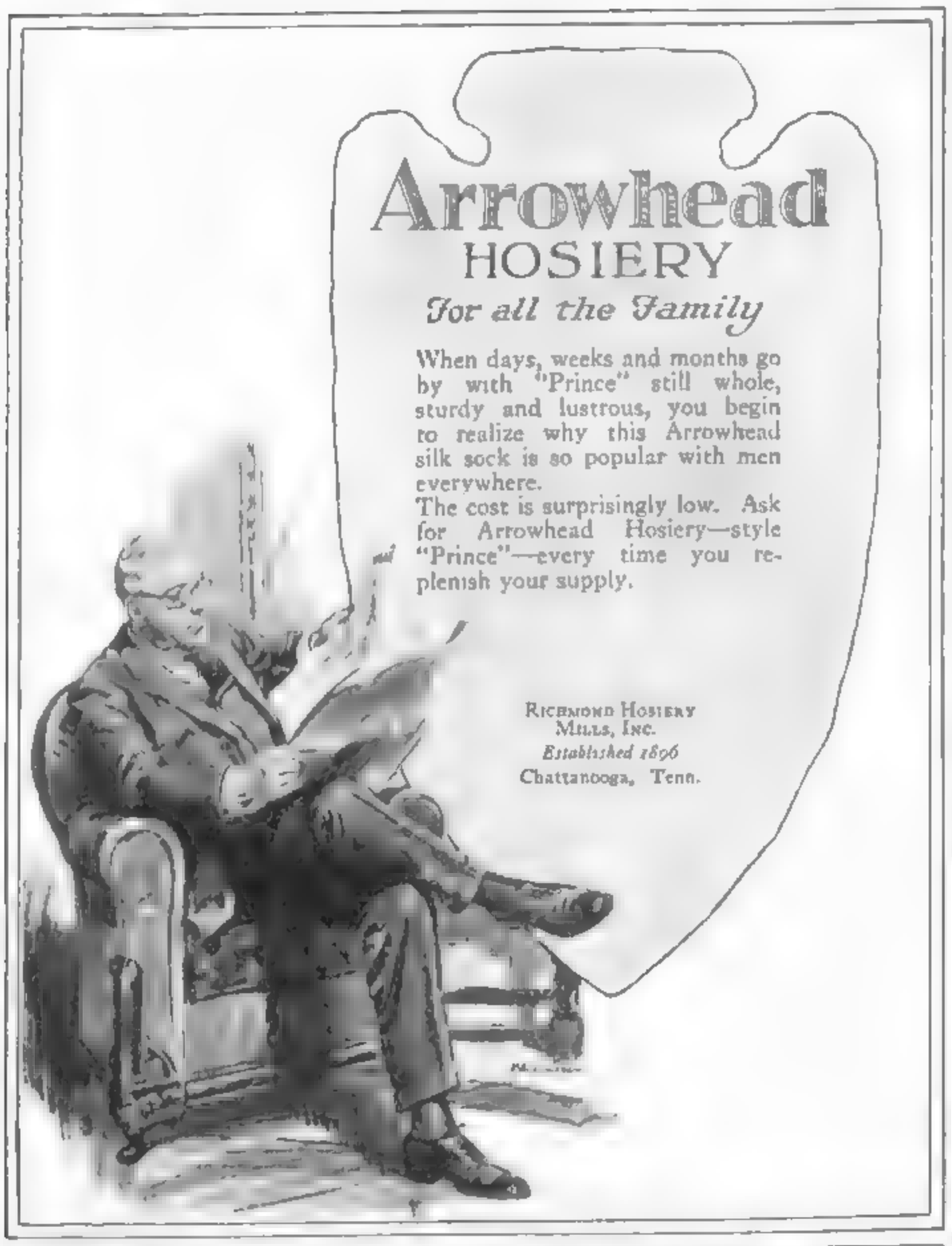
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him," or whether it is really presentiment, the existence of which I have often been told of and always doubted, I cannot tell; but something whispers me that my end approaches. . .

"To you, my beloved, I leave my child, the child of my bosom. . . . Never, never listen to what any other person tells you of him. Be yourself his judge on all occasions. He has faults, see them and correct them yourself. . . . I fear you will scarcely be able to read this scrawl, but I feel hurried and agitated. Death is not welcome to me; I confess it is ever dreaded You have made me too fond of life. Adieu, then, thou kind, thou tender husband. Adieu, friend of my heart. May Heaven prosper you, and may we meet hereafter. . . . Least of all should I murmur . . . whose days have been numbered by bounties, who have had such a husband, such a child, such a father. . . . Speak of me often to our son. Let him love the memory of his mother, and let him know how he was loved by her. Your wife, your fond wife, Theo."

And the postscript:

"Let my father see my son sometimes. Do not be unkind towards him whom I have loved so much, I beseech you. . . . If it does not appear contrary or silly, I beg to be kept as long as possible before I am consigned to the earth."

XIV

THEO was dead, but the memory of her could not die, and the rumors lived Rumors of piracy, of mutiny, of Carolina wreckers. The Patriot had been captured by the celebrated pirate, Dominique You; she had been captured by the infamous "Babe"; Mrs. Alston had walked the plank with the entire ship's company. Rumors, persistent rumors; and then, twenty and thirty years later, confessions; death-bed confessions of sailors, scaffold confessions of executed criminals—mutiny, piracy, murder, a terrible dawn after a terrifying night, and a haunting picture in their minds of a lovely, gentle lady who perished very bravely and with infinite dignity. But in one version the executed criminals—two sailors at Norfolk who recur in all the stories—claimed to have been members of a gang of wreckers, on Kitty Hawk, who had looted the Patriot and killed her passengers after she had come ashore on those dreary sands. And it is this last version which one is tempted to remember.

And then, in 1850, a more detailed story, probably not an entirely truthful one, but connected in many significant respects with the past, and with what was to come in the future. So that here, at last, whatever the antecedent events and the exact locality, one may be in the very presence of Theo's last ordeal. The story of "Old Frank" Burdick, an old man reputed to have been a pirate, who at the time of his death insisted that he had been one of the crew of a pirate ship which had captured the Patriot. He himself had held the plank for Mrs. Alston, who walked over the side very calmly, all dressed in white, after begging them to send word to her father and husband. Her eyes were closed, her hands were crossed upon her breast, and as she took the final step she waved them as if in farewell. She came to the surface of the waters once, they saw her face again, and then the outstretched arms, the hands still waving as they sank. Perhaps, for a moment at the rail, no man spoke or dared to raise his eyes; or perhaps they laughed and went about their business.

As for the Patriot, they had plundered her and then abandoned her under full sail. In the cabin, "Old Frank" remembered, there was a portrait of the lady, and somewhere aboard a little black-and-tan dog. One wonders about that little dog—why was he not allowed to come aboard the corsair to which all the prisoners had been transferred—one wonders, until one realizes that the entire episode of the piracy at sea was perhaps a fabrication of "Old Frank's" to protect men still living on land, at Nag's Head, near Kitty Hawk just north of Hatteras Nag's Head, a famous stronghold of the wreckers

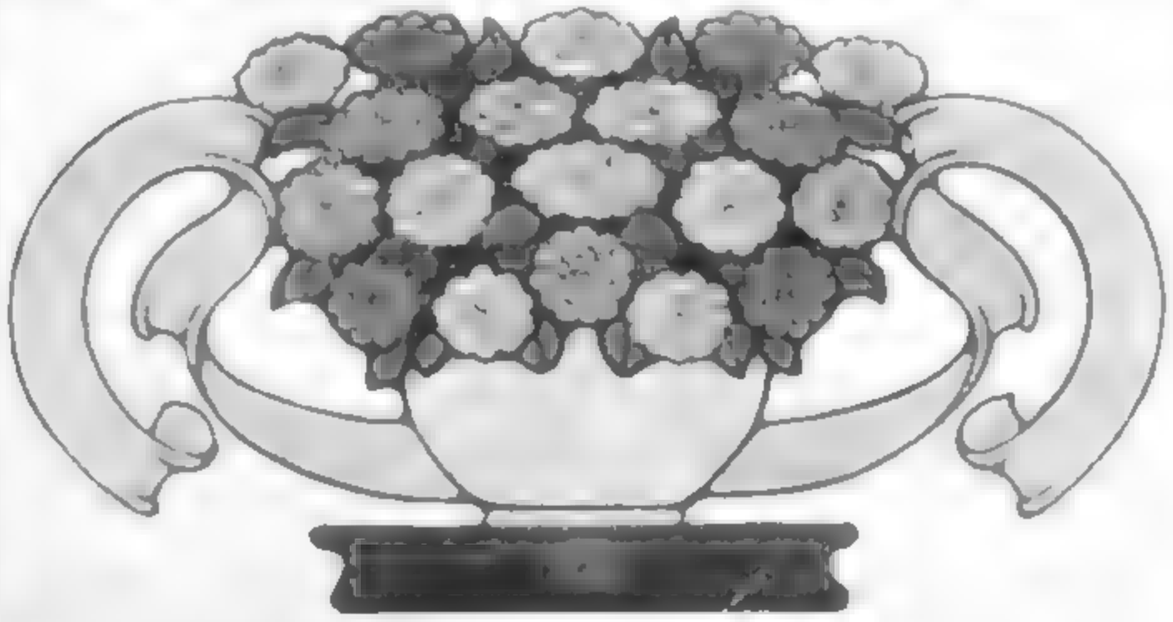
And so one comes, in 1869, to Nag's Head, where a certain Doctor Pool was summoned professionally one day to the house of a Mrs. Mann; a very old lady who had formerly been the wife of one of the Tillett boys, who, with the Manns themselves, belonged to the aristocracy of the wrecking "bankers" of that coast, in the early decades of the nineteenth century. In the parlor of Mrs. Mann's cottage was a portrait which aroused the doctor's curiosity; a portrait painted on wood, in a plain gilt frame, of a beautiful young woman elegantly dressed in white, in the style of 1810; a frail young woman with dark hair and piercing black eyes.

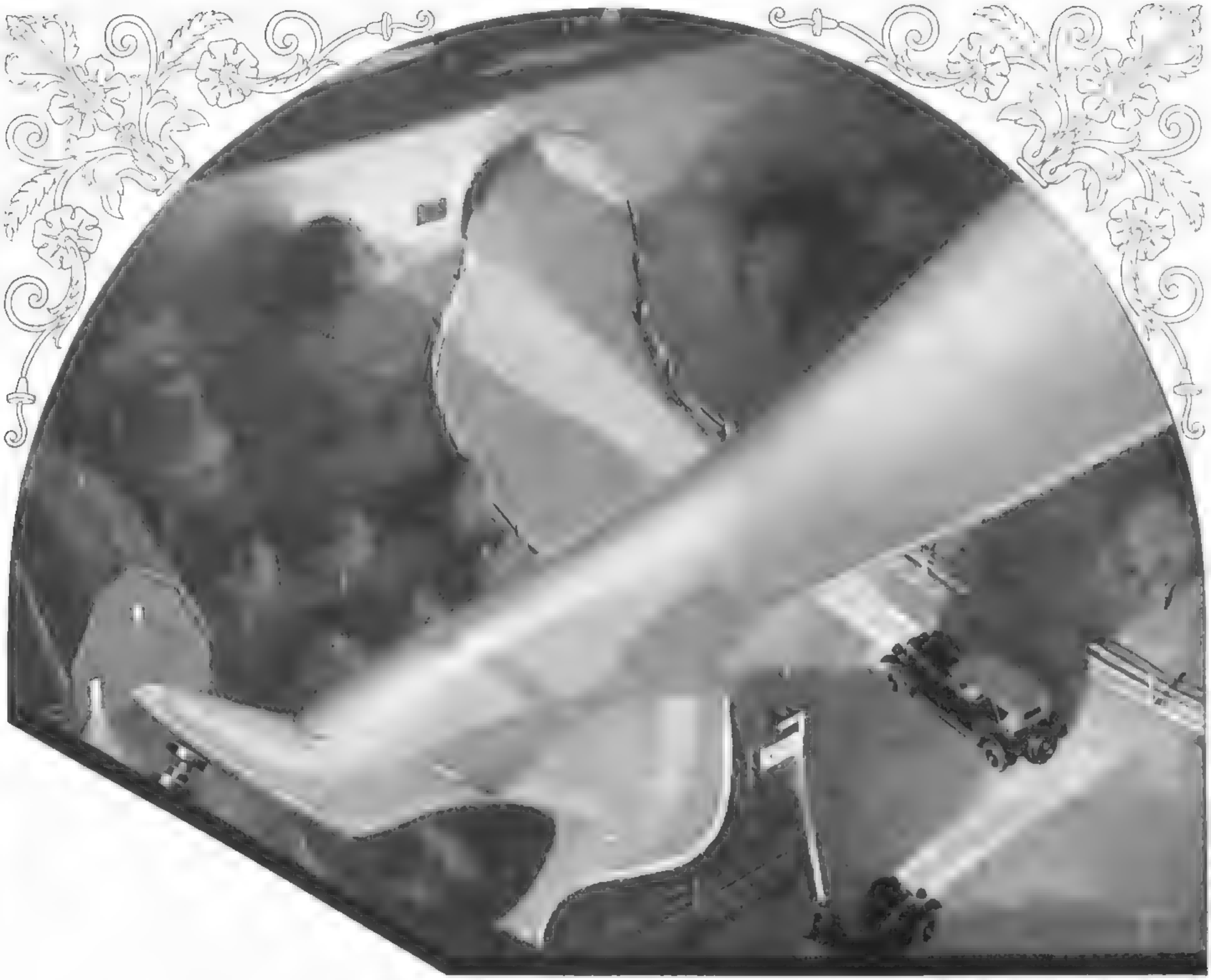
In answer to the doctor's eager questions, but with infinite reluctance and possibly many deliberate reticences, Mrs. Mann told the story of the portrait. "During the English war," when she was quite a young girl and while Tillett was courting her, a pilot boat had come ashore on Kitty Hawk in a storm, and the men had gone out to her. When they returned they reported having found a nameless, empty ship, with her sails set and the helm tied down, and the only living creature aboard a little black-and-tan dog. The cabin, they said, was in great confusion, trunks broken open, and a lady's effects—some beautiful lace, some silk dresses, a vase of wax flowers—helter-skelter on the floor. Hanging on the wall was the portrait. In the distribution of spoils, Tillett had claimed it for his sweetheart, along with the dresses and other feminine objects—things which Mrs. Mann showed to Doctor Pool, but the existence of which in her possession her younger sister, at a later date, had never been aware of; things which Mrs. Mann had kept hidden, just as she probably concealed many details which young Tillett may have told her about the doings that day on Kitty Hawk. Gruesome details which explained, perhaps, why the little black-and-tan dog was the only living creature aboard, not when they found the ship, but when they left her.

For while Mrs. Mann's account agrees surprisingly with "Old Frank's" story concerning the Patriot, one must remember two circumstances. That the Patriot had just passed through the British fleet, so that she would scarcely have been attacked in such a neighborhood; and that in the terrific storm which arose that same day no act of piracy on the sea can have been possible, no transferring of prisoners, no walking of the plank.

One can only surmise that, if Mrs. Mann's pilot boat was the Patriot, she was driven ashore on Kitty Hawk during the tempest, with all her passengers aboard, and that they met their death in that place at the hands of the wreckers who swarmed out to loot her. Just as the two convicted "bankers" confessed some thirty years later

And the pilot boat on Kitty Hawk must have been the "schooner-built pilot boat" Patriot, for the painting in Mrs. Mann's cottage was a portrait of Theodosia Burr Alston—the "first gentlewoman of her time," and the most unfortunate.





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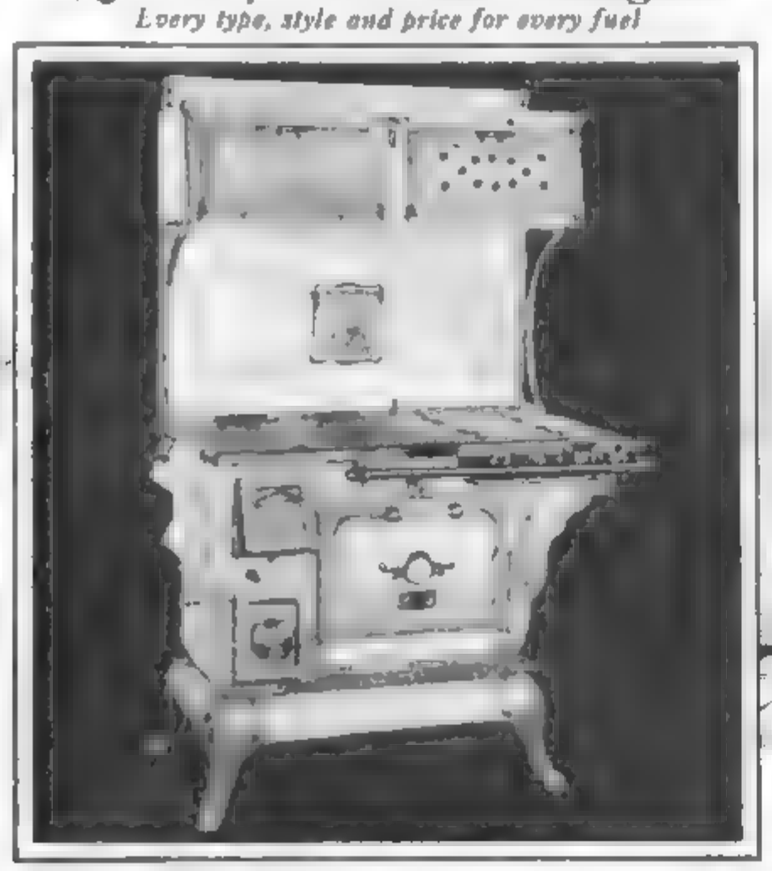

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

"It looks like a strong cast," said the Red Knight.

"There's one thing lacking," said Alice. "There ought to be a woman on the ticket to catch the feminine vote. How about Mary Pickford?"

"She might do," replied the Red Knight. "And then we could add Jackie Coogan as juvenile President. The Boy Scouts of today are the voters of tomorrow."

"Save that for one of your speeches," said Alice. "You can use it."

"Well, that completes our ticket," said the Red Knight. "They'll have to build a new wing onto the White House."

"I think it would be better to move the White House over to the New Willard Hotel," said Alice. —*Newman Levy.*

Detecktives

ROBBERS, polatishuns and other criminals would have easy going if it wasn't for the detecktive like a bludhoun' on thare trale. When a detecktive goes to the seen of a misterous crime the first things he looks around for is clews, and no matter how carefull and consienshus the feendish perpatraitor has been, he is sure to of dropped a few clews. Mebbay it is only a phottagraft of himself or his handkachuf with his inishuls on or a cuff button, but these are clews and the shrewd detecktive pounces on them, deduces a flew minnits and then tracts his man to his lare or where he lives. Sum detecktives it is said can sea a pickture of a murderour in his victim's i's, but only a flew grate ones like Old Slueth and Nick Carter is able to do this trick. Sneerlock Holmes was a grate detecktive, but he put most of the ackshul work on his side-pardner, knone in crime annuals as Quick Watson the Neadle. Detecktives in sum cases is not as int'resting as they once was, 'as thare is often a Congeresshunal inquiry and colims of Sennaturial debaiting that is not fitt to reed. You can fitt yourself for a detecktive by a corrasponding coarse, wich tells you all about clews, disgizzes, finger prince and a silver bage for $2.00 extry. The buge is nesesary, as it is the oanly way the desprit crimminal knoes to submit to a rest. Disgizzes is also accepeat, and consists of fourse mustashers, beerds, ibrows and strobeery marx A detecktive was reesing for beetlagers in our st. and he was disgizzed with a red nose and a breatne so that you wood never of thought he was a detecktive. Let us treet straingers with respeck, as we can never tell when we are a dressing a grate detecktive who may knead our help in shaddoing his man or to carrie his heavy valeese full of clews. Yrs. Johnny Wise, Jr.

—*Goodloe H. Thomas.*

School-Opening Lyrics

PEGGY'S due at school, ah, me!
Now with autumn's cool days,
So's her stiff tuition fee—
"Dear old golden school days!"

School is calling little ones.
Fix them lunch of milk and buns,
Brush their hair and wash their ears,
Speed them on and dry their tears,
Buy them larger clothes and shoes,
And replace the books they lose.
School's so good for sisters, brothers,
And 'tis said to rest their mothers.

Error and mistake and blunder
Make a teacher sadly wonder
Why a so-called restful summer
Makes a pupil so much dumber.

Autumn leaves are turning red.
Autumn haze is in the air.
School is on, vacation's dead
Life is one long questionnaire.

Fairfax Downey.

The American Flag

HERE'S to the Flag—
Our bonny Flag—
We yield our lives to save.
It unfurls and curls to the kiss of the breeze—
The Flag With the Permanent Wave!

—*Anna Coralie Winchell.*

"John, for Goodness' Sake, Come to Bed. It's Three o'Clock!"
"Just a Minute. I'm Listening to a Bedtime Story for Flappers"

THE POLITICAL ONE-HOSS SHAY

(Continued from Page 29

general election in November, and the process of electing a President presupposes and requires the designation of someone to elect. This Government is founded on the party system and maintained by it, because, obviously, unless there is concentration in one, two, three or more parties of the people who are entitled to vote there could be no election of anybody. The parties furnish the mediums, or are supposed to, for the expression of the choice of the people. The parties are the machinery of expression, and, therefore, are also the machinery of selection. By a series of caucuses or conventions, beginning with the unit of representation which is the delegate, we eventually come to the great national conventions, where each state has its definite number of votes, and where the people, thus represented, choose the party candidate for President. So it is claimed.

These national conventions are supposed to be the apotheosis of our democracy, the ultimate expression of the will of the people, the deliberative convocations where the representatives of the voters gather and select for their suffrages candidates for the captainship of the country. They may have been all that at one time. My own experience with national conventions goes back only thirty years or so, but in that thirty years they have been doing nothing of the sort, and in that time they have come to be what the two latest were either, on the Cleveland one hand, a perfunctory assemblage of officeholders and job seekers, or, on the New York other hand, almost a mob.

The assumption must hold that national conventions are deliberative assemblies held for the purpose of discussing the capabilities and adaptabilities of men presented as fit for the presidency and for the selection for the nomination amongst those discussed of the man who measures closest to the standards required in a candidate and a President. Else, the convention system has no excuse. If it is not a deliberative assembly and if it does not act as such, it has no place in a democracy and it should be abolished. And if it is a deliberative assembly, as matters stand at present, it is not a national convention and, therefore, has no reason for further existence.

The only deliberation at Cleveland was over the question of how the convention could be prolonged to meet the expectations of the Cleveland tradespeople who paid their money to secure it for their city, and the only deliberation in New York was over how to find a way out of the mess they were in and quit.

Effects of the Primaries

All deliberating had been done for the Cleveland assembly before it assembled, and the New York affair had not been in session two days until it lost the power of connected thought, and functioned entirely on its emotions.

These matters have been under discussion for some years, and there was much blurbing over the claim that the extension of the primary system to cover candidates for the presidential nomination, the creation of the presidential preferential primary in some states, would remedy convention evils, eradicate the political obsoleteness of them, and give the people a closer chance for participation in the actual selection of the candidate. This year, on the Republican side, the preferential primaries declared for Coolidge. And Coolidge was nominated. In 1920 the three candidates who had most votes in the primaries were Wood, Lowden and Johnson. Harding, who had very few primary votes, was nominated, and in the Democratic convention this year Davis, who was not in the primaries, was nominated, and McAdoo, who carried most of the primary vote, was defeated.

So much for the primary as having its effect on the actual nomination and for the primary as giving the people their chance to participate directly in the choice of the candidate. In each case the convention, acting as middleman between people and candidate, did what the convention pleased rather than what the people pleased, save at Cleveland this year, where the convention did what the candidate pleased, which, as it happened, was what the people pleased also.

That being the fact, the manner of the doing is what is interesting, and consideration of it reveals some curious divergences. The Cleveland convention, where Coolidge was nominated, was a rigidly precedented, strictly organized, cut-and-dried and autocratic affair, and it functioned as per schedule until its very end, when it broke away a bit, not because it wasn't ready to obey its orders and anxious, but because it didn't get its orders. It was willing and waiting to be led, but the general suffered some confusion of mind and failed to exercise his authority. Wherefore the convention took itself in hand, promptly issued and executed its own orders, and adjourned in regular and orderly fashion.

On the contrary, the Democratic convention, twice as closely precedented as the Republican, with rules and regulations and customs and traditions almost a century old, became, by very reason of those precedents and rules and customs and traditions, a disorderly and inconclusive assemblage that wabbled and wrangled and fought and mobbed and milled for sixteen days, counting in two Sundays, and then extricated itself only because it was exhausted, disgusted and imperatively needing a way, any way, out of its morasses.

Mr. Coolidge's Domination

One of the traditions of our politics that has become a political law is that every first-term President is entitled to a second-term nomination. This has been our custom for years. Since the Civil War the Republicans have broken it but twice, once with Hayes, who did not seek the second nomination, and once with Arthur, who succeeded to the presidency upon the death of Garfield, was refused a nomination, and had his satisfaction in seeing Blaine beaten by Cleveland in 1884. This tradition, in its application, has been immeasurably enforced by the power of a President to secure the nomination for himself by the application of pressure on the nominating machineries of the various states through his Federal officeholders. It is very difficult to defeat a President for a renomination if the President sets about securing that nomination and avails himself of the political machinery he can easily control. Roosevelt, with all his power and his energy and his popularity, was not strong enough to keep the regular party nomination from Taft in 1912.

President Coolidge, coming into office upon the death of President Harding in August, 1923, automatically became a candidate for the nomination in 1924. His precedented right to that nomination was recognized both by the party and by the people, so strong has that impression become. He had no serious opposition, and when his convention assembled in Cleveland he was in full control. It had been known for some months before the convention assembled that he would be nominated and that every detail of the convention would be supervised and ordered by him. He was the almost unanimous choice of his party for President.

To every useful and practical end that convention was entirely superfluous. Inasmuch as Mr. Coolidge was the choice of all the delegates, save those of Wisconsin, it would have answered every need if the delegates had written in and notified Mr. Coolidge that they were for him, and legalized his nomination at the expense of some fifty-three two-cent stamps. Instead, more than eleven hundred delegates and eleven hundred alternates were herded into a large hall in Cleveland, kept there three days, and put through a series of mumbo-jumbos which our archaic political system deems imperative for the nomination of a presidential candidate.

There was a long and tiresome keynote speech, which had been censored by Mr. Coolidge, and did not give the speaker the slightest alternative of expression save such expression as Mr. Coolidge desired. There was a hocus-pocus over a platform that did not contain a word that Mr. Coolidge did not dictate or, at least, have full knowledge of. There was an exceedingly verbose nominating speech that ran exactly to the Coolidge formula. There was a captain general of the Coolidge forces who did exactly what he had been told to do by the candidate, without the slightest initiative. There was a willing assemblage of delegates

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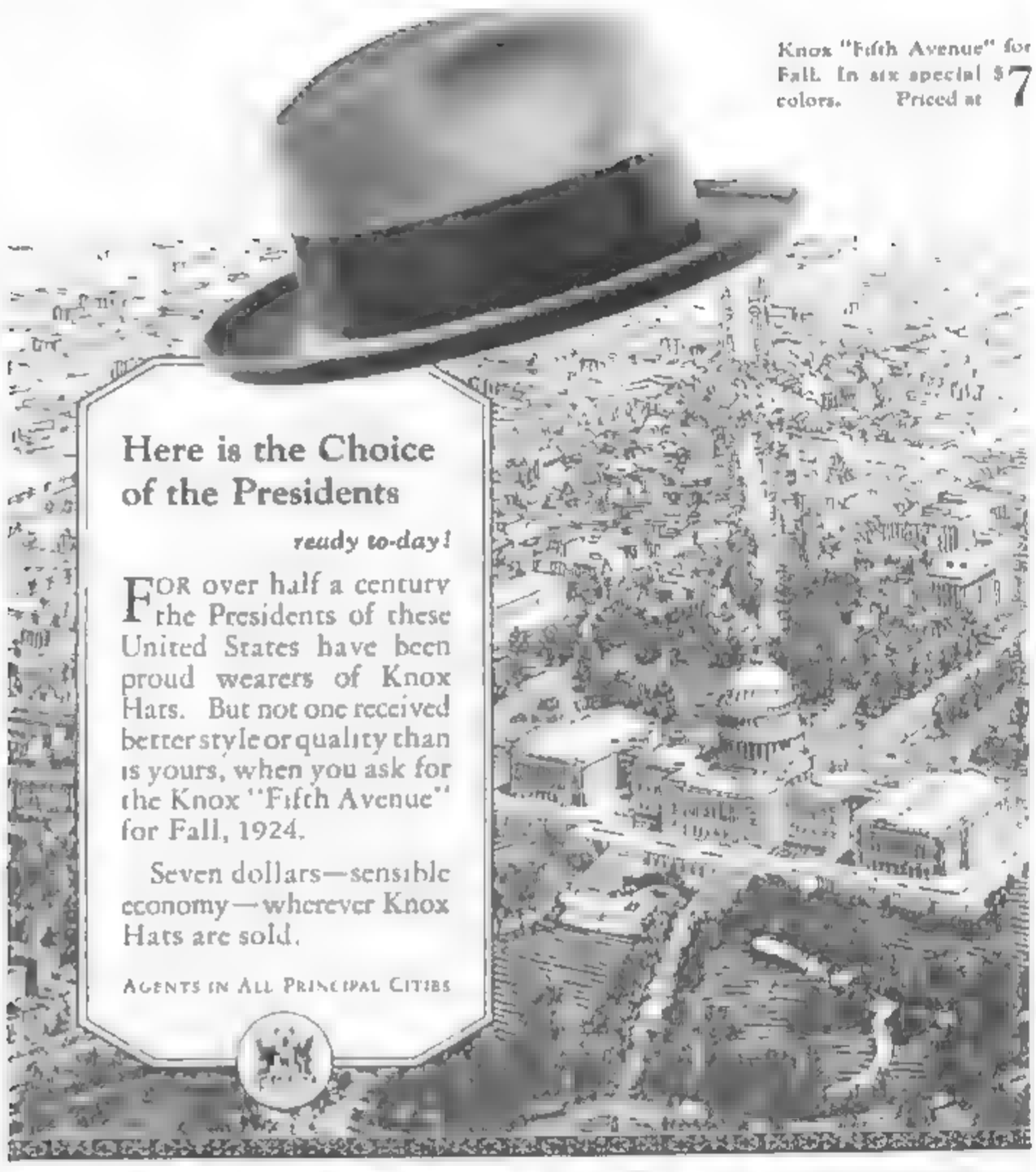

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Here is the Choice of the Presidents

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FOR over half a century the Presidents of these United States have been proud wearers of Knox Hats. But not one received better style or quality than is yours, when you ask for the Knox "Fifth Avenue" for Fall, 1924.

Seven dollars—sensible economy—wherever Knox Hats are sold.

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Mr. Grant DeK. Pritchard of New Jersey is employed all day in a large office. But on Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, he has many times averaged $2.50 an hour extra. Not bad for *spare time*, is it?

THERE, in brief, you have three of the principal reasons why so many keen business men and refined women are our local subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. But there are other reasons which will prove just as attractive to you:

1. You need no previous experience to succeed.
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who were there to take orders and who took them avidly. There was no discussion, no deliberation, no debate, no disturbance and no delay.

To be sure, when the time for nominating a Vice President came along there was a flurry, but it was not a flurry of independence or of assertion of political rights, nor representative of anything but the inherent and hidebound acquiescence of the convention to the regular order, provided the delegates could find out what the regular order was. Not being able to find out, the convention made its own regular order, and was entirely regular about it. Lacking anything else that even resembled a story in any dramatic essential the correspondents made much of the fact that the convention nominated General Dawes for Vice President rather than any of the four men suggested at the last moment by the Coolidge voice at the convention.

The incident was featured as a revolt and came as a cheering bit of color in a wilderness of dull and dreary and arranged detail, but the fact of it is that the only reasons the convention took the initiative as to that vice-presidential nomination were that there was delay in telling the delegates what was desired and that the spokesman for the President assumed that Senator Borah wouldn't refuse to run. If word had been passed twenty-four hours before the time for the vice-presidential nomination, or twelve, that Mr. Coolidge wanted John Smith or John Doe or Richard Roe for his running mate, John Smith or John Doe or Richard Roe would have been nominated without a dissenting vote, save, possibly, the votes of the orphans from Wisconsin.

Instead, the general commanding withheld his orders, and when he did give them he gave four orders instead of one. He got overstrategic and endeavored to march his troops four ways at once, which cannot be done. Then the delegates, well-disciplined and willing, said: "Oh, rats, this is all balled up! Let's get together and finish this thing." So they finished it without delay. And that was that. So far from not taking orders, that crowd of independent and deliberative American citizens anticipated orders.

What did that convention amount to, save as a political formula, save as the emphasis of a political tradition, save as a relic of old methods? Similarly, what did the convention that nominated McKinley in 1900, or Roosevelt in 1904, or Harrison in 1892, or Wilson in 1916, or Bryan in 1900 amount to? For the matter of that, what do any of them amount to in terms of progress, of the present conditions in the United States, of 1924 political needs, of our governmental necessities, of our economic and social requirements? In what way are they representative? When was any of them deliberative? When were they anything but mere survivals, political formulas, obsolete and outworn?

How They Fell Into Line

Have a look at the latest Democratic National Convention before answering. In that we had a culmination of all the political absurdities, of all the political anachronisms, of all the outworn but binding political precedents and traditions, of all the political passions, and of some of the fundamental passions, of vanity, delusions of grandeur, political hokum, ward politics, stupid stubbornness, egoistic obstinacy, spread-eagle oratory, fake applause, synthetic enthusiasm, manufactured sentiment, bigotry, intolerance, race prejudice, packed galleries, resorts to prayer, profanity and propaganda, and there were a hundred and three ballots before a decision was reached.

If there was anything deliberative about that assembly it escaped the notice of the closest observers. If it was representative of anything save the passions, prejudices and partialities of those immediately concerned that fact was not discernible to those who professionally recorded its doings. Reason fled shrieking to the topmost tower of the Garden before the convention had been in session five hours. Logic had no ticket of admission. Calm discussion was held outside. For sixteen days, less two Sundays, it was a hurly-burly, incoherent, inconclusive, incontinent, impossible. Then, after a hundred and two fruitless ballots, it nominated John W. Davis for President.

Immediately there were emitted from many of the important participants in the mêlée extravagant blurbs to the general effect that the convention had done its work wisely and well, that the outcome showed that the Democratic Party is the true party of the people, that the Davis solution of the fevered situation was the logical and the necessary one, that all was forgotten and forgiven, that the delegates who had been grappling the throats and clouting the heads of those opposed to them for many vicious days and nights really did not mean to be rough and rude, that this was a triumph for democracy, a victory for the people, a demonstration of popular rule, and much other and similar stuff in the way of alibi and extenuation.

One by one the boys walked up to the captain's office and told Mr. Davis that he is the excellent goods, that they had known it all the time, that his nomination was the ordained and predestined outcome, that no better nomination could have been made, and that of all the candidates he is the most suitable, the strongest, the best as to availability, record, ability and personality. One by one the Democratic editors fell into line. One by one the defeated candidates, having no other place to go, indorsed these suitable sentiments. Forty-eight hours after the convention came to its humid close, to hear those who made up the convention tell it, it was apparent that as a Democrat and a presidential possibility Mr. Davis has been standing on a lofty elevation far above all others who aspired for the nomination, and that he has been standing there for some time in the past.

The Two-Thirds Rule

That being the case, as it must be or all these Democrats would not be shouting it so loudly at present, what was all the shooting for? If John W. Davis, as has been loudly proclaimed, was the logical, suitable, preeminent candidate for the Democrats at twenty minutes past three o'clock on the afternoon of July ninth, why wasn't John W. Davis the logical, suitable, preeminent candidate for the Democrats at noon on June twenty-fourth? What happened to Mr. Davis during those sixteen days of blah and bunk and hokum and huggermugger that transmuted him from an ordinary candidate, with his only support a handful of votes from West Virginia when the balloting began, to this supercandidate he was claimed to be after the balloting ended?

Nothing happened to Mr. Davis. He was exactly the same Mr. Davis when Clem Shaver tacked up his Clarksburg Home-Town Davis Club sign in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel a few days before the convention opened that he was when Tom Taggart climbed on a chair after the one hundred and third ballot and moved that his nomination be made by acclamation. He hadn't changed a particle. Wherefore, why didn't the Democrats nominate him along about June twenty-seventh in a decent and orderly manner, instead of going through all these gyrations they did go through, to the exceeding disgust of the American people?

They couldn't, even if they had wanted to. And the reason they couldn't is one of the principal reasons for the statement that this national-convention system, as obtaining at present, is archaic, obsolete and entirely inadequate for the political needs of the country. Assuming that the Democrats are sincere in their exaltations of Mr. Davis as their best possible candidate, the fact remains that there are two policies of the Democratic Party that prevent any such expression of confidence and esteem in any man who is before the delegates as a candidate, provided those policies are put into force. The first is the two-thirds rule and the second is the unit rule.

The two-thirds rule, which demands that two-thirds of the delegates present and voting must vote for a candidate before that candidate is nominated by the convention, was conjured into the Democratic procedure by the active brain of Andrew Jackson in 1832. The immediate purpose of this rule was to prevent the nomination of John C. Calhoun for Vice President on the ticket with Jackson, and it defeated Calhoun and nominated Martin Van Buren. Eighty years later it wrecked the candidacy of Champ Clark at Baltimore, and nominated Woodrow Wilson, and this year, almost a hundred years later, it stopped McAdoo, and in stopping him prolonged the convention as it was prolonged and brought about all the turmoil,

Continued on Page 193

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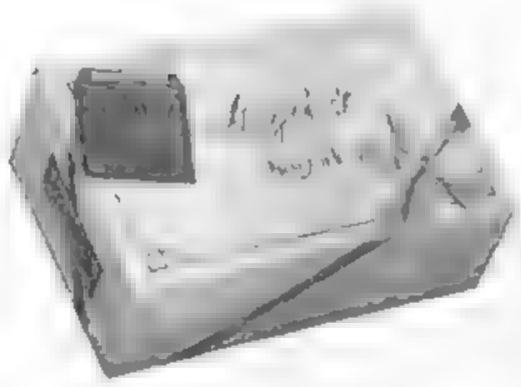

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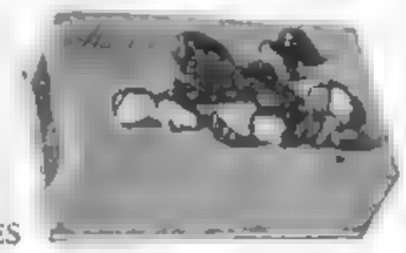

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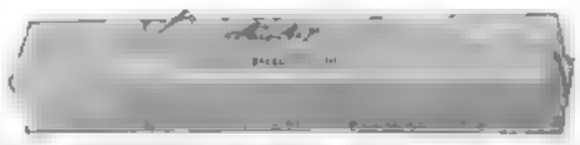

CHOCOLATE COVERED PEPPERMINTS
½ lb. box—50c
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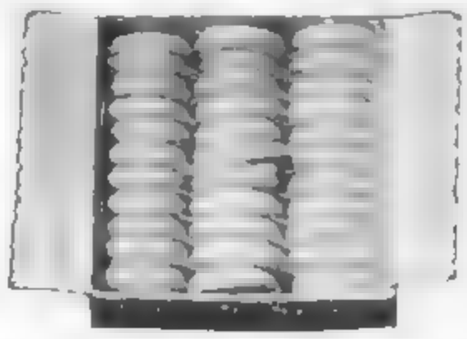

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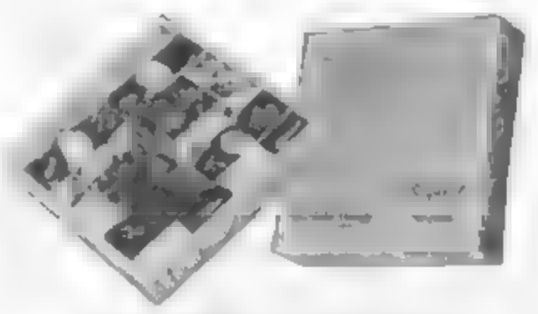

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contains many Huyler's favorites—honey nougat, burnt almonds, cream pepps, assorted caramels, spiced strings, Jordan almonds, and assorted chocolates. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes, $1.25 per lb.

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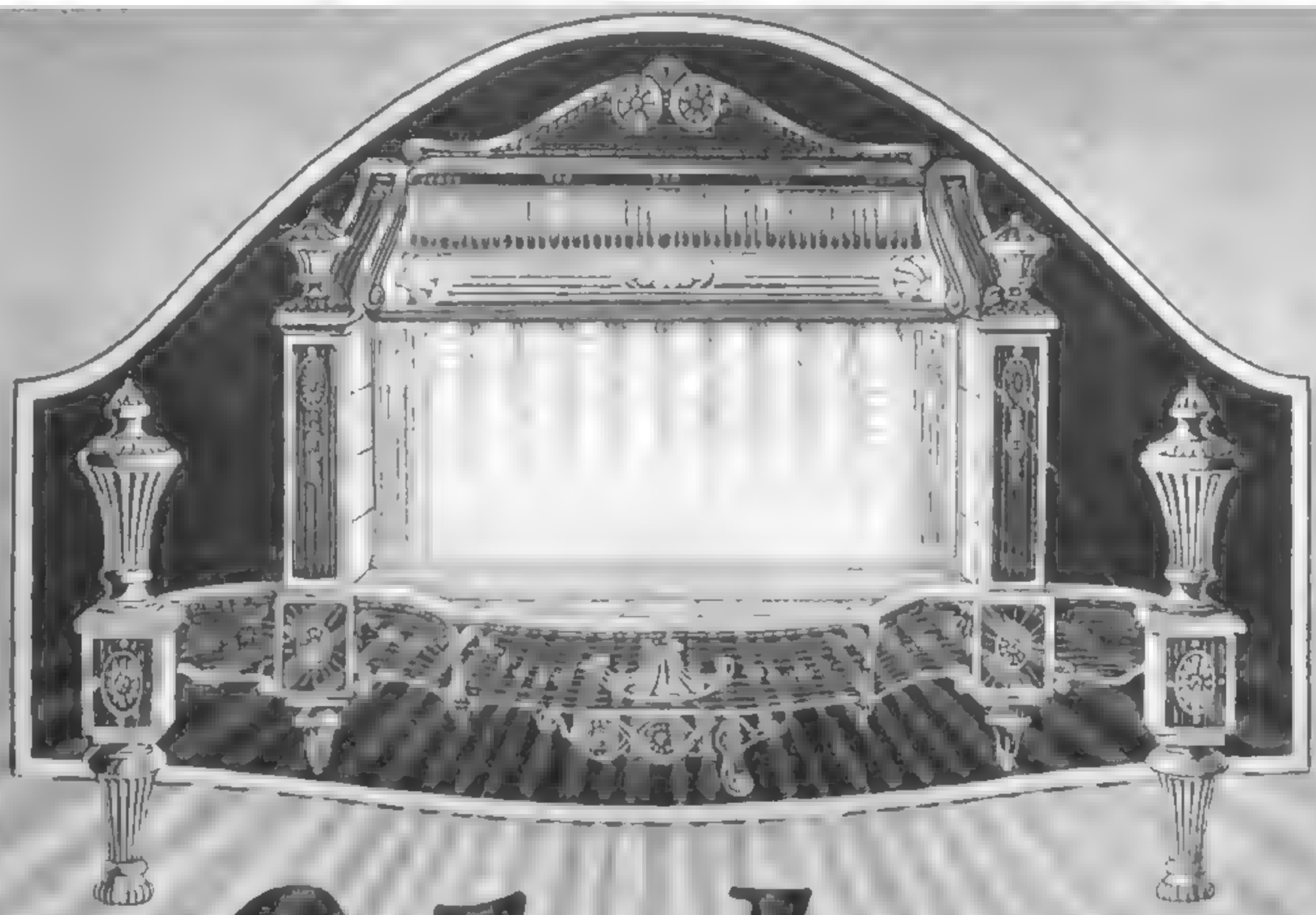
Assorted hard candies in ½, 1 and 2 lb. sealed tins—80c per lb.



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THE MOST HEAT FOR THE LEAST MONEY

(Continued from Page 190)

ineptness and inconclusiveness that persisted from June twenty-fourth until July ninth.

Whether McAdoo should have been stopped or not is not a question germane to this discussion. McAdoo had 530 votes at one time, which is almost half of the full voting strength of the convention. That fact and the clammy grasp of the two-thirds rule on the doings of the convention forced those long days and nights of maneuvering and manipulation, held 1098 delegates and 1098 alternates almost three weeks in its dead hand, and finally drove the convention to any desperate solution that could be reached.

Of course it is only results in a convention that count, and might-have-beens are the most gaseous of reflections after the man has been named, but, whether or no, it is the fact that the nominee, in all probability, wouldn't have been John W. Davis at all if Senator Ralston, of Indiana, had not demanded the withdrawal of his name. The cards were all stacked, the votes arranged for, and the delegates so anxious to get away that they would go anywhere to facilitate a solution and adjournment. Ralston was the man. Then he withdrew, and it took the manipulators of that convention from adjournment on Monday night, July seventh, until three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, July ninth, to arrange matters so the nomination of Davis was possible, notwithstanding all the loud acclaim of Davis, subsequent to his nomination, as the greatest and best man who was under consideration or at all a possibility.

That's exactly how deliberative that assemblage was. It took sixteen days to arrive at the conclusion that Davis was the man, but not sixteen minutes to proclaim him as the world-beater after the deed was done.

And this is in no way derogatory of Mr. Davis. As I have said, he was exactly the same Mr. Davis at noon on June twenty-fourth that he was at twenty minutes past three o'clock on the afternoon of July ninth. Only this convention didn't seem to get onto it.

The Archaic Unit Rule

The second archaic feature of Democratic conventions is the unit rule, which, in a way, is a sort of a corollary of the two-thirds rule. That rule requires a delegation on which it has been imposed to vote as a unit regardless of the individual preferences of the delegates. If a delegation consisting, say, of twenty votes has nine for one man and eleven for another the eleven votes dominate the nine votes and the nine delegates are compelled to vote for the man the eleven prefer until the rule is abrogated. Illogically enough, the application of the unit rule does not require a two-thirds vote, as is required of the convention. A majority of one more than half ties the minority delegates hand and foot.

Now in this Democratic convention the result was long-delayed by the application of the unit rule, because in nearly every delegation where the rule applied there were men who desired to vote for others than those demanded by their unit-rule obligation. They couldn't do it. They were held hard and fast to the will of the majority. All of which shows two sorts of democracy—a two-thirds requirement which the Democrats hold to be the true expression of democracy and is, in reality, an exemplification of autocracy, and a majority rule which also is held to be another true exemplification of democracy. As a matter of fact, both are obsolete, and in cases where there is contest, as in this recent convention, both work for absurdity and delay and make for disgust and dissatisfaction.

Pages could be written of other features of this convention; pages about the injection of religious and racial questions and the rousing of the fundamental passions in mankind; pages about the assault on the Ku Klux Klan over the shoulders of McAdoo and the attack on the Roman Catholic Church over the shoulders of Smith; pages about the dramatic night when the religious question came to a vote and was won and lost by the mere shred of one vote out of 1098, by a fraction of a vote; pages about popinjay Democratic senators who thought, or said they thought, they would be nominated, and hung to their little bunches of votes, or stood around flagrantly exposed to the favor of the sweating delegates; pages about the futile efforts of Bryan to dominate; pages about the Smith packing of the galleries and the New York attitude—but it is all past now. It is water over the dam so far as the convention is concerned, whatever the November effect of it may be.

High Cost of Campaigns

The patent fact of it all is that the national-convention system of the Democratic Party is archaic, obsolete, inoperative. The truth about the business is that, with its present out-of-date rules and procedures, the Democrats cannot nominate a candidate for President without all this clamor, lack of reason, appeal to passion, employment of hokum, petty politics maneuvering, manipulation and machination. It cannot be done, provided there is a contest with no man holding almost two-thirds of the vote, and it cannot be done with one man holding almost two-thirds if there is sufficient cohesiveness among the remaining delegates to form a block of one more than one-third and hold it steady in opposition. This isn't democracy. It isn't deliberation. It isn't representation. It is politics of the meanest and mangiest sort, and it is as out of place in the present situation of the United States as an old-time cradle is in our wheatfields.

Politics is our Government, and our Government is politics. The political abuses that come into our Federal system should be the concern of all Americans, but are the concern of few. However, it has long been patent to those few that our national-convention system is no longer American, no longer representative, no longer suited to our political needs. It is archaic, obsolete, unworkable. One way it results in autocracy, as at Cleveland. The other way it results in rabble, as at New York

There are proponents of the direct presidential primary, wherein the various candidates for President shall go directly before the people in the various states, and the man receiving the majority of the votes cast in the primaries shall be named as the candidate and voted for directly at the polls in November, thus obviating the middleman convention feature.

The objection to this is the cost of it. Under a direct presidential-primary system a poor man has no chance. Direct primaries demand organizations in all states, else the candidate will get no votes, because our people require not only advertisement but personal incitement to get them to the polls. A nation-wide presidential-primary campaign could not be carried on for a less sum than a million dollars; that is to say, a fight that would comprise an organized campaign in every state; and

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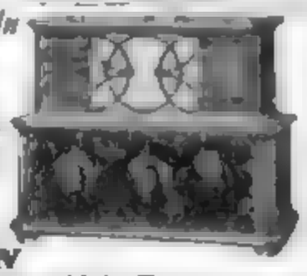

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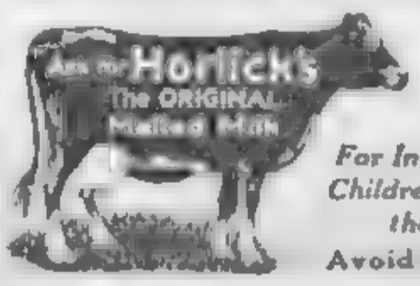

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Avoid Imitations

without an organized campaign the results would be negligible. People must be driven to the primaries. They cannot be coaxed or led.

We need only go back to 1920 to show this. The amounts spent by General Wood and Lowden, say, in 1920, give an idea of how much a preconvention presidential campaign costs, and these expenses are legitimate expenses, too, for advertising and organization and getting out the vote, and so on. When the preelection expense reports for the year are made it will be found that even a campaign without much opposition, like that of President Coolidge, costs heavily. Until some way is devised to help a poor man to make a presidential-primary campaign the man with large resources is inevitably at the advantage.

It has been suggested that some agency be employed to appoint one man from each state, and one from each territory and possession for each party having a political status, and that these men should meet at some given time and select a candidate. It has been suggested that the nomination of candidates devolve on the membership of Congress as a body already selected by the people and more or less representative. Objection rises to these, of course, through the patent fact that the influences that can work on a large body like a convention can work with even more certainty on a smaller body, such as one delegate from each state, or the Congress. The need is apparent, but the remedy is hard to find.

It is also suggested that future conventions be held without the circus attachments of galleries and such externals. Things came to such a pass in New York that it was seriously suggested that the galleries be cleared and the convention go at its work with none present but the delegates, the alternates and the press. Another instance of the desperation of the Democrats in New York over the plight their obsolete procedures had put them into was the attempt of representatives of the candidates, the chairman of the convention and the chairman of the Democratic National Committee in private meeting to find a way out. They didn't, but their attempt showed that some other solution than one obtainable on the floor was imperatively necessary.

The outstanding fact is that our national-convention system has broken down and that some new system must be devised if we are to continue to have coherent politics in this country. Even the seemingly orderly procedures of Senator La Follette, in his project of running as an independent, are open to none but men with national reputation like La Follette, and it will be discovered that the processes of placing La Follette's name on the ballots in this country, as an independent candidate, will cost a very large amount of money.

What we have now is the ratification convention, like the one at Cleveland, which is no convention at all, and is simply a rubber stamp, or the rigidly ruled and absolutely precedented convention, like the one at New York, which is not a convention, either, and is a rabble. Neither is a deliberative assembly. Neither is representative of anything but machine politics of one sort or another. Neither has any popular feature.

The American who can devise a plan whereby any qualified citizen can seek the presidency without the advantage of the White House influence, without subjection to the machinations of the bosses, and in such a way that there can be a free and fair and nonexpensive expression on his candidacy by the people, will have done a great thing for his country, one of the greatest that has ever been done by any citizen whatsoever.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

September 6, 1924

Cover Design by Frederic Stanley

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Trees—*W. L. George*	8
The Globe-Trotters—*Holworthy Hall*	12
Big Boy—*Ben Ames Williams*	15
The Old Oaken Bucket Shop—*Arthur Train*	16
Wedded But Not One—*Agnes Burke Hale*	18
Melons of Persia—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	20
Winnie and the Lightning Conductor—*Bertram Atkey*	22
The Answer to the Maiden's Prayer—*Claude S. Watts*	32

ARTICLES

Who Will Do Our Dirty Work Now?—*James H. Collins*	6
Conserving the Remnants—*Hal G. Evarts*	7
Theodosia Burr, Prodigy—*Meade Minnigerode*	10
What Becomes of the Rich Man's Income?—*Albert W. Atwood*	14
The Widow's Mite—*Elizabeth Frazer*	21
The Political One-Hoss Shay—*Samuel G. Blythe*	29
A Curtsy to the Crown—*Jane Grant*	36
The New Realism of Science—*Lothrop Stoddard*	38

SERIALS

East of the Setting Sun (In seven parts)—*George Barr McCutcheon*	3
Balsand (Conclusion)—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	24
Professor, How Could You! (Fourth part)—*Harry Leon Wilson*	26

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30

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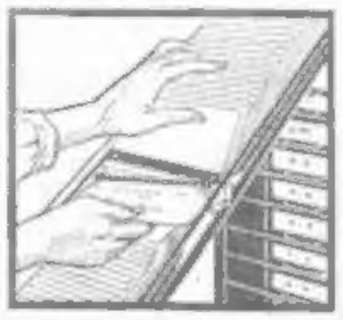

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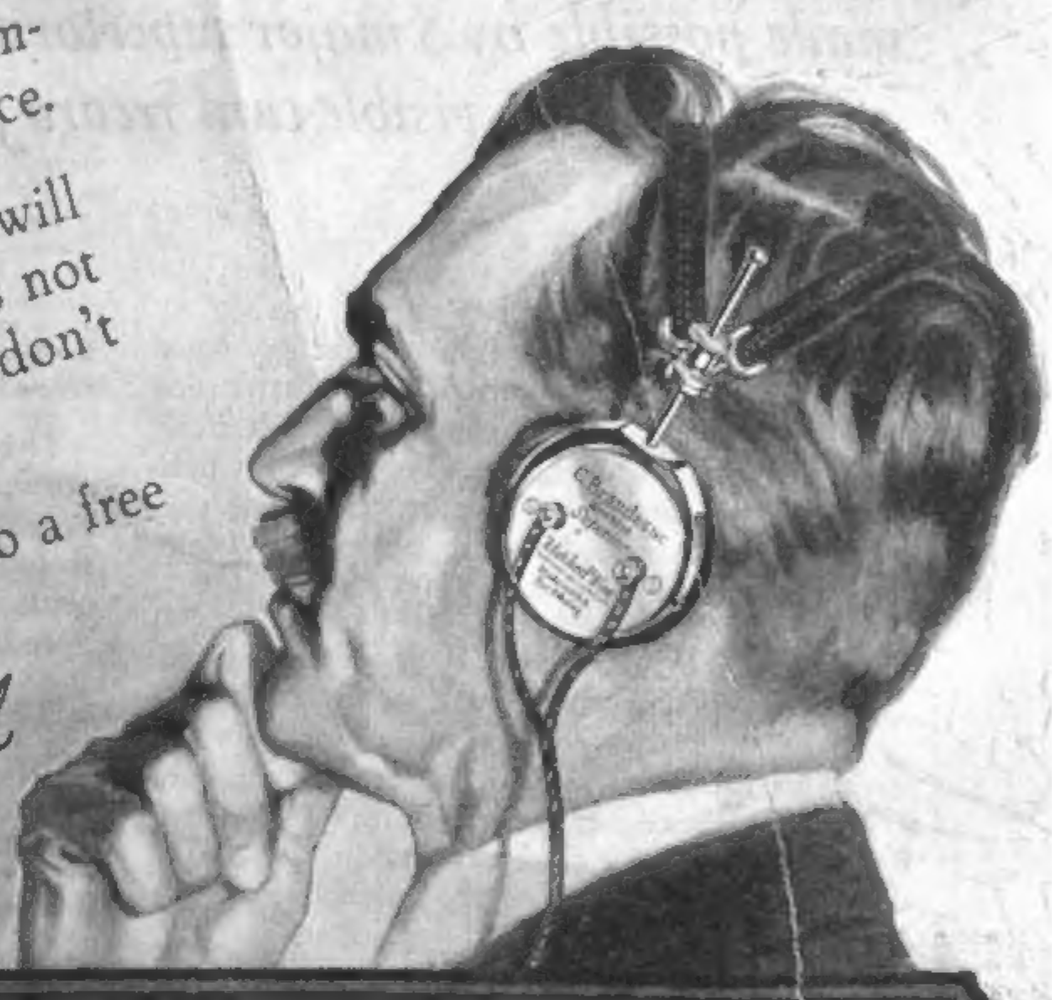

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